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A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE OLD COPIES,

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY ISAAC REED, OF STAPLE INN, F.A.S.

VOLUME V.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

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MDCCLXXX.



OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

THE MISERIES OF INFORCED MARRIAGE, BY
GEORGE WILKINS.

LINGUA, BY ANTHONY BREWER.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

A MAD WORLD MY MASTERS, BY THOMAS
MIDDLETON.

RAM ALLEY, OR MERRY TRICKS, BY LODOWICK
BARRY.

OLD F. L. A. Y. S.

VOLUME THE FIRST

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE
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THE
M I S E R I E S
OF
INFORCED MARRIAGE.

VOL. V.

THE

MISTERS



INFORCED MARRIAGE

8

17. 17

GEORGE WILKINS, like many other minor poets of his time, hath had no memorials concerning him transmitted to us. He wrote no Play alone, except that which is here reprinted; but he joined with John Day and William Rowley, in *The Travels of the Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, an Historical Play*, printed in 4to, 1607. He was also the Author of *Three¹ Miseries of Barbary, Plague, Famine, Civill Warre*. 4to. B. L. No date.

¹ Catalogue of the Library of John Hutton. Sold at Essex-House, 1764, p. 121.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR FRANCIS ILFORD.

WENTLOE.

BARTLEY.

WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

THOMAS SCARBOROW, } his Brothers.
JOHN SCARBOROW,

Sir JOHN HARCOP.

Lord FALCONBRIDGE.

Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Doctor BAXTER.

GRIPE, the Usurer.

BUTLER.

CLOWN.

SECRETARY.

STEWARD.

PAGE.

CHILDREN.

CLARE, Daughter to Sir JOHN HARCOP.

KATHERINE, Wife to WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

SISTER to WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

THE

THE MISERIES OF INFORCED MARRIAGE².

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bartley.

BUT Frank, Frank, now we are come to the house, what shall we make to be our business?

Ilford.

Tut, let us be impudent enough, and good enough.

Wentloe.

We have no acquaintance here, but young Scarborough.

Ilford.

How, no acquaintance? Angels guard me from thy company. I tell thee, Wentloe, thou art not worthy to wear ³ gilt spurs, clean linen, nor good cloaths.

² "This Comedy (as Langbaine improperly calls it) has been a great part of it revived by Mrs. Behn, under the title of *The Town Fop*, or *Sir Timothy Tawdry*."

³ *gilt spurs*] These were among the articles of extravagance in which the youth of the times used to indulge themselves. They are mentioned by Fennor, in *The Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 32. "—thinks himselfe much graced (as to be much beholding to them) as to be entertained among gallants, that were wrapt up in sattin suites, cloakes lined with velvet, that scorned to weare any other then beaver hats and gold bands, rich swords and scarfes, filke stockings and gold fringed garters, or ruffet bootes and *gilt spurres*, and so compleate cape ape, that he almost dares take his corporal oath the worst of them is worth (at least) a thousand a yeare, when heaven knowes the best of them all for a month, nay, sometimes a yeare together, have their pockets worse furnished then Chandelors boxes, that have nothing but two-pences, pence, halfe pence, and leaden tokens in them."

Wentloe.

Why, for God's sake?

Ilford.

By this hand, thou art not a man fit to table at an ordinary, keep knights company to bawdy-houfes, nor beggar thy taylor.

Wentloe.

Why, then, I am free from cheaters, clear from the pox, and escape curses.

Ilford.

Why, dost thou think there is any Christians in the world?

Wentloe.

Aye, and Jews too, brokers, puritans, and fergeants.

Ilford.

Or dost thou mean to beg after charity, that goes in a cold suit already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here. I tell thee, Wentloe, thou canst not live on this side of the world, feed well, ⁴ drink tobacco, and be honoured into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all sorts of men; aye, and so far in too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bartley.

True, and then you shall be accounted a gallant of good credit.

*Enter Clown.**Ilford.*But stay, here is a scrape-trencher arrived: How now ⁵ blue bottle, are you of the house?*Clown.*

I have heard of many black jacks, fir, but never of a blue bottle.

Ilford.

Well, fir, are you of the house?

Clown.

No, fir, I am twenty yards without, and the house stands without me.

⁴ *drink tobacco*] See Note 38 to the Second Part of the *Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 455.

⁵ *blue bottle*] Alluding to the colour of the habits of servants. See Note 8 to the Second Part of the *Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 389.

Bartley.

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Bartley.
Pr'ythee tell's who ⁶ owes this building?

Clown.

He that dwells in it, fir.

Ilford.

Who dwells in it then?

Clown.

He that owes it.

Ilford.

What's his name?

Clown.

I was none of his god-father.

Ilford.

Does master Scarborow lie here?

Clown.

I'll give you a rime for that, fir:

Sick men may lie, and dead men in their graves,
Few else do lie abed at noon, but drunkards, punks, and knaves.

Ilford.

What am I the better for thy answer?

Clown.

What am I the better for thy question?

Ilford.

Why nothing.

Clown.

Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborow.

Wentloe.

S'blood this is a philosophical fool.

Clown.

Then I that am a fool by art, am better than you that are
fools by nature. *[Exit.]*

Scarborow.

Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

Ilford.

And well encountered my little villain of fifteen hundred a
year. S'foot what makest thou here in this barren soil of the
North, when thy honest friends miss thee at London?

⁶ owes] i. e. owns. See Note 27 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 284.

Scarborow.

Faith, gallants, 'tis the country where my father lived, where first I saw the light, and where I am loved.

Iford.

Lov'd, aye as courtiers love usurers, and that is just as long as they lend them money. Now dare I lay—

Wentloe.

None of your land, good knight, for that is laid to mortgage already.

Iford.

I dare lay with any man that will take me up.

Wentloe.

Who list to have a lubberly load.

Iford.

Sirrah wag, this rogue was son and heir to Antony Now, Now, and Blind Moon. And he must needs be a scurvy musician, that hath two fiddlers to his fathers: but tell me in faith, art thou not, nay I know thou art, call'd down into the country here by some hoary knight or other, who, knowing thee a young gentleman of good parts, and a great living, hath desired thee to see some pitiful piece of his workmanship, a daughter I mean: is it not so?

Scarborow.

About some such preferment I came down.

Iford.

Preferment's a good word: And when do you commence into the cuckolds' order, the preferment you speak of? ⁷ when shall we have gloves: when, when?

Scarborow.

Faith, gallants,
I have been guest here but since last night.

Iford.

Why, and that is time enough to make up a dozen marriages, as marriages are made up now-a-days. For look you, sir: the father according to the fashion, being sure you have a good living, and without incumbrance, comes to you thus:—takes you by the hand thus:—wipes his long beard thus:—or turns up his mustacho thus:—walks some turn or two thus:—to shew his comely gravity thus:—And having wash'd his foul mouth thus:—at last breaks out thus.—

⁷ when shall we have gloves] A custom still observed at weddings. •

Wentloe.

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Wentloe.

O God! let us hear no more of this?

Ilford.

Master Scarborow, you are a young gentleman; I knew your father well, he was my worshiptul good neighbour, for our demeans lay near together. Then sir,—you and I must be of more near acquaintance.—At which, you must make an eruption thus:—O God (sweet sir)—

Bartley.

Sfoot, the knight would have made an excellent Zany, in an Italian comedy.

Ilford.

Then he goes forward thus: Sir, myself am lord of some thousand a year, a widower, (master Scarborow) I have a couple of young gentlewomen to my daughters, a thousand a year will do well divided among them; ha, wilt not master Scarborow?—At which you out of your education must reply thus.—The portion will deserve them worthy husbands: on which tinder he soon takes fire, and swears you are the man his hopes shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Wentloe.

If I did not like her, should he swear to the devil, I would make him forsworn.

Ilford.

Then putting you, and the young pugs too, in a close room together—

Wentloe.

If he should lie with her there, is not the father partly the bawd?

Ilford.

Where the young puppet, having the lesson before from the old fox, gives the son half a dozen warm kisses, which after her father's caits, takes such impression in thee, thou straight call'st by Jesu, mistress, I love you:—when she has the wit to ask, But, sir, will you marry me? and thou in thy cock sparrow humour replyest, Aye (before God) as I am a gentleman will I; which the father over-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, swears he is glad to see this; nay, he will have you contracted straight, and for a need makes the priest of himself.

Thus

THE MISERIES OF

*Thus in one hour, from a quiet life,
Thou art sworn in debt, and troubled with a wife,
Bartley.*

But can they love one another so soon?

Ilford.

Oh, it is no matter now-a-days for love; 'tis well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Wentloe.

But will your father do this too, if he know the gallant breathes himself at some two or three bawdy houses in a morning?

Ilford.

Oh the sooner; for that and the land together, tell the old lad, he will know the better how to deal with his daughter.

The wife and ancient fathers know this rule,

Should both wed maids, the child would be a fool.

Come wag, if thou hast gone no further than into the ordinary fashion, meet, see and kiss, give over: marry not a wife to have a hundred plagues for one pleasure: let's to London, there's variety: and change of pasture makes fat calves.

Scarborough.

But change of women bald knaves, sir knight.

Ilford.

Wag, and thou beest a lover but three days, thou wilt be heartless, sleepless, witless, mad, wretched, miserable, and indeed a stark-fool. And by that thou hast been married but three weeks, though thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou wouldst be a man monstrous, a cuckold, a cuckold.

Bartley.

And why is a cuckold monstrous, knight?

Ilford.

Why, because a man is made a beast by being married. Take but example thyself from the moon, as soon as she is delivered of her great belly, doth she not point at the world with a pair of horns, as who should say, Married men, some of ye are cuckolds.

Scarborough.

I construe more divinely of their sex,
Being maids, methinks they are angels: and being wives,
They are sovereigns, cordials that preserve our lives,

They

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

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They are like our hands that feed us, this is clear,
They renew man, as spring renews the year.

Ilford.

There's ne'er a wanton wench that hears thee, but thinks
thee a coxcomb for saying so: marry none of them; if thou
wilt have their true characters, I'll give it thee.—Women
are the purgatory of men's purses, the paradise of their bodies,
and the hell of their minds; marry none of them. ⁸ Women
are in churches faints, abroad angels, at home devils. Here
are married men enough, know this: marry none of them.

Scarborough.

Men that traduce by custom, shew sharp wit
Only in speaking ill; and practise it
Against the best of creatures, divine women,
Who are God's agents here, and the heavenly eye
By which this orb hath her maturity:
Beauty in women gets the world with child,
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wild.
They are the stems on which do angels grow,
From whence virtue is stil'd, and arts do flow.

Enter Sir John Harcop, and his Daughter Clare.

Ilford.

Let them be what flowers they will; and they were roses,
I will pluck none of them for pricking my fingers. But soft,
here comes a voider for us: and I see, do what I can, as long
as the world lasts, there will be cuckolds in it. Do you hear,
child, here's one come to blend you together: he has brought
you a kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands,

*Though thou hadst Argus' eyes, be sure of this,
Women have sworn with more than one to kiss.*

Harcop.

Nay, no parting, gentlemen. *Hem.*

Wentloe.

S'foot does he make punks of us, that he hems already?

⁸ *Women are in churches, &c.]* See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Othello*,
A. 2. S. 1.

Harcop.

Harcop.

Gallants,

Know old John Harcop keeps a wine cellar,
 Has travel'd, been at court, known fashions,
 And unto all bears habit like yourselves,
 The shapes of gentlemen, and men of fort:
 I have a health to give them ere they part.

Wentloe.

Health knight, not as drunkards give their healths I hope;
 to go together by the ears when they have done?

Harcop.

My healths are welcome: welcome, gentlemen.

Ilford.

Are we welcome, knight, in faith?

Harcop.

Welcome in faith, fir.

Ilford.

Pr'ythee tell me, hast not thou been a whoremaster?

Harcop.

*In youth I swill'd my fill at Venus' cup,
 Instead of full draughts now I am fain to sup.*

Ilford.

Why then thou art a man fit for my company:
 Dost thou hear he is a good fellow of our stamp?
 Make much of his father.

*[Exeunt.]**Manent* Scarborow and Clare.*Scarborow.*

The father and the gallants have left me here with a gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her I am a villain: heaven grant her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex, but to speak to me first: for, by this hand, I have not so much steel of immodesty in my face, to parley to a wench without blushing. I'll walk by her, in hope she can open her teeth.—Not a word?—Is it not strange a man should be in a woman's company all this while and not hear her tongue.—I'll go further.—God of his goodness! not a syllable. I think if I should wake up her cloaths too, she would say nothing to me.—With what words tro does a man begin to wooe. Gentlewoman, pray you what is't a clock?

Clare.

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

13

Clare.

Troth, fir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I answer you: I cannot tell.

Scarborow.

And if you cannot tell, beauty, I take the adage for my reply: you are naught to keep sheep.

Clare.

Yet I am big enough to keep myself.

Scarborow.

Pr'ythee tell me: are you not a woman?

Clare.

I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scarborow.

And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clare.

To distinguish betwixt himself and myself.

Scarborow.

Why, I am a man.

Clare.

That's more than I know, fir.

Scarborow.

To approve I am no less: thus I kifs thee.

Clare.

And by that proof I am a man too, for I have kist you.

Scarborow.

Pr'ythee tell me, can you love?

Clare.

O lord, fir, three or four things: I love my meat, choice of suiters, cloaths in the fashion, and, like a right woman, I love to have my will.

Scarborow.

What think you of me for a husband?

Clare.

Let me first know, what you think of me for a wife?

Scarborow.

Troth, I think you are a proper gentlewoman.

Clare.

Do you but think so?

Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Nay, I see you are a very perfect proper gentlewoman.

Clare.

It is great pity then I should be alone without a proper man.

Scarborow.

Your father says I shall marry you.

Clare.

And I say God forbid, fir: I am a great deal too young.

Scarborow.

I love thee by my troth.

Clare.

O pray you do not so; for then you stray from the steps of gentility the fashion among them is to marry first, and love after by leisure.

Scarborow.

That I do love thee, here by heaven I swear
And call it as a witness to this kiss.

Clare.

You will not inforce me I hope, fir?

Scarborow.

Make me this woman's husband; thou art my Clare,
Accept my heart, and prove as chaste, as fair.

Clare.

O God! you are too hot in your gifts; should I accept them,
we should have you plead nonage, some half a year hence,
sue for reverfement, and say the deed was done under age.

Scarborow.

Pr'ythee do not jest.

Clare.

No (God is my record) I speak in earnest: and desire to know
Whether ye mean to marry me, yea or no?

Scarborow.

This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife.

Clare.

For better, for worse?

Scarborow.

Aye, till death us ⁹ depart, love.

Clare.

⁹ depart] i. e. part. In this sense the word was formerly used as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 7.: "Faith, fir, "I can hardly depart with ready money, &c."

Cynthia's

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

Clare.

Why, then, I thank you, fir, and now I am like to have
That I long look'd for : A husband.
How soon from our own tongues is the word said,
Captives our maiden-freedom to a head.

Scarborough.

Clare, you are now mine, and I must let you know,
What every wife doth to her husband owe :
To be a wife, is to be dedicate,
Not to a youthful course, wild, and unsteady,
But to the soul of virtue, obedience,
Studying to please, and never to offend.
Wives have two eyes created, not like birds
To roam about at pleasure, but for two centinels,
To watch their husbands' safety as their own.
Two hands; the one's to feed him, the other herself :
Two feet; and one of them is their husbands.
They have two of every thing, only of one,
Their chastity, that should be his alone.
Their very thoughts they cannot term ^{to} their own.
Maids being once made wives, can nothing call
Rightly their own; they are their husbands all :
If such a wife you can prepare to be,
Clare, I am yours : and you are fit for me.

Clare.

We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloath them in winter, tender them in age :
Or as ewes love unto their earlings lives,
Such should be husbands' custom to their wives.

Cynthia's Revels, A. 1. S. 4. : " — it is a relick I could not so easily
" have departed with."

Ibid. A. 2. S. 4. : " — he will not depart with the weight of a fol-
" dered crown."

Ibid. A. 4. S. 2. : " I have denied it Princes ; nevertheless to you (the
" true female twins of perfection) I am won to depart with all."

The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspear and Fletcher, A. 2. S. 1. :

" I may depart with little while I live.

¹⁰ them one. First Edition.

If it appear to them they have straid amiss,
 They only must rebuke them with a hiss;
 Or clock them, as hens' chickens, with kind call,
 Cover them under their wing, and pardon all;
 No jars must make two beds, no strife divide them,
 Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is given,
 Death only parts, since they are knit by heaven:
 It such a husband you intend to be,
 I am your Clare, and you are fit for me.

Scarborow.

By heaven——

Clare.

Advise before you swear, let me remember you,
 Men never give their faith, and promise marriage,
 But heaven records their oath: if they prove true,
 Heaven smiles for joy; if not it weeps for you:
 Unless your heart, then, with your words agree,
 Yet let us part, and let us both be free.

Scarborow.

If ever man, in swearing love, swore true,
 My words are like to his. Here comes your father.

Enter Sir John Harcop, Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Harcop.

Now, master Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Prepar'd to ask how you like that we have done,
 Your daughter's made my wife, and I your son.

Harcop.

And both agreed so?

Both.

We are, sir.

Harcop.

Then long may you live together, have store of sons!

Ilford.

'Tis no matter who is the father.

Harcop.

But, son, here is a man of yours is come from London.

Butler.

And brought you letters, sir.

Scarborow.

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

Scarborow.

What news from London, Butler?

Butler.

The old news, fir, the ordinaries are full of cheaters, some citizens are bankrupts, and many gentlemen beggars.

Scarborow.

Clare here is an unwelcome pursuivant;
My lord and guardian writes to me, with speed
I must return to London.

Harcop.

And you being ward to him, son Scarborow,
And know him great, it fits that you obey him.

Harcop.

It does, it does, for by an ancient law,
We are born free heirs, but kept like slaves in awe.
Who are for London, Gallants?

Hford.

Switch and Spur, we will bear you company.

Scarborow.

Clare, I must leave thee, with what unwillingness,
Witness this dwelling kiss upon thy lip;
And though I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my heart doth in thy bosom lie;
Three years I am yet a ward, which time I'll pass,
Making thy faith my constant looking-glass,
Till when—

Clare.

Till when you please, where'er you live or lie,
Your love's here worn, your presence in my eye. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Lord Falconbridge, and Sir William Scarborow.

Lord.

Sir William,
How old say you is your kinsman, Scarborow?

William.

Eighteen, my lord, next Pentecost.

Lord.

Bethink you, good Sir William,
I reckon thereabout myself; so by that account
There's full three winters yet he must attend,

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B

Under

Under our awe, before he sue his livery:
Is't not so?

William.

Not a day less, my lord.

Lord.

Sir William, you are his uncle, and I must speak
That am his guardian; would I had a son
Might merit commendations ^{as} equal with him.
I'll tell you what he is; he is a youth,
A noble branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where Caterpillar Vice dare not to touch:
He is himself with so much gravity,
Praise cannot praise him with Hyperbole:
He is one whom older look upon as on a book,
Wherein are printed noble sentences
For them to rule their lives by. Indeed he is one,
All emulate his virtues, hate him none.

William.

His friends are proud, to hear this good of him.

Lord.

And yet sir William being as he is,
Young, and unsettled, though of virtuous thoughts,
By genuine disposition, yet our eyes
See daily precedents, hopeful gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their own will,
Divert the good is look'd from them to ill;
Make their old names forget, or not worth note:
With company they keep, such revelling
With panders, parasites, prodigies of knaves,
That they sell all, even their old fathers graves.
Which to prevent, we'll match him to a wife,
Marriage restrains the scope of single life.

William.

My lord speaks like a father for my kinsman.

Lord.

And I have found him one of noble parentage;
A niece of mine, nay I have broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

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As also for the good appears in him,
She is pleased of all that's hers to make him king.

William.

Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord:

Also I have appointed doctor Baxter,
Chancellor of Oxford, to attend me here:
And see he is come. Good master doctor.

Baxter.

My honourable lord.

William.

¹² I have possess'd you with this business, master doctor.

Baxter.

To see the contract 'twixt your honoured niece and master
Scarborow.

Lord.

'Tis so, and I did look for him by this.

Baxter.

I saw him leave his horse as I came up.

Lord.

So, so.

Then he will be here forthwith: you, master Baxter,
Go usher hither straight young Katherine,
Sir William here and I will keep this room till you return.

[Exit Doctor.]

Enter Scarborow.

Scarborow.

My ¹³ honourable lord.

Lord.

'Tis well done, Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Kind uncle.

William.

Thanks, my good coz.

¹² *I have possess'd you*] See Note 7 to *The City Night-cap*, vol. XI.

p. 309.

¹³ *honourable*] honoured. Second and third editions.

Lord.

You have been welcome in your country, Yorkshire?

Scarborow.

The time that I spent there, my lord, was merry.

Lord.

'Twas well, 'twas very well; and in your absence,
Your uncle here and I have been bethinking
What gift betwixt us we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With fair increase, as from a crystal spring.

Enter Doctor and Katherine.

Scarborow.

My name is bound to your beneficence,
Your hands have been to me like bounties purse,
Never shut up; yourself my foster-nurse:
Nothing can from your honour come, prove me so rude,
But I'll accept, to shun ingratitude.

Lord.

We accept thy promise, now return thee this,
A virtuous wife, accept her with a kiss.

Scarborow.

My honourable lord.

Lord.

Fear not to take her, man; she will fear neither,
Do what thou canst being both abed together.

Scarborow.

O but, my lord.

Lord.

But me a dog of wax; come kiss, and agree,
Your friends have thought it fit, and it must be.

Scarborow.

I have no hands to take her to my wife.

Lord.

How, sawce-box?

Scarborow.

O pardon me, my lord, the unripeness of my years,
Too green for government, is old in fears
To undertake that charge.

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Lord.

Sir, fir, aye and fir knave, then here is a mellowed experience knows how to teach you.

Scarborow.

O God.

Lord.

O Jack,

¹⁴ Have both our cares, your uncle and myself,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maid, a niece of mine, both fair and chaste;
And must we stand at your discretion?

Scarborow.

O good, my lord,

Had I two souls, then might I have two wives :
Had I two faiths, then had I one for her ;
Having of both but one, that one is given
To Sir John Harcop's daughter.

Lord.

Ha, ha, what's that? let me hear that again.

Scarborow.

To Sir John Harcop's Clare I have made an oath.
Part me in twain, yet she's one half of both.
This hand, the which I wear, it is half hers :
Such power hath faith and troth 'twixt couples young,
Death only cuts that knot tied with the tongue.

Lord.

And have you knit that knot, fir?

Scarborow.

I have done so much, that if I wed not her,
My marriage makes me an adulterer :
In which black sheets I wallow all my life,
My babes being bastards, and a whore my wife.

Enter Secretary.

Lord.

Ha, is't even so? my Secretary there,
Write me a letter straight to fir John Harcop,
I'll see fir Jack, and if that Harcop dare,
Being my ward, contract you to his daughter. [*Ex. Secretary.*]

¹⁴ Have] How. First Edition.

B 3

Enter

Enter Steward.

My steward too, post you to Yorkshire,
Where lies my youngster's land: and, firrah,
Fell me his wood, make havock, spoil and waste. [*Exit Steward.*
Sir, you shall know that you are ward to me,
I'll make you poor enough: then mend yourself.

William.

O, cozen!

Scarborow.

O, uncle!

Lord.

Contract yourself, and where you list,
I'll make you know me, fir, to be your guard.

Scarborow.

World, now thou see'st what 'tis to be a ward.

Lord.

And where I meant myself to have disburst
Four thousand pounds, upon this marriage
Surrendered up your land to your own use,
And compass'd other portions to your hands,
Sir, I'll now yoke you still.

Scarborow.

A yoke indeed.

Lord.

And spight of they dare contradict my will,
I'll make thee marry to my chambermaid. Come, coz. [*Exit.*

Baxter.

Faith, fir, it fits you to be more advis'd.

Scarborow.

Do not you flatter for preferment, fir?

William.

O but, good coz!

Scarborow.

O but, good uncle, could I command my love,
Or cancel oaths out of heaven's brazen book,
Ingross'd by God's own finger, then you might speak.
Had men that law to love, as most have tongues
To love a thousand women with, then you might speak.
Were love like dust, lawful for every wind,
To bear from place to place; were oaths but puffs,
Men might forswear themselves; but I do know,

Though

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Though sin being past with us, the act's forgot,
The poor soul groans, and she forgets it not.

William.

Yet hear your own case.

Scarborow.

O, 'tis too miserable !

That I, a gentleman, should be thus torn
From mine own right, and forc'd to be forsworn.

William.

Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salve it with advice, not with despair ;
You are his ward, being so, the law intends,
He is to have your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage :
If you rebel against these injunctions,
The penalty takes hold on you ; which for himself,
He straight thus prosecutes ; he wastes your land,
Weds you where he thinks fit, fir : but if yourself
Have of some violent humour match'd yourself,
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
¹⁵ To merce your purse, and in a sum to gear,
That shall for ever keep your fortunes weak,
Where otherwise if you be rul'd by him,
Your house is rais'd by matching to his kin.

Enter Falconbridge.

Lord.

Now death of me, shall I be cross'd by such a jack ? he wed
Himself, and where he list : firrah malapert, I'll hamper you,
You that will have your will, come get you in :
I'll make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her,
Or wish thy birth had been thy murtherer.

Scarborow.

Fate pity me, because I am inforc'd :
For I have heard those matches have cost blood,
Where love is once begun, and then withstood.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁵ To merce] i. e. amerce. S.

A C T II.

*Enter Ilford, and a Page with him.**Ilford.***BOY**, hast thou delivered my letter?*Boy.*

Aye, sir, I saw him open the lips on't.

Ilford.

He had not a new suit on, had he?

Boy.

I am not so well acquainted with his wardrobe, sir; but I saw a lean fellow, with sunk eyes, and shamble legs, sigh pitifully at his chamber-door, and intreat his man to put his master in mind of him.

Ilford.

O, that was his Taylor, I see now he will be blest, he profits by my counsel: he will pay no debts before he be arrested, nor then neither, if he can find e'er a beast that dare but be bail for him; but he will seal i'th' afternoon?

Boy.

Yes, sir; he will imprint for you as deep as he can.

Ilford.

Good, good, now have I a parson's nose, and smell tyth coming in then. Now let me number how many rooks I have half-undone already this term by the first return: four by dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by queans, of which some be courtiers, some country gentlemen, and some citizens' sons. Thou art a good Frank, ¹⁶ if thou pergest thus, thou art still a companion for gallants, mayst keep a catamite, take physick at the spring and the fall.

*Enter Wentloe.**Wentloe.*

Frank, news that will make thee fat, Frank.

Ilford.

Pr'ythee rather give me somewhat will keep me lean, I have no mind yet to take physick.

¹⁶ if thou pergest,] i. e. goest on. *Pergo. Lat. S.*

Wentloe.

Wentloe.

Master Scarborow is a married man.

Ilford.

Then heaven grant he may, as few married men do, make much of his wife.

Wentloe.

Why? wouldst have him love her, let her command all, and make her his master?

Ilford.

No, no; they that do so, make not much of their wives, but give them their will, and its the marring of them.

Enter Bartley.

Bartley.

Honest Frank, valourous Frank, a portion of thy wit, but to help us in this enterprize, and we may walk London streets, and cry pish at the serjeants.

Ilford.

You may shift out one term, and yet die in the counter: these are the scabs now that hang upon honest Job; I am Job, and these are the scurvy scabs; but what's this your pot seeths over withall?

Bartley.

Master Scarborow is a married man.

Wentloe.

He has all his land in his own hand.

Bartley.

His brother's and sister's portions.

Wentloe.

Besides four thousand pounds in ready money with his wife.

Ilford.

A good talent by my faith, it might help many gentlemen to pay their taylors, and I might be one of them.

Wentloe.

Nay, honest Frank, hast thou found a trick for him? if thou hast not, look here's a line to direct thee. First draw him into ¹⁷ bands for money, then to dice for it: then take up stuff at the mercers; straight to a punk with it: then mortgage his land, and be drunk with that: so with them and the rest, from an ancient gentleman, make him a young beggar.

¹⁷ bands] See Note 219 to *Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 202.

Ilford.

Ilford.

What a rogue is this, to read a lecture to me, and mine own lesson too, which he knows I have made perfect to nine hundred fourscore and nineteen. A cheating rascal, will teach me! I that have made them,¹⁸ that have worn a spacious park, lodge, and all on their backs this morning; been fain to pawn it afore night: they that have stalked like a huge elephant, with a castle on their necks, and removed that to their own shoulders in one day which their fathers built up in seven years, been glad by my means, in so much time as a child sucks, to drink bottle-ale, though a punk pay for't. And shall this parrot instruct me?

Wentloe.

Nay, but Frank.

Ilford.

A rogue that hath fed upon me, and the fruit of my wit like pullen¹⁹ from a pantler's chippings, and now I have put him into good cloaths to shift two suits in a day, that could scarce shift a patch'd shirt once in a year, and say his prayers when he had it: hark, how he prates.

Wentloe.

Besides, Frank, since his marriage, he stalks me like a cashier'd captain discontent; in which melancholy, the least drop of mirth, of which thou hast an ocean, will make him and all his, ours for ever.

Ilford.

Says mine own rogue so? give me thy hand then, we'll do't, and there's earnest. (*Strikes him.*) S'icoot you chittiface, that looks worse than a collier through a wooden window, an ape

¹⁸ *that have worn a spacious park, lodge, and all, &c.*] In a similar vein of humour, but much more exquisite, Mr. Addison, speaking of Sir Roger de Coverly, says, "he told me some time since, that, upon his courting the perverse widow, he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the sheering of his sheep for her under petticoats."

¹⁹ *pullen*] See Note 86 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 63.

afraid of a whip, or a knave's head, shook seven years in the weather upon ²⁰ London-Bridge. Do you catechize me?

Wentloe.

Nay, but valourous Frank, he that knows the secrets of all hearts, knows I did it in kindness.

Ilford.

Know your seasons: besides, I am not of that species for you to instruct. Then know your season.

Bartley.

S'foot friends, friends, all friends: here comes young Scarborough; should he know of this, all our designs were prevented.

Enter Scarborough.

Ilford.

What! melancholy, my young master, my young married man? God give your worship joy.

Scarborough.

Joy of what, Frank?

Ilford.

Of thy wealth; for I hear of few that have joy of their wives.

Scarborough.

Who weds as I have to inforced sheets,
His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilford.

Thou having so much wit, what a devil meant'st thou to marry?

Scarborough.

O speak not of it,
Marriage sounds in mine ear like to a bell,
Not rung for pleasure, but a doleful knell.

Ilford.

A common course, those men that are married in the morning, to wish themselves buried ere night.

Scarborough.

I cannot love her.

Ilford.

No news neither; wives know that's a general fault amongst their husbands.

²⁰ *London-Bridge*] The place most commonly used for exposing the heads of traitors.

Scarborough.

Scarborow.

I will not lie with her.

*Ilford.**Cætera volunt* she'll say still;
If you will not, another will.*Scarborow.*

Why did she marry me, knowing I did not love her?

*Ilford.*As other women do, either to be maintain'd by you, or to
make you a cuckold. Now, fir, what come you for?*Enter Clown.**Clown.*

As men do in haste, to make an end of their business.

Ilford.

What's your business?

Clown.

My business is this, fir, this, fir, and this, fir.

Ilford.

The meaning of all this, fir?

*Clown.*By this is as much as to say, fir, my master has sent unto you.
By this is as much as to say, fir, my master has him humbly
commended unto you, and by this is as much as to say, my
master craves your answer.*Ilford.*Give me your Letter. And you shall have this, fir, this, fir,
and this, fir.*Clown.*

No, fir.

Ilford.

Why, fir?

*Clown.*Because, as the learned have very well instructed me, *Qui*
supra nos; nihil ad nos, and though many gentlemen will have
to do with other mens' business, yet from me know, the most
part of them prove knaves for their labour.*Wentloc.*

You have the knave yfaith, Frank.

*Clown.*Long may he live to enjoy it. From Sir John Har-
cop of Harcop, in the county of York, Knight, by me
his

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his man, to yourself my young master, by these presents greeting.

Ilford.

How cam'st thou by these good words?

Clown.

As you by your good cloaths, took them upon trust, and swore I would never pay for them.

Scarborow.

Thy master, Sir John Harcop, writes to me,
That I should entertain thee for my man;
His wish is acceptable, thou art welcome, fellow.
Oh but thy master's daughter, sends an article
Which makes me think upon my present sin;
Here she remembers me to keep in mind
My promis'd faith to her, which I have broke.
Here she remembers me I am a man,
Black'd o'er with perjury, whose sinful breast,
Is character'd like thole curst of the blest.

Ilford.

How now my young bully, like a young wench forty weeks
after the loss of her maiden-head, crying out.

Scarborow.

Trouble me not.

Give me pen, ink, and paper, I will write to her.

O! but what shall I write?

Mine own excuse, why no excuse can serve
For him that swears, and from his oath doth swerve.

Or shall I say, my marriage was inforc'd?

'Twas bad in them, not well in me to yield.

Wretched they two whose marriage was compell'd.

I'll only write that which my grief hath bred,

Forgive me, Clare, for I am married:

'Tis soon set down, but not so soon forgot, or worn from hence.

Deliver it unto her, there's for thy pains.

Would I as soon could cleanse these perjur'd stains!

Clown.

Well, I could alter mine eyes from filthy mud into fair wa-
ter: you have paid for my tears, and mine eyes shall prove
bankrouths, and break out for you; let no man persuade me, I
will cry, and every town betwixt Shoreditch-church and York-
bridge shall bear me witness.

[Exit.

Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Gentlemen, I'll take my leave of you,
 She that I am married to, but not my wife,
 Will London leave, in Yorkshire lead our life.

[*Exit.**Ilford.*

We must not leave you so my young gallant, we three are
 sick in state, and your wealth must help to make us whole
 again. For this saying is as true as old :
 Strife nurst 'twixt man and wife makes such a flaw,
 How great so e'er their wealth, 'twill have a thaw. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir John Harcop with his Daughter Clare, and two
 younger Brothers, Thomas, and John Scarborow.*

Harcop.

Brothers to him ere long shall be my son,
 By wedding this young girl: you are welcome both,
 Nay kifs her, kifs her, though that she shall be
 Your brother's wife, to kifs the cheek is free.

Thomas.

Kifs, S'foot what else? thou art a good plump wench, I
 like you well, pr'ythee make haste and bring store of boys,
 but be sure they have good faces, that they may call me
 uncle.

John.

Glad of so fair a sifter, I salute you.

Harcop.

Good, good i'faith, this kissing's good i'faith,
 I lov'd to smack it too when I was young,
 But mum: they have felt thy cheek, Clare, let them hear thy
 tongue.

Clare.

Such welcome as befits my Scarborow's brothers,
 From me his troth-plight wife be sure to have,
 And though my tongue prove scant in any part,
 The bounds be sure are large, full in my heart.

Thomas.

Tut, that's not that we doubt on, wench; but do you hear,
 fir John, what do you think drew me from London, and
 the Inns of court, thus far into Yorkshire?

Harcop.

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Harcop.

I guess to see this girl, shall be your sister.

Thomas.

Faith, and I guess partly so too, but the main was, and I will not lye to you, that your coming now in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my brother had married your daughter, I his brother might borrow some money of you.

Harcop.

What? do you borrow of your kindred, sir?

Thomas.

S'foot what else, they having interest in my blood, why should not I have interest in their coin? Besides, sir, I being a younger brother, would be ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affinity, of whom I keep a kalendar. And look you, sir, thus I go over them. First o'er my uncles, often o'er mine aunts, then up to my nephews, straight down to my nieces, to this couzen Thomas, and that couzen Jeffrey, leaving the courteous claw given to none of their elbows, even unto the third and fourth remove of any that hath interest in our blood. All which do upon their summons made by me, duly and faithfully provide for appearance, and so as they are, I hope we shall be, more indear'd, inuiredly better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Harcop.

You are a merry gentleman.

Thomas.

'Tis the hope of money makes me so; and I know none but fools use to be sad with it.

John.

From Oxford am I drawn, from serious studies
Expecting that my brother still had sojourn'd
With you his best of choice, and this good knight.

Harcop.

His absence shall not make our hearts less merry
Than if we had his presence. A day ere long
Will bring him back, when one the other meets,
At noon i'th' church, at night between the sheets.

We'll

We'll wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill up,
The sharpner of the wit is a full cup.
And so to you, sir.

Thomas.

Do, and I'll drink to my new sister, but upon this condition, that she may have quiet days, little rest a nights, have pleasant afternoons, be pliant to my brother, and lend me money whensoever I'll borrow it.

Harcop.

Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weak, and we must bear with them,
Your frolick healths are only fit for men.

Thomas.

Well, I am contented; women must to the wall, though it be to a feather-bed. Fill up then.

Enter Clown.

Clown.

From London am I come, though not with pipe and drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poor paper,
Will make my young mistress, delighting in kisses,
Do as all maidens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to have lost, the thing they wish'd most,
A husband, a husband, a pretty sweet husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, and at last ho, ho, ho, as I do.

Clare.

Return'd so soon from London? what's the news?

Clown.

O mistress, if ever you have seen Demonicea clear look into mine eyes, mine eyes are Severn, plain Severn; the Thames, nor the river of Tweed, are nothing to them: nay, all the rain that fell at Noah's flood had not the discretion that my eyes have: that drunk but up the whole world, and I have drown'd all the way betwixt this and London.

Clare.

Thy news, good Robin.

Clown.

My news, mistress, I'll tell you strange news, the dust upon London way, being so great, that not a lord, gentleman, knight, or knave, could travel, lest his eyes should be blown out: at last, they all agreed to hire me to go before them,
when

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When I, looking but upon this letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had rain'd from the beginning of April to the last of May.

Clare.

A letter from my Scarborough? give it thy mistress.

Clown.

But mistress.

Clare.

Pr'ythee be gone,
I would not have my father, nor these gentlemen,
Be witness of the comfort it doth bring.

Clown.

Oh, but mistress.

Clare.

Pr'ythee be gone,
With this, and the glad news, leave me alone. [*Exit Clown.*
Thomas.

'Tis your turn knight; take your liquor, know I am bountiful; I'll forgive any man any thing that he owes me, but his drink, and that I'll be paid for.

Clare.

Nay, gentlemen, the honesty of mirth
Consists not in carousing with excess;
My father hath more welcomes than in wine:
Pray you, no more.

Thomas.

Says my sister so? I'll be ruled by thee then. Do you hear?
In hope hereafter you'll lend me some money: now we are
half drunk, let's go to dinner. Come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Clare.

Clare.

I am glad you're gone.
Shall I now open't? no, I'll kiss it first,
Because this outside last did kiss his hand.
Within this fold, I'll call't a sacred sheet,
Are writ black lines, where our white hearts shall meet;
Before I ope this door of my delight,
Methinks I guess how kindly he doth write,
Of his true love to me: as chuck, sweet-heart,

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C

I pr'ythee

I pr'ythee do not think the time too long,
 That keeps us from the sweets of marriage rites :
 And then he sets my name and kisses it,
 Wishing my lips his sheet to write upon :
 With like desire methinks as mine own thoughts,
 Ask him now here for me to look upon,
 Yet at the last thinking his love too slack,
 Ere it arrive at my desired eyes,
 He hastens up his message with like speed,
 Even as I break this ope, wishing to read :
 Oh: what's here? mine eyes are not mine own; sure th'are
 not,

Though you have been my lamps this sixteen years,

[Lets fall the letter

You do belie my Scarborow reading so ;
Forgive him, he is married, that were ill :
 What lying lights are these? look, I have no such letter,
 No wedded syllable of the least wrong
 Done to a troth-plight virgin like myself.
 Beshrew you for your blindness: *forgive him, he is married!*
 I know my Scarborow's constancy to me
 Is as firm knit, as faith to charity,
 That I shall kiss him often, hug him thus,
 Be made a happy and a fruitful mother
 Of many prosperous children like to him ;
 And read I, he was married! ask forgiveness?
 What a blind fool was I; yet here's a letter,
 To whom directed to? *to my beloved Clare.*
 Why la!
 Women will read, and read not that they saw.
 'Twas but my fervent love misled mine eyes,
 I'll once again to the inside, *forgive me, I am married:*
 William Scarborow. He has set his name too't too.
 O, perjury! within the hearts of men
 Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborow.

Thomas.

Sister, God's precious, the cloth's laid, the meat cools,
 We all stay, and your father calls for you.

Clara.

Clare.

Kind sir, excuse me I pray you a little,
I'll but peruse this letter and come straight.

Thomas.

Pray you make haste, the meat stays for us, and our stomach's
Ready for the meat ; for believe this,
Drink makes men hungry, or it makes them lye,
And he that's drunk o'er night, i'th' morning's dry :
Seen and approved.

[*Exit.*

Clare.

He was contracted mine, yet he unjust
Hath married to another : what's my estate then ?
A wretched maid, not fit for any man ;
For being united his with plighted faiths,
Whoever sues to me commits a sin,
Besiegeth me, and who shall marry me
Is like myself, lives in adultery, (O God,
That such hard fortune, should betide my youth !)
I am young, fair, rich, honest, virtuous,
Yet for all this, whoe'er shall marry me,
I am but his whore, live in adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure
For which I was created, born unto :
Let me live ne'er so honest, rich or poor,
If I once wed, yet I must live a whore.
I must be made a strumpet 'gainst my will,
A name I have abhorr'd ; a shameful ill,
I have eschewed ; and now cannot withstand it
In myself. I am my father's only child,
In me he hath a hope, though not his name
Can be increast, yet by my issue
His land shall be possesst, his age delighted.
And though that I should vow a single life
To keep my soul unspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a marriage :
So that my grief doth of that weight consist,
It helps me not to yield, nor to resist :
And was I then created for a whore ? a whore,
Bad name, bad act, bad man, makes me a scorn :
Then live a strumpet. Better be unborn.

C 2

Enter

Enter John Scarborow.

John.

Sister, pray you, will you come?
Your father and the whole meeting stays for you.

Clare.

I come, I come, I pray return: I come.

John.

I must not go without you.

Clare.

Be thou my usher, sooth I'll follow you.

[Exit.]

He writes here *To forgive him, he is married:*
False gentleman: I do forgive thee with my heart;
Yet will I send an answer to thy letter,
And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,
And here's my agent ready: *Forgive me, I am dead.*
'Tis writ, and I will act it: be judge, you maids,
Have trusted the false promises of men.
Be judge you wives, the which have been inforc'd
From the white sheets you lov'd, to them ye loathed:
Whether this axiom may not be assured,
—*Better one sin, than many be endured.*
My arms imbracings, kisses, chastity,
Were his possessions: and whilst I live
He doth but steal those pleasures he enjoys,
Is an adulterer in his married arms,
And never goes to his defiled bed,
But God writes sin upon the tester's head.
I'll be a wife now, help to save his soul
Though I have lost his body, give a flake
To his iniquities, and with one sin,
Done by this hand, end many done by him.
Farewel the world, then farewel the wedded joys,
Till this I have hop't for, from that gentleman;
Scarborow, forgive me: thus thou hast lost thy wife,
Yet record world, though by an act too foul,
A wife thus died, to cleanse her husband's soul.

Enter

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Enter Sir John Harcop.

Harcop.

God's precious, for his mercy, where's this wench?
Must all my friends and guests attend on you?
Where are you, Minion?

Clare.

Scarborow, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Harcop.

That sad voice was not hers I hope:
Who's this, my daughter?

Clare.

Your daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried,
Prays Scarborow to forgive her: she is dead,

[Dies.]

Harcop.

Patience good tears, and let my words have way,
Clare, my daughter! help, my servants there:
Lift up thine eyes, and look upon thy father,
They were not born to lose their light so soon:
I did beget thee for my comforter,
And not to be the author of my care.
Why speakst thou not? some help, my servants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? or if thine own,
What cause hadst thou, that wert thy father's joy,
The treasure of his age, the cradle of his sleep,
His all in all? I pr'ythee speak to me:
Thou art not ripe for death, come back again;
Clare, my Clare, if death must needs have one,
I am the fittest, pr'ythee let me go;
Thou dying whilst I live, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborow.

Thomas.

What means this outcry?

John.

O ruthful spectacle.

Harcop.

Thou wert not wont to be so fullen, child,
But kind and loving to thy aged father:

C 3

Awake,

Awake, awake ; if't be thy lasting sleep,
Would I had not sense for grief, nor eyes to weep.

John.

What paper's this ? the sad contents doth tell me,
My brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And she replies, for him she hath kill'd herself.

Harcop.

Was that the cause that thou hast soil'd thyself
With these red spots, these blemishes of beauty ?
My child, my child ; was't perjury in him,
Made thee so fair, act now so foul a sin,
That he deceived thee in a mother's hopes,
Posterity, the bliss of marriage ?
Thou hast no tongue to answer no, or aye,
But in red letters writes : *for him I die.*
Curse on his traiterous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, children, and possessions !
Be all his days like winter, comfortless !
Restless his nights, his wants ²¹ remorseless !
And may his corpse be the physician's stage,
Which, plaid upon, stands not to honoured age !
Or with diseases may he lie and pine,
Till grief wax blind his eyes, as grief doth mine !

[*Exit.*

John.

O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pittied.

Enter Scarborow, *his wife* Katherine, Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley
and Butler.

Ilford.

What ride by the gate, and not call ? that were a shame i' faith.

Wentloe.

We'll but taste of his beer, kiss his daughter, and to horse
again ; where's the good knight, here ?

Scarborow.

You bring me to my shame unwillingly.

²¹ *Remorseless,*] i. e. Pityless, without pity. See Note on *Osbelly*,
edit. 1778. vol. X. p. 553. S.

Ilford.

Ilford.

Shamed of what? for deceiving of a wench, I have not
blush'd, that have don't to a hundred of 'em?
In women's love he's wise, doth follow this,
Love one so long till her another kiss:
Where's the good knight, here?

John.

O brother, you are come to make your eye
Sad mourner at a fatal tragedy.
Peruse this letter first, and then this corpse.

Scarborow.

O wronged Clare! accursed Scarborow!
I writ to her, *that I was married,*
She writes to me, *forgive her, she is dead:*
I'll balm thy body with my faithful tears,
And be perpetual mourner at thy tomb;
I'll sacrifice this comet into sighs,
Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gave
Shall turn distempered, to appease the wrath
For this blood-shed, and I am guilty of.

Katherine.

Dear husband!

Scarborow.

False woman, not my wife, though married to me:
Look what thy friends, and thou art guilty of,
The murder of a creature, equal'd heaven
In her creation, whose thoughts, like fire,
Never look'd base, but ever did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours undid her:
Eye her, view her, though dead, yet she does look,
Like a fresh frame, or a new printed book
Of the best paper, never look'd into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her own too; but who was cause of it?
Thou and thy friends, and I will loath thee for't.

Enter Sir John Harcop.

Harcop.

They do bely her that do say she's dead;

C 4

She

She is but stray'd to some by-gallery,
And I must have her again. Clare, where art thou, Clare?

Scarborow.

Here, laid to take her everlasting sleep.

Harcop.

He lyes that says so;
Yet now I know thee, I do lye that say it,
For if she be a villain like thyself,
A perjur'd traitor, recreant, miscreant,
Dog, a dog, a dog, has don't.

Scarborow.

O Sir John Harcop!

Harcop.

O Sir John! villain! to betroth thyself
To this good creature, harmless, harmless child;
This kernell, hope, and comfort of my house,
Without inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her soul in th' compass of an oath,
Take that oath from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her!

Scarborow.

Shame on them were the cause of it.

Harcop.

But hark, what thou hast got by it,
Thy wife is but a strumpet, thy children bastards,
Thyself a murderer, thy wife accessary,
Thy bed a stew, thy house a brothel.

Scarborow.

O, it is too true!

Harcop.

I, made a wretched father, childless.

Scarborow.

I, made a married man, yet wifeless.

Harcop.

Thou the cause of it?

Scarborow.

Thou the cause of it?

Harcop.

Curse on the day that e'er it was begun,
For I an old man am, undone, undone.

[To his wife.]

[Exit.]

Scarborow.

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

41

Scarborow.

For charity, have care upon that father,
Lest that his grief bring on a more mishap.

[Exeunt Thomas and John Scarborow.]

This to my arms, my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho' I have lost her, to thy grave I'll bring;
Thou wert my wife, and I'll thy requiem sing:
Go you to the country, I'll to London back,
All riot now, since that my soul's so black. *[Exit, with Clate,*
Katherine.]

Thus am I left like sea-tost-mariners,
My fortunes being no more than my distress,
Upon what shore soever I am driven,
Be it good or bad, I must account it heaven:
Tho' married, I am reputed not a wife,
Neglected of my husband, scorn'd, despis'd:
And tho' my love and true obedience
Lies prostrate to his beck, his heedless eye
Receives my services unworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better days when bad be gone,
You are my guide, whither must I, butler?

Butler.

Toward Wakefield, where my master's living lies,

Katherine.

Toward Wakefield, where thy master we'll attend;
When things are at the worst, 'tis hop'd they'll mend.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborow.

Thomas.

How now, sister, no further forward on your journey yet?

Katherine.

When grief's before one, who'd go on to grief?
I'd rather turn me back to find some comfort.

John.

And that way sorrow's hurtfuller than this,
My brother having brought unto a grave
That murdered body whom he call'd his wife,
And spent so many tears upon her hearse,
As would have made a tyrant to relent;

Then

42 THE MISERIES OF

Then kneeling at her coffin, this he vow'd,
From thence he never would embrace your bed.

Thomas.

The more fool he.

John,

Never from hence acknowledge you his wife ;
When others strive to enrich their father's name,
It should be his only aim, to beggar ours,
To spend their means, should be his only pride :
Which with a sigh confirm'd, he's rid to London,
Vowing a ^{2^d} course, that by his life so foul
Men ne'er should join the hands without the soul.

Katherine,

All is but grief, and I am arm'd for it.

John.

We'll bring you on your way in hope thus strong,
Time may at length make strait, what yet is wrong.

[*Exit.*

A C T III.

Enter Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley.

Wentloe.

HE's our own, he's our own ; come, let's make use of his
wealth, as the sun of ice : melt it, melt it.

Ilford.

But art sure he will hold his meeting ?

Wentloe.

As sure as I am now, and was dead drunk last night.

Ilford.

Why then so sure will I be arrested by a couple of serjeants,
and fall into one of the unlucky cranks about Cheapside, called
counters.

Bartley.

Withall, I have provided Mr. Gripe the usurer, who upon
the instant will be ready to step in, charge the serjeants to keep

²² a course, that by] Example by, &c. Second and Third Editions.

thee fast, and that now he will have his five hundred pounds, or thou shalt rot for it.

Wentloe.

When it follows, young Scarborough shall be bound for the one: then take up as much more, we share the one half, and help him to be drunk with the other,

Ilford.

Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Scarborough.

Bartley.

Why dost laugh, Frank?

Ilford.

To see that we and usurers live by the fall of young heirs, as swine by the dropping of acorns. But he's come. Where be these Rogues: shall we have no tendance here?

Scarborough.

Good day, gentlemen.

Ilford.

A thousand good days, my noble bully, and as many good fortunes as there were grasshoppers in Egypt, and that's covered over with good luck: but nouns, pronouns, and participles: where be these rogues here? what, shall we have no wine here?

Enter Drawer.

Drawer.

Anon, anon, fir.

Ilford.

Anon, goodman rascal, must we stay your leisure? giv't us by and by, with a-pox to you.

Scarborough.

O, do not hurt the fellow.

[*Exit Drawer,*

Ilford.

Hurt him! hang him, scrape-trencher, star-wearer, wine-spiller, mettle-clanker, rogue by generation. Why, dost hear, Will? If thou dost not use these grape-spillers as you do their pottle-pots, quoit them down stairs three or four times at a supper, they'll grow as faucy with you as serjeants, and make bills more unconscionable than taylor's.

Ente

Enter Drawer.

Drawer.

Here's the pure and neat grape, gentlemen, I ha't for you.²³

Ilford.

Fill up: what have you brought here, goodman-rogue?

Drawer.

The pure element of claret, fir.

Ilford.

Have you so, and did not I call for Rhenish, you mungrel?

[*Throws the wine in the Drawer's face.*

Scarborow.

Thou need'st no wine, I pr'ythee be more mild.

Ilford.

Be mild in a tavern, 'tis treason to the red²⁴ lattice, enemy to their sign post, and slave to humour:

Pr'ythee, let's be mad;

Sings this.

*Then fill our heads with wine, till every pate be drunk,
Then piss i' the street, jussel all you meet, and swagger with a punk,
As thou wilt do now and then: thank me thy good maister,
that brought thee to it.*

Wentloe.

Nay, he profits well, but the worst is he will not swear yet.

Scarborow.

Do not belye me: if there be any good in me that's the best: oaths are necessary for nothing, they pass out of a man's mouth, like smoak through a chimney, that files²⁵ all the way it goes.

²³ *assure you*] Second and Third Editions.

²⁴ *red lattice*] "Red lattice at the doors and windows were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house; hence the present *chequers*." Mr. Steevens observes (note to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.) that "perhaps the reader will express some surprise, when he is told, that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left hand street of Pompeii (N^o. 9.) presented by Sir William Hamilton (together with several others equally curious) to the Antiquary Society."

Marston, in the First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 5. makes Balurdo say: "No, I am not Sir Jeffrey Balurdo: I am not as well known by my wit as an ale-house by a red lattice."

²⁵ *files*] i. e. defiles. See note on *Macbeth*, edit. 1778, vol. IV. p. 524.

Wentloe.

Why then I think tobacco to be a kind of swearing, for it furs our nose pockily.

Scarborow.

But, come, let's drink ourselves into a stomach afore supper.

Ilford.

Agreed. I'll begin with a new health. Fill up.

*To them that make land fly,
By wine, whores, and a dye.
To them, that only thrives,
By kissing others' wives.
To them that pay for cloaths,
With nothing but with oaths:
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt.
This health my hearts!
But who their taylors pay,
Borrow, and keep their day,
We'll hold him like this glass,
A brainless empty ass,
And not a mate for us.
Drink round my hearts.*

[drinks.]

Wentloe.

An excellent health.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer.

Master Ilford, there's a couple of strangers beneath desires to speak with you.

Ilford.

What beards have they? gentlemen-like-beards, or broker-like-beards?

Drawer.

I am not so well acquainted with the art of face-mending, sir: but they would speak with you.

Ilford.

I'll go down to them.

Wentloe.

Do; and we'll stay here and drink tobacco.²⁶

²⁶ drink tobacco] See note 38, to Second Part of *Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 455.

Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Thus like a fever that doth shake a man
From strength to weaknes, I consume myself :
I know this company, their custom vile,
Hated, abhorr'd of good-men, yet like a child,
By reason's rule, instructed how to know
Evil from good, I to the worfer go.
Why do you suffer this, you upper powers,
That I should surfeit in the sin of taste,
Have sence to feel my mischiefs, yet make waste
Of heaven and earth ?
Myself will answer, what myself doth ask.
Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame,
For vice being foster'd once, comes impudence,
Which makes men count sin, custom ; not offence :
When all like me, their reputation blot,
Pursuing evil, while the good's forgot.

Enter Ilford led in by a couple of Serjeants, and Gripe the Usurer.

Serjeant.

Nay, never strive, we can hold you.

Ilford.

Aye, me, ²⁷ and the devil too and he fall into your clutches :
let go your tugging ; as I am a gentleman, I'll be your true
prisoner.

Wentloe.

How now : what's the matter, Frank ?

Ilford.

I am fallen into the hands of serjeants, I am arrested.

Bartley.

How, arrest a gentleman in our company ?

Ilford.

Put up, put up ; for sin's sake put up, let's not all sup in the
Compter to night, let me speak with master Gripe the creditor.

Gripe.

Well : what say you to me, sir ?

Ilford.

You have arrested me here, master Gripe.

²⁷ and the devil too and he] The first edit. reads, *and any man else and*
be.

Gripe.

Gripe.

Not I, fir, the serjeants have.

Ilford.

But at your suit, master Gripe : yet hear me, as I am a gentleman.

Gripe.

I rather you could say as you were an honest man, and then I might believe you.

Ilford.

Yet hear me.

Gripe.

Hear me no hearings, I lent you my money for good will.

Ilford.

And I spent it for mere necessity ; I confess I owe you five hundred pound, and I confess I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't : my bond you have already, master Gripe. If you will, now take my word.

Gripe.

Word me no words: officers look to your prisoner : if you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in security, such as I shall like too——

Ilford.

Such as you shall like too: what say you to this young gentleman : he is the widgeon that we must feed upon.

Gripe.

Who, young master Scarborough ? he's an honest gentleman for aught I know, I ne'er lost a penny by him.

Ilford.

I would be ashamed any man should say so by me, that I have had dealings withall : but, my inforced friends, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I descend with a few words to these gentlemen, and I'll commit myself into your merciless hands immediately.

Serjeant.

Well, fir, we'll wait upon you.

Ilford.

Gentlemen, I am to profer some conference, and especially to you master Scarborough ; our meeting here for your mirth hath proved to me thus adverse, that in your companies I am arrested :

arrested: how ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations when men of rank and note communicate, that I, Frank Ilford, gentleman, whose fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities future, and heap satisfaction for any present extension of his friends kindness, was inforced from the Mitre in Bread-street, to the Compter in the Poultry: for mine own part, if you shall think it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, to submit myself from the featherbed in the master's side²⁸, or the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heels, instead of gilt spurs, the armour of patience, and do't.

Wentloe.

Come, come, what a pox need all this, this is *mellis flora*, the sweetest of the honey, he that was not made to fat cattle, but to feed gentlemen.

Bartley.

You wear good cloaths.

Wentloe.

Are well descended.

Bartley.

Keep the best company.

Wentloe.

Should regard your credit.

Bartley.

Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Wentloe.

Ye are richly married.

Bartley.

Love not your wife.

Wentloe.

Have store of friends.

Bartley.

Who shall be your heir?

Wentloe.

The son of some slave.

²⁸ *Master's-side, Knight's-ward, Hole*] Three different departments of a prison, in which debtors were confined according to their ability or incapacity to pay for their accommodations: all three are pretty accurately described by Fennor in *the Compters Commonwealth*, 1617, 4to.

Bartley.

Bartley.

Some groom.

Wentloe.

Some horse-keeper.

Bartley.

Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Scarborow.

Well, at your importance, for once I'll stretch my purse,
Who's born to sink, as good this way as worse.

Wentloe.

Now speaks my bully like a gentleman of worth.

Bartley.

Of merit.

Wentloe.

Fit to be regarded.

Bartley.

That shall command our souls.

Wentloe.

Our swords.

Bartley.

Ourselves.

Ilford.

To feed upon you as Pharaoh's lean kine did upon the fat.

Scarborow.

Master Gripe, is my bond current for this gentleman?

Ilford.

Good security, you Egyptian grasshopper, good security.

Gripe.

And for as much more, kind master Scarborow,
Provided that men, mortal as we are,
May have——

Scarborow.

May have security.

Gripe.

Your bond with land convey'd, which may assure me of
mine own again.

Scarborow.

You shall be satisfied, and I'll become your debtor,
For full five hundred more than he doth owe you.
This night we sup here, bear us company,

VOL. V.

D

And

And bring your Counsel, Scrivener, and the money with you,
Where I will make as full assurance as in the law you'd wish.

Gripe.

I take your word, fir,
And so discharge you of your prisoner.

Iford.

Why then let's come and take up a new room, the infected
hath spit in this.

He that hath store of coin wants not a friend,

Thou shalt receive sweet rogue, and we will spend. [Exeunt.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborow.

John.

Brother, you see the extremity of want
Inforceth us to question for our own,
The rather that we see, not like a brother,
Our brother keeps from us to spend on other.

Thomas.

True, he has in his hands our portions, the patrimony which
our father gave us, with which he lies fattening himself with
sack and sugar ²⁹ in the house, and we are fain to walk with
lean

²⁹ *Sack and sugar*] *Sack* with *sugar* was formerly a favourite liquor. Although it is mentioned very often in contemporary writers, it is difficult to collect from any circumstances what the kind of wine then called *Sack* was understood to be. In the Second Part of *Henry IV*, A. 4. S. 3. Falstaff speaks of *Sberrie Sack*; and Dr. Johnson supposes the fat knight's admired potation was what we now call *Sberry*, which he says is drunk with *Sugar*. This last assertion is contradicted by Mr. Steevens, who, with more truth asserts, that *Sberry* is at this time never drunk with *Sugar*, whereas *Rhenish* frequently is. Dr. Warburton seems to be of opinion that the sweet wine still denominated *Sack* was that so often mentioned by Falstaff, and the great fondness of the English nation for *sugar* rather countenances that idea. Hentzner, p. 88. edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, *in potum copiose immittunt saccarum*, they put a great deal of *sugar* in their drink; and Moryson in his *Itinerary* 1617, p. 155, mentioning the Scots, observes, "They drinke pure wines, not with *sugar* as the English:" again, p. 152. "—but gentlemen garrawse onely in wine, with which many mixe *sugar*, which I never observed in any other place or kingdome, to be used for that purpose: and because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetnesse, the wines in tavernes (for I speake not of merchants or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof to make them pleasant." *Sack* and *sugar*

lean purses abroad. Credit must be maintained, which will not be without money; good cloaths must be had, which will not be without money; company must be kept, which will not be without money; all which we must have, and from him we will have money.

John.

Besides, we have brought our sister to this town,
That she herself having her own from him,
Might bring herself in court to be prefer'd,
Under some noble personage; or else that he
Whose friends are great in court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, provide for her.

Thomas.

And he shall do it brother, tho' we have waited at his lodg-
ing longer than a taylor's bill on a young knight for an old
reckoning, without speaking with him; here we know he is,
and we will call him to parle.

John.

Yet let us do't in mild and gentle terms,
Fair words perhaps may sooner draw our own,
Than rougher courses by which is mischief grown.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer.

Anon, anon, look down into the Dolphin there.

Thomas.

Here comes a drawer, we will question him.
Do you hear my friend, is not master Scarborow here?

Drawer.

Here, sir, what a jest is that! where should he be else? I
would have you well know my master hopes to grow rich before
he leaves him.

sugar are mentioned in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, Sign. G 3. *The Shoemaker's Holyday*, Sign. E. *Everie woman in her humour*, Sign. D 4; and in *Decker's Wonderful Yeare*, 1603. It appears, however, from the following passage in *The English House-wife*, by Gervase Markham, 1631, p. 162, that there were various species of Sack: "Your best *jacks* are of *Seres* in *Spaine*, your smaller of *Galicie* and *Portugall*: your strong *Sackes* are of the islands of the *Canaries* and of *Malligo*, and your *Muscadine* and *Malmsey's* are of many parts of *Italy*, *Greece*, and some speciall islands."

John.

How long hath he continued here since he came hither?

Drawer.

Faith, fir, not so long as Noah's flood, yet long enough to have drowned up the livings of three knights, as knights go now-a-days, some month or thereabouts.

John.

Time ill consum'd to ruinate our house;
But what are they that keep him company?

Drawer.

Pitch, pitch, but I must not say so; but, for your further satisfaction, did you ever see a young whelp and a lyon play together?

John.

Yes.

Drawer.

Such is master Scarborow's company. [*Within, Oliver!*
Anon, anon, look down to the Pomegranate there.

Thomas.

I pr'ythee, say, here's them would speak with him.

Drawer.

I'll do your message: anon, anon, there.

[*Exit.**John.*

This fool speaks wiser than he is aware;
Young heirs left in this town where sin's so rank,
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelps thrown in the lyon's den,
Who play with them awhile, at length devour them.

*Enter Scarborow.**Scarborow.*

Who's there would speak with me?

John.

Your brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scarborow.

Well.

John.

'Tis not your riot, that we hear you use,
(With such as waste their goods, as time the world
With a continual spending, nor that you keep

The

The company of a most leprous rout,
Consumes your body's wealth, infects your name
With such plague-sores, that had you reason's eye,
'Twould make you sick, to see you visit them)
Hath drawn us, but our wants to crave the due
Our father gave, and yet remains with you.

Thomas.

Our birth-right, good brother, this town craves main-
tainance, silk stockings must be had, and we would be loth our
heritage should be arraigned at the Vintner's bar, and so
condemned to the Vintner's box, though while you did keep
house. we had some belly-timber at your table, or so; yet we
would have you think, we are your brothers, yet no Esau
to sell our patrimony for porridge.

Scarborow.

So, so; what hath your coming else?

John.

With us our sister joins in our request,
Whom we have brought along with us to London,
To have her portion, wherewith to provide
An honour'd service, or an honest bride.

Scarborow.

So, then you two my brothers, and she my sister, come not
as in duty you are bound, to an elder brother, out of York-
shire to see us, but like leaches to suck from us.

John.

We come compell'd by want to crave our own.

Scarborow.

Sir, for your own, then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keep it for ye: must you appoint us,
Or what we please to like mix with reproof?
You have been too sawcy both, and you shall know,
I'll curb you for it; ask why? I'll have it so.

John.

We do but crave our own.

Scarborow.

Your own, sir: what's your own?

Thomas.

Our portions given us by our father's will.

D 3

John.

John.

Which here you spend.

Thomas.

Consume.

John.

Ways worse than ill.

Scarborow.

Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

Nay, nay, nay, Will: pr'ythee come away, we have a full gallon of sack stays in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the health of a friend of thine.

Scarborow.

What dost think these are, Frank?

Ilford.

They are fidlers I think; if they be, I pr'ythee send them into the next room, and let them scrape there, and we'll send to them presently.

Scarborow.

They are my brothers, Frank, come out of Yorkshire, To the tavern here, to ask their portions: They call my pleasures, riots, my company lepers; and like a school-boy, hey would tutor me.

Ilford.

O, thou should'st have done well to have bound them prentices when they were young, they would have made a couple of good sawcy taylors.

Thomas.

Taylors?

Ilford.

Ay, birdlime: taylors: taylors are good men, and in the term time they wear good cloaths. Come, you must learn more manners; as to stand at your brother's back, to shift a trencher neatly, and take a cup of sack, and a capon's leg contentedly.

Thomas.

You are a slave
That feeds upon my brother like a flye,
Poisoning where thou dost suck.

Scarborow.

You lye.

John.

O, to my grief I speak it, you shall find,
There's no more difference in a tavern-haunter
Than is between a spittle and a beggar.

Thomas.

Thou work'st on him like tempests on a ship.

John.

And he the worthy traffick that doth sink.

Thomas.

Thou mak'st his name more loathsome than a grave.

John.

Livest like a dog, by vomit.

Thomas.

Die a slave.

[*Here they draw, Wentloe and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners' boys with clubs. All set upon the two brothers. Butler, Scarborow's man, comes in, stands by, sees them fight, takes part with neither.*

Butler.

Do, fight: I love you all well, because you were my old master's sons, but I'll neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my master news, he hath two sons born at a birth in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers in a tavern in London. Brother and brother at odds, 'tis naught: sure, it was not thus in the days of charity. What's this world like to? faith just like an Inn-keeper's chamber-pot, receives all waters, good and bad, it had need of much scowering. My old master kept a good house, and twenty or thirty tall sword and buckler men about him, and i'faith his son differs not much, he will have mettle too, though he hath not store of cutler's blades, he will have plenty of Vintners pots. His father kept a good house for honest men, his tenants, that brought him in part; and his son keeps a bad house with knaves that help to consume all. 'Tis but the change of time: why should any man repine at it: crickets, good living, and lucky worms, were wont to feed, sing, and rejoice in the father's chimney: and now carrion crows build in the son's kitchen; I could be sorry for

it, but I am too old to weep. Well then, I will go tell him news of his offsprings. [Exit.]

Enter the two Brothers, Thomas and John Scarborow hurt, and Sister,

Sister,

Alas, good brothers, how came this mischance?

Thomas.

Our portions, our brother hath given us our portions, sister, hath he not?

Sister.

He would not be so monstrous, I am sure,

John.

Excuse him not; he is more degenerate,
Than greedy vipers that devour their mother,
They eat on her but to preserve themselves,
And he consumes himself, and beggars us.
A tavern is his inn, where amongst slaves
He kills his substance, making pots the graves
To bury that which our forefathers gave.
I ask'd him for our portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we crav'd our own; when his reply
Was, he knew none we had, beg, starve, or die.

Sister.

Alas, what course is left for us to live by then?

Thomas.

In troth, sister, we two to beg in the fields,
And you to betake yourself to the old trade,
Filling of small cans in the suburbs.

Sister.

Shall I be left then like a common road,
That every beast that can but pay his tole
May travel over, and, like to ³⁰ camomile,
Flourish the better being trodden on.

³⁰ like to camomile,] See Note 6 to *The City Night-cap*, vol. XI.
p. 303.

Enter

Enter Butler bleeding.

Butler.

Well, I will not curse him: he feeds now upon sack and anchovies with a pox to him: but if he be not fain before he dies to eat acorns, let me live with nothing but pollerd, and my mouth be made a ducking-stool for every scold to set her tail on.

Thomas.

How now, Butler, what's the meaning of this?

Butler.

Your brother means to lame as many as he can, that when he is a beggar himself, he may live with them in the hospital. His wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him, that God had blest him with two sons; he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses me over the pate, and sends me to the surgeon's to seek salve: I look'd, at least he should have given me a brace of angels for my pains.

Thomas.

Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath given thee a crack'd crown.

Butler.

A plague on his fingers; I cannot tell, he is your brother and my master, I would be loth to prophesy of him; but whosoe'er doth curse his children being infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him news of it, they may be born rich, but they shall live slaves, be knaves, and die beggars.

Sister.

Did he do so?

Butler.

Guess you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent me to the surgeons.

Sister.

Why then I see there is no hope of him;
Some husbands are respectless of their wives,
During the time that they are issueless,
But none with infants blest can nourish hate,
But love the mother for the children's sake.

John.

John.

But he that is given over unto sin,
Leprosed therewith without, and so within;
O Butler, we were issue to one father!

Butler.

And he was an honest gentleman.

John.

Whose hopes were better, than the sun he left
Should set so soon, unto his house's shame.
He lives in taverns, spending of his wealth,
And here his brothers and distressed sister,
Not having any means to help us with.

Thomas.

Not a Scots baubee (by this hand) to bless us with.

John.

And not content to riot out his own,
But he detains our portions, suffers us
In this strange air, open to every wreck,
Whilst he in riot swims to be in lack.

Butler.

The more's the pity.

Sister.

I know not what in course to take me to,
Honestly I fain would live: what shall I do?

Butler.

Sooth I'll tell you, your brother hath hurt us,
We three will hurt you, and then go all to a spittle together.

Sister.

Jest not at her, whose burden is too grievous,
But rather lend a means how to relieve us.

Butler.

Well, I do pity you, and the rather because you say, you
would fain live honest and want means for it; for I can tell
you 'tis as strange here to see a maid fair, poor, and honest,
as to see a collier with a clean face. Maids here do live
(especially without maintainance)

Like mice going to a trap,

They nibble long, at last they get a clap.

Your father was my good benefactor, and gave me a house
whilst I live to put my head in: I would be loth then to see
his

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his only daughter, for want of means, turn punk ; I have a drift to keep you honest. Have you a care to keep yourself so, yet you shall not know of it, for women's tongues are like sieves, they will hold nothing they have power to vent. You two will further me ?

John.

In any thing, good honest Butler.

Thomas.

If't be to take a purse I'll be one.

Butler.

Perhaps thou speakest righter than thou art aware of : well, as chance is, I have received my wages : there is forty shillings for you, I'll set you in a lodging, and till you hear from us, let that provide for you ; we'll first to the surgeons. To keep you honest, and to keep you brave, For once an honest man will turn a knave. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scarborow *having a boy carrying a torch with him, Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.*

Scarborow.

Boy, bear the torch fair : now am I arm'd to fight with a wind-mill, and to take the wall of an emperor : much drink, no money ; a heavy head, and a light pair of heels.

Wentloe,

O, stand man.

Scarborow.

I were an excellent creature to make a punk of ; I should down with the least touch of a knave's finger ; thou hast made a good night of this : what hast won, Frank ?

Ilford.

A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scarborow.

This is the hell of all gamesters. I think when they are at play, the board eats up the money : for if there be five hundred pound lost, there's never but a hundred pounds won. Boy, take the wall of any man : and yet by light such deeds of darkness may not be. [*Put out the torch.*]

Wentloe.

What dost mean by that, Will ?

Scarborow.

Scarborow.

To save charge, and walk like a fury with a fire-brand in my hand; every one goes by the light, and we'el go by the smoke.

Enter Lord Faulconbridge.

Scarborow.

Boy, keep the wall: I will not ³¹ budge for any man, by these thumbs; and the paring of the nails shall stick in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord.

Who's this, young Scarborow?

Scarborow.

The man that the mare rid on.

Lord.

Is this the reverence that you owe to me?

Scarborow.

You should have brought me up better.

Lord.

That vice should thus transform man to a beast.

Scarborow.

Go to, your name's lord; I'll talk with you when you're out a debt and have better cloaths.

Lord.

I pity thee even with my very soul.

Scarborow.

Pity i'th' thy throat, I can drink muscadine and eggs, and mull'd sack; do you hear? you put a piece of turn'd stuff upon me, but I will —

Lord.

What will you do, fir?

Scarborow.

Piss in thy way, and that's no slander.

Lord.

Your sober blood will teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir William Scarborow.

Sir William.

My honoured lord, you're happily well met,

³¹ budge] move, or stir. Bouger, Fr.

Lord.

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Lord.

I'll meet to see your nephew in this case,
More like a brute beast, than a gentleman.

Sir William.

Fie, nephew, shame you not thus to transform yourself?

Scarborow.

Can your nose smell a torch.

Ilford.

Be not so wild, it is thine uncle, Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Why then 'tis the more likely 'tis my father's brother.

Sir William.

Shame to our name, to make thyself a beast,
Thy body worthy born, and thy youth's breast
Till'd in due time for better discipline.

Lord.

'Thyself new married to a noble house,
Rich in possessions, and posterity,
Which should call home thy untay'd affections.

Sir William.

Where thou mak'st havock.

Lord.

Riot, spoil, and waste.

Sir William.

Of what thy father left.

Lord.

And 'hivest disgrac'd.

Scarborow.

I'll send you shorter to heaven, than you came to the
earth; do you catechize? do you catechize?

[He draws and strikes at them.]

Ilford.

Hold, hold, do you draw upon your uncle?

Scarborow.

Pox of that lord,
We'll meet at *Mitre*, where we'll sup down sorrow,
We are drunk to-night, and so we'll be to-morrow. *[Exeunt.]*

Lord.

Why now I see: what I heard of, I believ'd not,
Your kinsman lives —

Sir

Sir William.

Like to a swine.

Lord.

³² A perfect Epythite, he feeds on draff,
And wallows in the mire, to make men laugh,
I pity him.

Sir William.

No pity's fit for him.

Lord.

Yet we'll advise him.

Sir William.

He is my kinsman,

Lord.

Being in the pit where many do fall in,
We will both comfort him, and counsel him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

*A noise within, crying follow, follow, follow: then enter Butler,
Thomas, and John Scarborough, with money-bags.*

Thomas.

WHAT shall we do now, Butler?

Butler.

A man had better line a good handsome pair of gallows
before his time, than be born to do these sucklings good;
their mother's milk not wrung out of their nose yet; they
know no more how to behave themselves in this honest and
needful calling of purse-taking, than I do to piece stockings.

Within.

This way, this way, this way.

Both.

'Sfoot, what shall we do now?

Butler.

See if they do not quake like a trembling asp-leaf, and look
more miserable than one of the wicked elders pictur'd in the

³² *A perfect Epythite,*] I believe an *Epythite* signifies a beggar—
painted

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painted cloth; should they but come to the credit to be arraign'd for their valour before a worshipful bench, their very looks would hang 'em, and they were indicted but for stealing of eggs.

Within.

Follow, follow, this way follow.

Thomas.

Butler.

John.

Honest Butler.

Butler.

Squat heart squat, creep me into these bushes,
And lie me as close to the ground as you would do to a wench.

Thomas.

How, good Butler? shew us how.

Butler.

By the moon, patroness of all purse-takers, who would be troubled with such changelings? squat heart squat.

Thomas.

Thus, Butler?

Butler.

Aye, so suckling, so; stir not now; if the peering rogues chance to go over you, yet stir not: younger brothers call you them, and have no more forecast, I am ashamed of you, these are such whose fathers had need leave them money, even to make them ready withall; for by these hilts, they have not wit to button their sleeves without teaching: close, squat close. Now if the lot of hanging do fall to my share, so; then the father's old man drops for his young masters. If it chance, it chances; and when it chances, heaven and the sheriff send me a good rope! I would not go up the ladder twice for any thing: in the mean time preventions, honest preventions do well, off with my skin; so; you on the ground, and I to this tree to escape the gallows.

Within.

Follow, follow, follow.

Butler.

Do follow, if I do not deceive you, I'll bid a pox of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter

Enter Sir John Harcop with two or three others with him.

Harcop.

Up to this wood they took ; search near my friends, I am
this morn robb'd of three hundred pound.

Butler.

I am sorry there was not four to have made even money ;
now by the devil's horns, 'tis fir John Harcop.

Harcop.

Leave not a bush unbeat, nor tree unsearch'd,
As sure as I was robb'd the thieves went this way.

Butler.

There's nobody I perceive but may lye at some time,
For one of them climb'd this ways.

First Man.

Stand, I hear a voice, and here's an owl in an ivy-bush.

Butler.

You lye, 'tis an old servingman in a nut-tree.

Second Man.

Sirrah, fir, what make you in that tree ?

Butler.

Gathering of nuts, that such fools as you are may crack
the shells, and I eat the kernels.

Harcop.

What fellow's that ?

Butler.

Sir John Harcop, my noble knight, I am glad of your
good health, you bear your age fair, you keep a good house,
I have fed at your board, and been drunk in your buttery.

Harcop.

But firrah, firrah : what made you in that tree ?
My man and I, at foot of yonder hill,
Were by three knaves robb'd of three hundred pound.

Butler.

A shrewd loss berlady, fir ; but your good worship may
now see the fruit of being miserable : you will ride but with
one man to save horse-meat and man's meat at your inn at
night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Harcop.

Sirrah, I say, I have lost three hundred pound.

Butler.

Butler.

And I say, fir, I wish all miserable knights might be served so: for had you kept half a dozen tall fellows, as a man of your coat should do, they would have help'd now to keep your money.

Harcop.

But tell me, fir, why lurk'd you in that tree?

Butler.

Marry, I will tell you, fir. Coming to the top of the hill where you (right worshipful) were robb'd at the bottom, and seeing some a scuffling together, my mind straight gave me there were knaves abroad: Now, fir, I knowing myself to be old, tough, and unwieldy, not being able to do as I would; as much as to say, rescue you (right worshipful), I like an honest man, one of the king's liege people, and a good subject —

Servant.

He says well, fir.

Butler.

Got me up to the top of that tree: the tree (if it could speak) would bear me witness, that there I might see which way the knaves took, then to tell you of it, and you right worshipfully to send hue to cry after them.

Harcop.

Was it so?

Butler.

Nay, 'twas so, fir.

Harcop.

Nay then, I tell thee they took into this wood.

Butler.

And I tell thee (setting thy worship's knighthood aside) he lyes in his throat that says so: had not one of them a white frock? did they not bind your worship's knighthood by the thumbs? then faggotted you and the fool your man back to back.

Man.

He says true.

Butler.

Why then so truly, came not they into this wood, but took over the lawns, and left Winno steeple on the left hand.

VOL. V.

E

Harcop.

Harcop.

It may be so, by this they are out of reach ;
Well, farewell it.

Butler.

Ride with more men, good knight.

Harcop.

It shall teach me wit.

[*Exit Harcop, with followers.*]*Butler.*

So, if this be not play'd a weapon beyond a scholar's prize,
let me be hift at. Now to the next. Come out, you helg-
hogs.

Thomas.

O Butler, thou deserv'st to be chronicled for this.

Butler.

Do not bely me, if I had my right I deserve to be hanged
for't. But come, down with your dust, our morning's ³³ pur-
chase.

Thomas.

Here 'tis, thou hast play'd well, thou deserv'st two shares
in it.

Butler.

Three hundred pound! a pretty breakfast: many a man
works hard all his days, and never sees half the money. But
come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestow'd.
But do ye hear, gallants, I have not taught you this trade to
get your livings by. Use it not, for if you do, though I
scap'd by the nut tree, be sure you'll speed by the rope: but
for your pains at this time, there's a hundred pounds for you;
how you shall bestow it, I'll give you instructions. But do
you hear, look you, go not to your gills, your punks, and
your cock-tricks with it; if I hear you do, as I am an honest
thief, though I help'd you now out of the briars, I'll be a
means yet to help you to the gallows. How the rest shall
be employ'd I have determined, and by the way I'll make you
acquainted with it.

To steal is bad, but taken where is store,

The fault's the less, being done to help the poor.

[*Exeunt.*]

. ³³ purchase.] See Note 33 to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*,
vol. III. p. 443.

Enter

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Enter Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley. Ilford having a letter in his hand.

Ilford.

Sure, I have said my prayers, and liv'd virtuously a late, that this good fortune's befall'n me. Look, gallants: I am sent for to come down to my father's burial.

Wentloe.

But dost mean to go?

Ilford.

Troth, no, I'll go down to take possession of his land, let the country bury him, and they will: I'll stay here a while, to save charge at his funeral.

Bartley.

And how dost feel thyself, Frank, now thy father is dead?

Ilford.

As I did before, with my hands; how should I feel myself else? but I'll tell you news, gallants.

Wentloe.

What's that? dost mean now to serve God?

Ilford.

Faith, partly, for I intend shortly to go to church, and from thence do faithful service to one woman.

Enter Butler.

Butler.

Good! I have met my flesh-hooks together.

Bartley.

What, dost mean to be married?

Ilford.

Aye, mungrel, married.

Butler.

That's a bait for me.

Ilford.

I will now be honestly married.

Wentloe.

It's impossible, for thou hast been a whore-master this seven year.

E 2

Ilford.

Ilford.

'Tis no matter, I will now marry, and to some honest woman too, and so from hence her virtues shall be a countenance to my vices.

Bartley.

What shall she be, pr'ythee?

Ilford.

No lady, no widow, nor no waiting gentlewoman, for under protection,

Ladys may lard their husband's heads,

Widows will woodcocks make,

And chambermaids of servingmen

Learn that they'll never forsake.

Wentloe.

Who wilt thou wed then, pr'ythee?

Ilford.

To any maid, so she be fair: to any maid, so she be rich:
To any maid, so she be young: and to any maid —

Bartley.

So she be honest.

Ilford.

Faith, it's no great matter for her honesty, for in these days that's a dowry out of request.

Butler.

From these crabs will I gather sweetness: wherein I'll imitate the bee, that sucks her honey, not from the sweetest flowers, but thyme the bitterest: so these having been the means to beggar my master, shall be the helps to relieve his brothers and sister.

Ilford.

To whom shall I now be a suitor?

Butler.

Fair fall ye, gallants.

Ilford.

Nay, and she be fair, she shall fall sure enough. Butler, how is't, good Butler?

Butler.

Will you be made gallants?

Wentloe.

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Wentloe.

Aye, but not willingly cuckolds, though we are now talking about wives.

Butler.

Let your wives agree of that after: will you first be richly married?

All.

How, Butler? richly married?

Butler.

Rich in beauty, rich in purse, rich in virtue, rich in all things. But mum, I'll say nothing, I know of two or three rich heirs. But ³⁴ cargo! my fiddlestick cannot play without rozin: avant.

Wentloe.

Butler.

Ilford.

Dost not know me, Butler?

Butler.

For ³⁵ kex, dried kex, that in summer has been so liberal to fodder other men's cattle, and scarce have enough to keep your own in winter. Mine are precious cabinets, and must have precious jewels put into them, and I know you to be merchants of stock-fish, and not men for my market: then vanish.

Ilford.

Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? cannot a man have been a little whore-master in his youth, but you must upbraid him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his wife shall find in him? why my father's dead, man, now, who by his death has left me the better part of a thousand a year.

Butler.

Tut, she of Lancashire has fifteen hundred.

³⁴ *But cargo!*] This is a corruption of *coraggio!* Italian, courage! a hortatory exclamation. So, in the Epilogue to *Albumazzer*, vol. 7.:

"Two hundred crowns? and twenty pound a year

"For three good lives? *cargo!* hai Trincalo!" S.

³⁵ *Kex,*] a Fr. *Gigue*, utr. a Lat. *Cicuta*. SKINNER.

Gigue f. Hemlocke, Homlocke, hearbe Bennet, *Kex*. COTGRAVE.

THE MISERIES OF

Iford,

Let me have her then, good Butler.

Butler.

And then she, the bright beauty of Leicestershire, has a thousand, nay thirteen hundred a year, at least.

Iford.

Or let me have her, honest Butler.

Butler.

Besides, she the most delicate, sweet countenan't, black brow'd gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substance equals the best of them.

Iford,

Let me have her then,

Bartley.

Or I.

Wentloe.

Or I, good Butler.

Butler.

You were best play the parts of right fools, and most desperate whore-masters, and go together by the ears for them ere ye see them. But they are the most rare featured, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualified, virtuous, and worthy to be admired gentlewomen.

All,

And rich, Butler?

Butler.

(Aye, that must be one, though they want all the rest); and rich gallants, as are from the utmost parts of Asia, to these present confines of Europe.

All,

And wilt thou help us to them, Butler?

*Butler.*Faith, 'tis to be doubted; for precious pearl will hardly be bought without precious stones, and I think there's scarce one indifferent one to be found betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may prove honest, as by the death of your fathers you are proved rich, walk severally; for I knowing you all three to be covetous tug-muttons, will not trust you with the sight of each other's beauty, but will severally talk with you; and since you have deign'd in this needful portion
6 of

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of wedlock to be rul'd by me; Butler will most bountifully provide wives for you generally.

All.

Why that's honestly said.

Butler.

Why so, and now first to you, sir knight.

Ilford.

Godamercy.

Butler.

You see this couple of abominable woodcocks here.

Ilford.

A pox on them, absolute coxcombs.

Butler.

You heard me tell them, I had intelligence to give of three gentlewomen.

Ilford.

True.

Butler.

Now indeed, sir, I have but the performance of one.

Ilford.

Good.

Butler.

And her I do intend for you, only for you.

Ilford.

Honest Butler.

Butler.

Now, sir, she being but lately come to this town, and so nearly watch'd by the jealous eyes of her friends, she being a rich heir, lest she should be stoln away by some dissolute prodigal, or desperate estated spend-thrift, as you have been, sir—

Ilford.

O, but that's past, Butler.

Butler.

True, I know't, and intend now but to make use of them, flatter with them with hopeful promises, and make them needful instruments.

Ilford.

To help me to the wench?

Butler.

You have hit it, which thus must be effected; first by keeping close your purpose.

Ilford.

Good.

Bartley.

Also concealing from them the lodging, beauty, and riches, of your new, but admirable mistress.

Ilford.

Excellent,

Butler.

Of which your following happiness, if they should know, either in envy of your good, or hope of their own advancement, they'd make our labours known to the gentlewoman's uncles, and so our benefit be frustrate.

Ilford.

Admirable, Butler.

Butler.

Which done, all's but this; being as you shall be brought into her company, and by my praising your virtues, you get possession of her love, one morning slip to the tower, or to make all sure hire some stipendary priest for money: for money in these days, what will not be done? and what will not a man do for a rich wife? and with him make no more ado but marry her in her lodging, and being married, lie with her, and spare not.

Ilford.

Do they not see us, do they not see us? let me kiss thee, let me kiss thee, Butler: let but this be done, and all the benefit, requital, and happiness, I can promise thee for't, shall be this, I'll be thy rich master, and thou shalt carry my purse.

Butler.

Enough, meet me at her lodging some half an hour hence: hark, she lies—

Ilford.

I ha't.

Butler.

Fail not.

Ilford.

Will I live?

Butler.

Butler.

I will, but shift off these two rhinoceros,

Ilford.

Widgens, widgens, a couple of gulls.

Butler.

With some discourse of hope to wive them too, and be with you straight.

Ilford.

Blest day, my love shall be thy cushion, honest Butler. [*Exit.*

Butler.

So now to my t'other gallants.

Wentloe.

O Butler, we have been in passion at thy tediousness.

Butler.

Why look you, I had all this talk for your good.

Bartley.

Hadst?

Butler.

For you know the knight is but a scurvy-proud-prating-prodigal, licentious, unnecessary—

Wentloe.

An afs, an afs, an afs.

Butler.

Now you heard me tell him I had three wenches in store.

Bartley.

And he would have had them all, would he?

Butler.

Hear me, though he may live to be an ox, he had not now so much of the goat in him, but only hopes for one of the three, when indeed I have but two; and knowing you to be men of more virtue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Wentloe.

We shall honour thee.

Bartley.

But how, Butler?

Butler.

I am now going to their place of residence, situate in the choicest place in the city, and at the sign of the wolf, just
6 against

against Gold-smiths-row, where you shall meet me; but ask not for me, only walk to and fro, and to avoid suspicion you may spend some conference with the shop-keepers' wives; ³⁶ they have seats built a purpose for such familiar entertainment, where from a ³⁷ bay window which is opposite, I will make you known to your desired beauties, commend the good parts you have.

Wentloe.

By th' mass, mine are very few.

Bulwer.

And win a kind of desire, as women are soon won to make you be beloved; where you shall first kiss, then woo, at length wed, and at last bed my noble hearts

³⁶ *they have seats built a purpose]* The following extracts from Scrubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 4to. 1595, p. 57. will shew the manners of the English in some particulars which are alluded to in the course of these volumes. "Other some (i. e. of the women of England) spend the greatest part of the day *in sitting at the doore*, to shew their braveries, and to make knowne their beauties, to beholde the passengers by, to view the coast, to see fashions, and to acquaint themselves with the bravest fellows, for if not for these causes, I see no other causes why they should sit at their doores, from morning till noon (as many do) from noon to night, thus vainly spending their golden dayes in filthy idleness and sin. Againe, other some being weary of that exercise, take occasion (about urgent affaires you must suppose) to walke into the towne, and least any thing might be gathered, but that they goe about serious matters indeed they take their baskets in their hands, or under their arms, under which pretence pretie conceits are practiced, and yet may no man say black is their eye.

"In the fields and suburbs of the cities they have gardens either palled or walled round about very high, with their harbours and bowers fit for the purpose. And least they might be espied in these open places, they have their banquetting houses with galleries, turrets, and what not, therein sumptuously erected: wherein they may (and doubtless do) many of them play the filthy persons. And for that their gardens are locked, some of them have three or four keyes a peice, whereof one they keep for themselves, the other their paramours have to goe in before them, least happily they might be perceived, for then were all the sport dashed. Then to these gardens they repair, when they list with a basket and a boy, where they meeting their sweet harts, receive their wished desires."

³⁷ *bay window]* See Note 13 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI. p. 397.

Both.

O, Butler!

Both.

Butler.

Wenches, bona robas³⁸, blessed beauties, without colour or counterfeit: away, put on your best cloaths, get you to the barbers, curl up your hair, walk with the best frouns you can, you shall see more at the window, and I have vow'd to make you.

Bartley.

Wilt thou?

Butler.

Both fools; and I'll want of my wit, but I'll do't.

Bartley.

We will live together as fellows.

Wentloe.

As brothers.

Butler.

[*Exeunt.*]

As arrant knaves; if I keep you company.
O, the most wretched season of this time,
These men, like fish, do swim within one stream,
Yet they'd eat one another, making no conscience
To drink with them they'd poison; no offence
Betwixt their thoughts and actions have control'd,
But headlong run, like an unbiass'd bowl:
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him,
At play knows how to lose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas, and John Scarborow.

Thomas.

Butler.

Butler.

O, are you come,
And fit as I appointed? so, 'tis well,
You know your cues, and have instructions

³⁸ bona robas] See Note to *King Henry IV.* Part 2d. Edit. 1778, vol. V. p. 522. S.

How

How to bear yourselves: all, all is fit,
Play but your part, your states from hence are firm. [*Exit.*

John.

What shall I term this creature? not a man,

[*Between this Butler leads Ilford in.*

He's not of mortals temper, but he's one,
Made all of goodness, though of flesh and bone:

O brother, brother, but for that honest man,
As near to misery had been our breath,
As where the thundering pellet strikes is death.

Thomas.

Aye, my shift of shirts, and change of cloaths, know't.

John.

We'll tell of him, like bells whose musick rings
On coronation day for joy of kings,
That hath preserv'd their steeples, not like toles,
That summons living tears for the dead souls.

Enter Butler, and Ilford above.

Butler.

God's precious, see, the hell, sir, even as you had new kist,
and were about to court her, if her uncles be not come.

Ilford.

A plague on the spite on't.

Butler.

But 'tis no matter, sir, stay you here in this upper chamber,
and I'll stay beneath with her, 'tis ten to one you shall hear
them talk now of the greatness of her possessions, the care
they have to see her well bestowed, the admirableness of her
virtues, all which for all their coming shall be but happiness
ordained for you, and by my means be your inheritance.

Ilford.

Then thou't shift them away, and keep me from the sight
of them?

Butler.

Have I not promis'd to make you?

Ilford.

Thou hast.

Butler.

Butler.

Go to then, rest here with patience, and be confident in my trust; only in my absence, you may praise God for the blessedness you have to come, and say your prayers if you will, I'll but prepare her heart for entertainment of your love; dismiss them, for your free access, and return straight.

Ilford.

Honest-blest-natural-friend, thou dealest with me like a brother, Butler:

[*Exit Butler.*

Sure heaven hath reserved this man to wear grey-hairs to do me good, now will I listen, listen close, and suck in her uncles words with a rejoicing ear.

Thomas.

As we were saying, brother,
Where shall we find a husband for my niece.

Ilford.

Marry, she shall find one here though you little know't,
Thanks, thanks, honest Butler.

John.

She is left rich in money, plate, and jewels.

Ilford.

Comfort, comfort to my soul.

Thomas.

Hath all her manor houses richly furnished.

Ilford.

Good, good, I'll find employment for them.

Butler within.

Speak loud enough that he may hear you.

John.

I take her estate to be about a thousand pound a year.

Ilford.

And that which my father hath left me will make it about fifteen hundred: admirable!

John.

In debt to no man: then must our natural care be,
As she is wealthy to see her married well.

Ilford.

And that she shall be as well as the priest can;
He shall not leave a word out.

Thomas.

Thomas.

I think she has—

Iford.

What a God's name?

Thomas.

About four thousand pound in her great chest.

Iford.

And I'll find a vent for't, I hope.

John.

She is virtuous, and she is fair.

Iford.

And she were foul, being rich, I would be glad of her.

Butler.

Pish, pish.

*John.*Come, we'll go visit her, but with this care,
That to no spend-thrift we do marry her.[*Exeunt.*]*Iford.*

You may chance be deceived old gray-beards, here's he will spend some of it, thanks, thanks, honest Butler; now do I see the happiness of my future estate, I walk me as to-morrow, being the day after my marriage, with my fourteen men in livery cloaks after me, and step to the wall in some chief streets of the city, though I have no occasion to use it, that the shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare'to me; and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turn my aforesaid fourteen into two pages and two coaches; I will get myself into grace at court, run head-long into debt, and then look scurvily upon the city; I will walk you into the presence in the afternoon having put on a richer suit than I wore in the morning, and call boy or sirrah; I will have the grace of some great lady though I pay for't, and at the next triumphs run a-tilt, that when I run my course, though I break not my lance, she may whisper to herself, looking upon my jewel, well run, my knight: I will now keep great horses, scorning to have a quean to keep me; indeed I will practise all the gallantry in use, for by a wife comes all my happiness.

Enter

Enter Butler.

Butler.

Now, sir, you have heard her uncles, and how do you like them?

Ilford.

O, Butler, they have made good thy words, and I am ravish'd with them.

Butler.

And having seen and kist the gentlewoman, how do you like her?

Ilford.

O, Butler, beyond discourse, she's a paragon for a prince, than a fit implement for a gentleman, beyond my element.

Butler.

Well then, since you like her, and by my means; she shall like you, nothing rests now, but to have you married.

Ilford.

True, Butler, but withall to have her portion.

Butler.

Tut, that's sure yours when you are married once, for tis hers by inheritance; but do you love her?

Ilford.

O, with my soul.

Butler.

Have you sworn as much?

Ilford.

To thee, to her, and have call'd heaven to witness.

Butler.

How shall I know that?

Ilford.

Butler, here I protest, make vows irrevocable.

Butler.

Upon your knees?

Ilford.

Upon my knees, with my heart and soul I love her.

Butler.

Will live with her.

Ilford.

Will live with her?

Butler.

Butler.

Marry her and maintain her?

Iford.

Marry her and maintain her.

Butler.

For her forsake all other women?

Iford.

Nay for her forswear all other women.

Iford.

In all degrees of love?

Butler.

In all degrees of love, either to court, kiss, give private favours, or use private means; I'll do nothing that married men being close whore-masters do, so I may have her.

Butler.

And yet you having been an open whore-master, I will not believe you till I hear you swear as much in the way of contract to herself, and call me to be a witness.

Iford.

By heaven, by earth, by hell, by all that man can swear, I will, so I may have her.

Butler.

Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men to women swear,
When such oaths broke, heaven grieves and sheds a tear:
But she's come, ply her, ply her.

*Enter Scarborow's Sister.**Iford.*

Kind mistress, as I protested, so again I vow; i'faith I love you.

Sister.

And I am not, fir, so uncharitable,
To hate the man that loves me.

Iford.

Love me then,
The which loves you as angels love good men;
Who wisheth them to live with them for ever,
In that high bliss whom hell cannot dis sever.

Butler.

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Butler.

I'll steal away and leave them, as wise men do,
Whom they would match, let them have leave to woo.

[*Exit Butler.*]

Ilford.

Mistress, I know your worth is beyond my desert; yet by
my praising of your virtues, I would not have you, as women use
to do, become proud.

Sister.

None of my affections are pride's children, nor a-kin to them.

Ilford.

Can you love me then?

Sister.

I can; for I love all the world, but am in love with none.

Ilford.

Yet be in love with me; let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our souls
Like turtles have a mutual sympathy,
Who love so well, that they together die;
Such is my life, who covets to expire,
If it should lose your love.

Sister.

May I believe you?

Ilford.

In troth you may,
Your life's my life, your death my dying-day.

Sister.

Sir, the commendations I have received from Butler of your
birth and worth, together with the judgement of mine own eye,
bids me believe and love you.

Ilford.

O seal it with a kiss,
Blest hour! my life had never joy till this.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley beneath.

Bartley.

Hereabout is the house, sure.

Wentloe.

We cannot mistake it, for here's the sign of the Wolf and
the bay-window.

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F

Enter

Enter Butler above.

Butler.

What, so close? 'Tis well I have shifted away your uncles, mistress; but see the spite Sir Francis, if yon same couple of smell-smocks, Wentloe and Bartley, have not scented after us.

Ilford.

A pox on them! what shall we do then, Butler?

Butler.

What! but be married straight, man.

Ilford.

Aye, but how, Butler?

Butler.

Tut, I never fail at a dead list; for, to perfect your bliss, I have provided you a priest.

Ilford.

Where, pr'ythee, Butler, where?

Butler.

Where? But beneath in her chamber. I have fill'd his hands with coin, and he shall tie you fast with words; he shall close your hands in ore, and then do clap yourself into her sheets, and spare not.

Ilford.

O sweet!

[*Exit Ilford, with Sister.*]

Butler.

Down, down, 'tis the only way for you to get up. Thus in this task for others good I toil, And the kind gentlewoman weds herself, Having been scarcely woo'd, and ere her thoughts Have learn'd to love him; that, being her husband, She may relieve her brothers in their wants; She marries him to help her nearest kin, I make the match, and hope it is no sin.

Wentloe.

'Sfoot, it is scurvy walking for us so near the two Counters; would he would come once!

Bartley.

Mafs he's yonder: now, Butler.

Butler.

O gallants, are you here? I have done wonders for you, commended you to the gentlewomen, who, having taken note

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of your good legs and good faces, have a liking to you; meet me beneath.

Both.

Happy, Butler.

Butler.

They are yours, and you are theirs; meet me beneath I say. By this they are wed; aye, and perhaps have bedded.

[Exeunt Wentloe and Bartley.]

Now follows, whether, knowing she is poor,
He'll swear he lov'd her as he swore before,

[Exit Butler.]

A C T V.

Enter Ilford with Scarborow's Sister.

Ilford.

HO, firrah, who would have thought it? I perceive now a woman may be a maid, be married, and lose her maiden-head, and all in half an hour; and how dost like me now, wench?

Sister.

As doth besit your servant and your wife,
That owe you love and duty all my life.

Ilford.

And there shall be no love lost, nor service neither; I'll do thee service at board, and thou shalt do me service a-bed: now must I, as young married men use to do, kiss my portion out of my young wife. Thou art my sweet rogue, my lamb, my pigfny, my play-fellow, my pretty, pretty any thing; come a bul's pr'ythee, so 'tis my kind heart; and wots thou what now?

Sister.

Not till you tell me, fir.

Ilford.

I have got thee with child in my conscience, and, like a kind husband, methinks I breed it for thee. For I am already sick at my stomach, and long extremely. Now must thou be my helpful physician, and provide for me.

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Sister.

Sister.

Even to my blood,
What's mine is yours, to gain your peace or good.

Ilford.

What a kind soul is this! Could a man have found a greater content in a wife, if he should have sought through the world for her? Pr'ythee heart as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and methinks thy first child will be born without a nose, if I lose my longing, 'tis but for a trifle too; yet methinks it will do me no good, unless thou effect it for me. I could take thy keys myself, go into thy closet, and read over the deeds and evidences of thy land, and in reading over them, rejoice I had such blest fortune to have so fair a wife with so much endowment, and then open thy chests, and survey thy plate, jewels, treasure. But a pox on't, all will do me no good, unless thou effect it for me.

Sister.

Sir, I will shew you all the wealth I have,
Of coin, of jewels, or possessions.

Ilford.

Good gentle heart, I'll give thee another bus for that: for that, give thee a new gown to-morrow morning by this hand; do thou but dream what stuff and what fashion thou wilt have it on to-night.

Sister.

The land I can endow you with is my Love:
The riches I possess for you is Love,
A treasure greater than is land or gold,
It cannot be forfeit, and it shall ne'er be sold.

Ilford.

Love, I know that; and I'll answer thee Love for Love in abundance: but come, pr'ythee come, let's see these deeds and evidences; this money, plate, and jewels: wilt have thy child born without a nose? if thou be'st so careless, spare not: why, my little frappet you, I heard thy uncles talk of thy riches, that thou hadst hundreds a year, several lordships, manors, houses, thousands of pounds in your great chest; jewels, plate, and rings in your little box.

Sister.

And for that riches you did marry me?

Ilford.

Ilford.

Troth I did, as now-a-days batchelors do: fwear I lov'd thee, but indeed married thee for thy wealth.

Sister.

Sir, I beseech you, say not your oaths were such,
So like false coin, being put unto the touch;
Who bear a flourish in the outward show,
Of a true stamp, but ³⁹ truly are not so.
You swore me love, I gave the like to you:
Then as a ship, being wedded to the sea,
Does either sail or sink, even so must I,
You being the haven to which my hopes must fly.

Ilford.

True, chuck, I am thy haven, and harbour too,
And like a ship I took thee, who brings home treasure
As thou to me, the merchant-venturer.

Sister.

What riches I am ballast with are yours.

Ilford.

That's kindly said now.

Sister.

If but with sand, as I am but with earth,
Being your right of right, you must receive me,
I have no other lading but my Love,
Which in abundance I will render you;
If other freight you do expect my store,
I'll pay you tears; my riches are no more.

Ilford.

How's this? how's this? I hope you do but jest.

Sister.

I am sister to decay'd Scarborough.

Ilford.

Ha!

Sister.

Whose substance your inticements did consume.

Ilford.

Worse than an ague.

Sister.

Which as you did believe, so they supposed,

³⁹ truly] indeed. Second and Third Editions.

'Twas fitter for yourself than for another,
To keep the sister, had undone the brother.

Ilford.

I am gull'd by this hand. An old coney-catcher, and be-
guil'd; where the pox now are my two coaches, choice of
houses, several suits; a plague on them, and I know not what!
Do you hear, puppet, do you think you shall not be damned
for this, to cozen a gentleman of his hopes, and compel your-
self into matrimony with a man, whether he will or no with
you? I have made a fair match yfaith; will any man buy my
commodity out of my hand? As God save me he shall have
her for half the money she cost me.

Enter Wentloe and Bartley.

Wentloe.

O, have we met you, fir.

Bartley.

What, turn'd micher, steal a wife, and not make your old
friends acquainted with it?

Ilford.

A pox on her, I would you had her.

Wentloe.

Well, God give you joy; we can hear of your good fortune, now
'tis done, though we could not be acquainted with it aforehand.

Bartley.

As that you have two thousand pounds a year.

Wentloe.

Two or three manor-houses.

Bartley.

A wife, fair, rich, and virtuous.

Ilford.

Pretty infaith, very pretty.

Wentloe.

Store of gold.

Bartley.

Plate in abundance.

Ilford.

Better, better, better.

Wentloe.

And so many oxen, that their horns are able to store all the
cuckolds in your country.

Ilford.

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Ilford.

Do not make me mad, good gentlemen, do not make me mad: I could be made a cuckold with more patience, than endure this.

Wentloe.

Foh, we shall have you turn proud now, grow respectless of your ancient acquaintance; why, Butler told us of it, who was the maker of the match for you.

Ilford.

A pox of his furtherance; gentlemen, as you are Christians, vex me no more; that I am married, I confess; a plague of the fates, that wedding and hanging comes by destiny; but for the riches she has brought, bear witness how I'll reward her.

[Kicks her.]

Sister.

Sir.

Ilford.

Whore, aye and jade, witch. I'll-fac'd, stinking-breath, crooked-nose, worse than the devil; and a plague on thee that ever I saw thee!

Bartley.

A Comedy, a Comedy.

Wentloe.

What's the meaning of all this? is this the mask after thy marriage?

Ilford.

O, gentlemen, I am undone, I am undone, for I am married; I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a whore, hated all she-creatures, fair and poor; swore I would never marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus coney-catch'd! Who do you think this is, gentlemen?

Wentloe.

Why, your wife; who should it be else?

Ilford.

That's my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she proves to be the beggarly sister to the more beggarly Scarborough.

Bartley.

How?

Wentloe.

Ha, ha, ha.

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Ilford.

Ilford.

Aye, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I for't.

Bartley.

Nay, do not weep.

Wentloe.

He does but counterfeit now to delude us ; he has all her portion of land, coin, plate, jewels ; and now dissembles thus, lest we should borrow some money of him.

Ilford.

And you be kind, gentlemen, lend me some ; for, having paid the priest, I have not so much left in the world as will hire me a horse to carry me away from her.

Bartley.

But art thou thus gull'd in faith ?

Ilford.

Are you sure you have eyes in your head ?

Wentloe.

Why, then, by her brother's setting on in my conscience, who knowing thee now to have somewhat to take to by the death of thy father, and that he hath spent her portion, and his own possessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her, and so he to be rid of her himself.

Ilford.

Nay, that's without question, but I'll be revenged of 'em both. For you, Minx :—nay, 'Sfoot, give 'em me, or I'll kick else.

Sister.

Good, sweet.

Ilford.

Sweet with a pox, you stink in my nose, give me your jewels : nay, bracelets too.

Sister.

O me, most miserable !

Ilford.

Out of my sight, aye, and out of my doors ; for now what's within this house is mine ; and for your brother,

He made this match, in hope to do you good,

And I wear this, for which shall draw his blood.

Wentloe.

A brave resolution.

Bartley.

In which we'll second thee.

[Exit, with Wentloe.
Ilford.

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Iford.
Away, whore, out of my doors, whore.

[*Exit.*

Sister.
O grief, that poverty should have that power to tear
Men from themselves, tho' they wed, bed, and swear.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborow, with Butler,

Thomas.
How now, sister?

Sister.
Undone, undone.

Butler.
Why, mistress, how is't? how is't?

Sister.
My husband has forsook me.

Butler.
O perjury!

Sister.
Has ta'en my jewels and my bracelets from me.

Thomas.
Vengeance! I play'd the thief for the money that bought 'em.

Sister.
Left me distress'd, and thrust me forth a-doors.

Thomas.
Damnation on him! I will hear no more,
But for his wrong revenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cause of all,
He spent our portion, and I'll see his fall.

John.
O but, brother.

Thomas.
Persuade me not.
All hopes are shipwreck'd, misery comes on,
The comfort we did look from him is frustrate,
All means, all maintenance, but grief, is gone;
And all shall end by his destruction.

[*Exit.*

John.
I'll follow, and prevent what in this heat may happen:
His want makes sharp his sword, too great's the ill,
If that one brother should another kill.

[*Exit.*
Butler.

Butler.

And what will you do, mistress?

Sister.

I'll sit me down, sigh loud instead of words,
 And wound myself with grief as they with swords,
 And for the sustenance that I should eat,
 I'll feed on grief, 'tis woe's best relish'd meat.

Butler.

Good heart, I pity you,
 You shall not be so cruel to yourself,
 I have the poor serving-man's allowance,
 Twelve pence a-day, to buy me sustenance;
 One meal a-day I'll eat, the t'other fast,
 To give your wants relief. And, mistress,
 Be this some comfort to your miseries,
 I'll have thin cheeks, ere you shall have wet eyes. [Exit.

*Enter Scarborow.**Scarborow.*

What is a prodigal? Faith like a brush,
 That wears himself to flourish others cloaths,
 And, having worn his heart even to the stump,
 He's thrown away like a deformed lump.
 Oh such am I, I have spent all the wealth
 My ancestors did purchase, made others brave
 In shape and riches, and myself a knave.
 For tho' my wealth rais'd some to paint their door,
 'Tis shut against me, saying I am but poor:
 Nay, even the greatest arm, whose hand hath grac'd,
 My presence to the eye of majesty, shrinks back,
 His fingers clutch, and like to lead,
 They are heavy to raise up my state, being dead.
 By which I find, spendthrifts, (and such am I)
 Like strumpets flourish, but are foul within,
 And they, like snakes, know when to cast their skin.

*Enter Thomas Scarborow.**Thomas.*

Turn, draw, and die; I come to kill thee.

Scarborow.

What's he that speaks like sickness? Oh! is't you?
 Sleep still, you cannot move me: fare you well.

Thomas.

Thomas.

Think not my fury flakes so, or my blood
Can cool itself to temper by refusal:
Turn, or thou diest.

Scarborow.

Away.

Thomas.

I do not wish to kill thee like a slave,
That taps men in their cups, and broach their hearts,
Ere with a warning piece they have wak'd their ears;
I would not like to powder shoot thee down,
To a flat grave, ere thou hast thought to frown:
I am no coward, but in manly terms,
And fairest oppositions, vow to kill thee.

Scarborow.

From whence proceeds this heat?

Thomas.

From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villain—

Scarborow.

Ha.

Thomas.

I'll hollow it in thine ears till thy soul quake to hear it,
That like a villain hast undone thy brothers.

Scarborow.

Would thou wert not so near me! yet farewell.

Thomas.

Bye nature, and her laws: make us a kin,
As near as are these hands, or sin to sin—
Draw and defend thyself, or I'll forget
Thou art a man,

Scarborow.

Would thou wert not my brother!

Thomas.

I disclaim thee.

Scarborow.

Are we not offspring of one parent, wretch?

Thomas.

I do forget it; pardon me the dead,
I should deny the pains you bid for me.
My blood grows hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My lives revenues that our parents purchas'd.

Scarborow.

Scarborow.

O do not rack me with remembrance on't.

Thomas.

Thou hast made my life a beggar in this world,
And I will make thee bankrupt of thy breath :
Thou hast been so bad, the best that I can give,
Thou art a devil, not with men to live.

Scarborow.

Then take a devil's payment.

*Here they make a pass one upon another, when at Scarborow's back
come in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.*

Ilford.

He's here ; draw, gentlemen.

Wentloe, Bartley.

Die, Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Girt round with death !

Thomas.

How, set upon by three ! 'Sfoot, fear not, brother ; you
cowards, three to one ! slaves, worse than fencers that wear
long weapons. You shall be fought withal, you shall be
fought withal.

Here the Brothers join, drive the rest out, and return.

Scarborow.

Brother, I thank you, for you now have been
A patron of my life, forget the sin
I pray you, which my loose and wasteful hours
Hath made against your fortunes ; I repent 'em,
And wish I could new joint and strength your hopes,
Tho' with indifferent ruin of mine own.
I have a many sins, the thought of which
Like ⁴⁰ finisht needles prick me to the soul,
But find your wrongs to have the sharpest point.
If penitence your losses might repair,
You should be rich in wealth, and I in care.

Thomas.

I do believe you, sir ; but I must tell you,
Evils the which are gainst another done,

⁴⁰ finisht] Perhaps finest needles, which are the sharpest. S.

Repentance

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Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feels the smart. Our father, fir,
Left in your trust my portion : you have spent it,
And suffered me (whilst you in riot's house,
A drunken Tavern, spill'd my maintainance
Perhaps upon the ground with o'erflown cups ;))
Like birds in hardest winter half-starved, to fly
And pick up any food, lest I should die.

Scarborow.

I pr'ythee let us be at peace together.

Thomas.

At peace for what ? For spending my inheritance,
By yonder sun that every soul has life by,
As sure as thou hast life, I'll fight with thee.

Scarborow.

I'll not be mov'd unto 't.

Thomas.

I'll kill thee then, wert thou now claspt
Within thy mother, wife, or children's arms.

Scarborow.

Would'st, homicide ? art so degenerate ?
Then let my blood grow hot.

Thomas.

For it shall cool.

Scarborow.

To kill rather than be kill'd is manhood's rule.

Enter John Scarborow.

John.

Stay, let not your wraths meet.

Thomas.

Heart, what mak'st thou here ?

John.

Say who are you, or you ? are you not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other ? Are you not brothers ?

Thomas.

I renounce him.

Scarborow.

Shalt not need.

Thomas.

Thomas.

Give way.

Scarborow.

Have at thee.

John.

Who stirs, which of you both hath strength within his arm
 To wound his own breast? who's so desperate,
 To damn himself by killing of himself:
 Are you not both one flesh?

Thomas.

Heart, give me way.

Scarborow.

Be not a bar betwixt us, or by my sword
 I'll ⁴¹ mete thy grave out.

John.

O do, for God's sake do;
 'Tis happy death, if I may die, and you
 Not murder one another. O do but hearken,
 When does the sun and moon born in one frame
 Contend, but they breed earthquakes in men's hearts?
 When any star ⁴² prodigiously appears,
 Tells it not fall of kings or fatal years?
 And then, if brothers fight, what may men think?
 Sin grows so high, 'tis time the world should sink.

Scarborow.

My heart grows cool again, I wish it not.

Thomas.

Stop not my fury, or by my life I swear,
 I will reveal the robbery we have done,
 And take revenge on thee,
 That hinders me to take revenge on him.

John.

I yield to that, but ne'er consent to this,
 I shall then die as mine own sin affords,
 Fall by the law, not by my brothers' swords.

⁴¹ *mete*] i. e. measure it out. *Hesperiam metire jacens. Virgil. S.*

⁴² *prodigiously*] See Note 1 to the First Part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 249.

Thomas.

Thomas.

Then by that light that guides me here I vow,
I'll straight to Sir John Harcop, and make known
We were the two that robb'd him.

John.

Pr'ythee do.

Thomas.

Sin has his shame, and thou shalt have thy due.

[*Exit.*

John.

Thus have I shewn the nature of a brother,
Tho' you have prov'd unnatural to me.
He's gone in heat to publish out the theft,
Which want and your unkindness forc'd us to ;
If now I die that death and public shame,
Is a corsive to your soul, blot to your name.

[*Exit.*

Scarborow.

O 'tis too true, there's not a thought I think,
But must partake thy grief, and drink
A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With weight of others tears I am o'erborn,
That scarce am Atlas to hold up mine own,
And all too good for me. A happy creature
In my cradle, and I have made myself
The common curse of mankind by my life ;
Undone my brothers, made them thieves for bread,
And begot pretty children to live beggars.
O conscience, how thou art stung to think upon't !
My brothers unto shame must yield their blood,
My babes at others stirrups beg their food,
Or else turn thieves too, and be choak'd for't,
Die a dog's death, be perch'd upon a tree ;
Hang betwixt heaven and earth, as fit for neither :
The curse of heaven that's due to reprobates
Descends upon my brothers, and my children,
And I am parent to it ; I, I am parent to it.

Enter Butler.

Butler.

Where are you, sir ?

Scarborow.

Why starest thou, what's thy haste ?

Butler.

Butler.

Here's fellows swarm like flies to speak with you.

Scarborow.

What are they?

Butler.

Snakes I think, sir; for they come with stings in their mouths, and their tongues are turn'd to teeth too: they claw villainously, they have eat up your honest name, and honourable reputation by railing against you: and now they come to devour your possessions.

Scarborow.

In plainer ⁴³ evargy, what are they? speak.

Butler.

⁴⁴ Mantichoras monstrous beasts, enemies to mankind, that have double rows of teeth in their mouths. They are usurers, they come yawning for money, and the sheriff with them is come to serve an extent upon your land, and then seize on your body by force of execution; they have begirt the house round.

Scarborow.

So that the roof our ancestors did build
For their sons comfort, and their wives for charity,
I dare not to look out at.

Butler.

Besides, sir, here's your poor children.

Scarborow.

Poor children they are indeed.

Butler.

Come with fire and water, tears in their eyes, and burning grief in their hearts, and desire to speak with you.

Scarborow.

Heap sorrow upon sorrow: tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution?

⁴³ evargy] i. e. facility; εὐαργς, facilis. S.

⁴⁴ Mantichoras] "Apud eisdem nasci Ctesias scribit, quam mantichoram appellat, triplici dentium ordine pectinatim coeuntium, facie et
"auriculis hominis, oculis glaucis, colore sanguineo, corpore leonis,
"cauda, scorpionis modo spicula infigentem: vocis, ut si misceatur fistulae
"et tubae, concentus: velocitatis magnae, humani corporis vel praecipue
"appentem." C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. viii. c. 21.

For what I did? for every heinous sin,
Sits on his soul, by whom it did begin.
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My children carry moisture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say, Father, thus must we
Ask our relief, or die with infamy;
For you have made us beggars. Yet when thy tale has kill'd me
To give my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done by inforc'd marriage:
My grave will then be welcome.

Butler.

What shall we do, sir?

Scarborow.

Do as the devil does, hate panther like mankind;
And yet I lye: for devils finners love,
When men hate men, tho' good, like some above.

Enter Scarborow's wife Katharine, with two children.

Butler.

Your wife's come in, sir.

Scarborow.

Thou lyest, I have not a wife. None can be call'd
True man and wife, but those whom heaven install'd.
Say—

Katherine.

O, my dear husband!

Scarborow.

You are very welcome; peace: we'll have compliment.
Who are you, gentlewoman?

Katherine.

Sir, your distress'd wife, and these your children.

Scarborow.

Mine! Where, how begot?
Prove me by certain instance that's divine,
That I should call them lawful, or thee mine.

Katherine.

Were we not married, sir?

Scarborow.

No; tho' we heard the words of ceremony,
But had hands knit as felons that wear fetters

Forc'd upon them. For tell me, woman,
 Did e'er my love with sighs intreat thee mine?
 Did ever I in willing conference,
 Speak words, made half with tears that I did love thee?
 Or was I ever but glad to see thee as all lovers are?
 No, no, thou know'st I was not.

Katherine.

Oh me!

Butler.

The more's the pity.

Scarborow.

But when I came to church, I did there stand
 All water, whose forc'd ⁴⁵ breach had drown'd my land,
 Are you my wife, or these my children?
 Why 'tis impossible: for like the skies,
 Without the sun's light, so look all your eyes;
 Dark, cloudy, thick, and full of heavyness;
 Within my country there was hope to see
 Me and my issue to be like our fathers,
 Upholders of our country, all our life,
 Which should have been, if I had wed a wife.
 Where now,
 As dropping leaves in Autumn you look all,
 And I, that should uphold you, like to fall.

Katherine.

'Twas, nor shall be my fault; Heaven bear me witness.

Scarborow.

Thou lyest, strumpet, thou lyest.

Butler.

O Sir!

Scarborow.

Peace, faucy Jack; strumpet, I say thou lyest,
 For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy bastards
 Whom I begot of thee, with this unrest,
 That bastards born, are born not to be blest.

Katherine.

On me pour all your wrath, but not on them.

Scarborow.

On thee, and them, for 'tis the end of lust,
To scourge itself, heaven lingering to be just :
Harlot !

Katherine.

Husband.

Scarborow.

Bastards.

Children. ;

Father.

Butler.

What heart not pities this ?

Scarborow.

Even in your cradle, you were accurst of heaven,
Thou an adulteress in my married arms.
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust :
Aye, now you hang the head, shouldst have done so before,
Then these had not been bastards, thou a whore.

Butler.

I can brook't no longer : fir, you do not well in this.

Scarborow.

Ha, slave !

Butler.

'Tis not the aim of gentry to bring forth
Such harsh unrelish'd fruit unto their wines,
And to their pretty, pretty children by my troth.

Scarborow.

How, Rascal !

Butler.

Sir, I must tell you, your progenitors,]
Two of the which these years were servant to,
Had not such mists before their understanding,
Thus to behave themselves.

Scarborow.

And you'll controul me, fir !

Butler.

Aye, I will.

Scarborow.

You rogue !

Butler.

Aye, 'tis I, will tell you 'tis ungently done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong yourself; are they not yours?

Scarborow.

Pretty, pretty impudence infaith.

Butler.

Her whom you are bound to love, to rail against?
These whom you are bound to keep, to spurn like dogs?
And you were not my master, I would tell you—

Scarborow.

What, slave?

Butler.

Put up your bird-spit, tut, I fear it not;
In doing deeds so base, so vile as these,
'Tis but a kna, kna, kna.

Scarborow.

Rogue!

Butler.

Tut, howsoever, 'tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these I throw off duty.

Katherine.

Good Butler.

Butler.

Peace, honest mistress, I will say you are wronged,
Prove it upon him, even in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his maw, his throat, his intrails.

Scarborow.

You runnagate of threescore!

Butler.

'Tis better than a knave of three and twenty.

Scarborow.

Patience be my buckler,

⁴⁶ As not to file my hands in villain's blood;

⁴⁶ *As not to file*] i. e. to defile. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 251:

"Away fowle workes, that *fil'd* my face with blurs.
Again, *Macbeth*, A. 3. S. 1.:

"If it be so,

"For Banquo's issue have I *fil'd* my mind."
See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the last passage.

You

You knave slave-trencher-groom !
Who is your master ?

Butler.

You, if you were a master.

Scarborow.

Off with your coat then, get you forth a-doors.

Butler.

My coat, fir ?

Scarborow.

Aye, your coat, slave.

Butler.

'Sfoot when you ha't, 'tis but a thread-bare coat,
And there 'tis for you : know that I scorn
To wear his livery is so worthy born,
And live so base a life ; old as I am,
I'll rather be a beggar than your man,
And there's your service for you.

[*Exit.*

Scarborow.

Away, out of my door : away.
So, now your champion's gone, minx, thou hadst better
Have gone quick unto thy grave——

Katherine.

O me ! that am no cause of it.

Scarborow.

Than have suborn'd that slave to lift his hand against me.

Katherine.

O me ! what shall become of me ?

Scarborow.

I'll teach you tricks for this : have you a companion ?

Enter Butler.

Butler.

My heart not suffers me to leave my honest mistress and
her pretty children.

Scarborow.

I'll mark thee for a strumpet, and thy bastard——

Butler.

What will you do to them, fir ?

Scarborow.

The devil in thy shape come back again ?

G 3

Butler.

Butler.

No, but an honest servant, fir, will take this coat,
 And wear it with this sword to safeguard these,
 And pity them, and ⁴⁷ I am woe for you too ;
 But will not suffer
 The husband viper-like to prey on them
 That love him, and have cherish'd him, as these,
 And they have you.

Scarborow.

Slave.

Butler.

I will not humour you,
 Fight with you, and lose my life, or these
 Shall taste no wrong whom you are bound to love.

Scarborow.

Out of my doors, slave.

Butler.

I will not, but will stay and wear this coat,
 And do you service whether you will or no.
 I'll wear this sword too, and be champion,
 To fight for her in spite of any man.

Scarborow.

You shall : you shall be my master, fir.

Butler.

No, I desire it not,
 I'll pay you duty, even upon my knee,
 But lose my life, ere these oppress I'll see.

Scarborow.

Yes, goodman slave, you shall be master,
 Lie with my wife, and get more bastards ; do, do, do.

Katherine.

Oh me !

Scarborow.

Turns the world upside down,
 That men o'erbear their masters ? it does, it does.
 For even as Judas sold his master Christ,
 Men buy and sell their wives at highest price,

⁴⁷ I am woe] See Note on *The Four Ps*, vol. I.

What will you give me ? what will you give me ?
What will you give me ?

[Exit.

Butler.

O, mistress, my soul weeps, though mine eyes be dry,
To see his fall, and your adversity ;
Some means I have left, which I'll relieve you with ;
Into your chamber, and if comfort be a-kin
To such great grief, comfort your children.

Katherine.

I thank thee, Butler ; heaven when he please,
Send death unto the troubled, a blest ease. [Exit, with children.

Butler.

In troth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endless toil I labour thus :
'Tis but the old times ancient conscience
That would do no man hurt, that makes me do't :
If it be sin that I do pity these,
If it be sin I have relieved his brothers,
Have play'd the thief with them to get their food,
And made a luckless marriage for his sister,
Intended for her good, heaven pardon me.
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were ⁴⁸ unhappy men ;
For they caus'd all, and may heaven pardon them.

Enter Sir William Scarborough.

Sir William.

Who's within here ?

Butler.

Sir William, kindly welcome.

Sir William.

Where is my kinsman Scarborough ?

Butler.

Sooth, he's within, sir, but not very well.

Sir William.

His sickness ?

⁴⁸ unhappy] mischievous, unlucky. See Note 1 to *Andromana*, vol. XI.
P. 49.

Butler.

The hell of sickness; troubled in his mind.

Sir William.

I guess the cause of it,
 But cannot now intend to visit him.
 Great business for my sovereign hastes me hence;
 Only this letter from his lord and guardian to him,
 Whose inside I do guess, tends to his good;
 At my return I'll see him: so farewell.

[*Exit.**Butler.*

Whose inside I do guess turns to his good,
 He shall not see it now then; for men's minds,
 Perplex'd like his, are like land-troubling-winds,
 Who have no gracious temper.

*Enter John Scarborow.**John.*

O, Butler!

Butler.

What's the fright now?

John.

Help strait, or on the tree of shame
 We both shall perish for the robbery.

Butler.

What is't reveal'd, man?

John.

Not yet, good Butler, only my brother Thomas
 In spleen to me, that would not suffer him
 To kill our elder brother, had undone us,
 Is riding now to sir John Harcop straight, to disclose it.

Butler.

Heart, who would rob with sucklings?
 Where did you leave him?

John.

Now taking horse to ride to Yorkshire.

Butler.

I'll stay his journey, lest I meet a hanging.

[*Exeunt.**Enter*

Enter Scarborow.

Scarborow.

I'll parley with the devil: aye, I will,
He gives his counsel freely, and the cause
He for his clients pleads, goes always with them;
He in my cause shall deal then: and I'll ask him
Whether a cormorant may have stuf't chests
And see his brother starve? why ⁴⁹ he'll say I,
The less they give, the more I gain thereby;

Enter Butler.

Their souls, their souls, their souls.
How now, master? nay, you are my master;
Is my wife's sheets warm? does she kiss well?

Butler.

Good fir.

Scarborow.

Foh, mak't not strange, for in these days,
There's many men lie in their masters sheets,
And so may you in mine, and yet——your business, fir?

Butler.

There's one in civil habit, fir, would speak with you.

Scarborow.

In civil habit?

Butler.

He is of seemly rank, fir, and calls himself
By the name of doctor Baxter of Oxford.

Scarborow.

That man undid me; he did blossoms blow,
Whose fruit proved poison, though 'twas good in shew:
With him I'll parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wild phrensy that becomes me not:
A table, candles, stools, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and I'll hear him;
With our sad conference we will call up tears,
Teach doctors rules, instruct succeeding years:
Usher him in:

⁴⁹ *he'll say I,*] i. e. Aye. I, formerly, was the mode of writing as well as pronouncing this word.

Heaven spare a drop from thence where's bounties throng,
Give patience to my soul, inflame my tongue.

Enter Doctor.

Doctor.

Good master Scarborow.

Scarborow.

You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doctor.

I have important business to deliver you.

Scarborow.

And I have leisure to attend your hearing.

Doctor.

Sir, you know I married you.

Scarborow.

I know you did, sir.

Doctor.

At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life unto your spouse should be like snow,
That falls to comfort, not to overthrow:
And love unto your issue should be like
The dew of heaven, that hurts not, though it strike;
When heaven and men did witness and record
'Twas an eternal oath, no idle word:
Heaven, being pleas'd therewith, blest you with children,
And at heaven's blessings, all good men rejoice.
So that God's chair and footstool, heaven and earth,
Made offering at your nuptials as a knot
To mind you of your vow: O, break it not.

Scarborow.

'Tis very true.

Doctor.

Now, sir, from this your oath and ^{so} band,
Faith's pledge, and seal of conscience, you have run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Justice hath now in suit against your soul,
Angels are made the jurors, who are witnesses
Unto the oath you took, and God himself

^{so} band] See Note to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 102.

Maker of marriage, he that seal'd the deed,
As a firm lease unto you during life,
Sits now as judge of your transgression;
The world informs against you with this voice,
If such sins reign, what mortals can rejoice.

Scarborow.

What then ensues to me?

Doctor.

A heavy doom, whose execution's
Now serv'd upon your conscience, that ever
You shall feel plagues which time shall not dissever;
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oaths, and all the injuries,
You have done unto your soul; then comes your wife,
Full of woe's drops, and yet as full of pity,
Who though she speaks not, yet her eyes are swords,
That cut your heart-strings; and then your children—

Scarborow.

Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor.

Who, what they cannot say talk in their looks;
You have made us up, but as misfortune's books,
Whom other men may read in, when presently,
Talk'd by yourself, you are not, like a thief,
Astonied being accus'd, but scorch'd with grief.

Scarborow.

Aye, aye, aye.

Doctor.

Here stand your wife's tears.

Scarborow.

Where?

Doctor.

And you fry for them: here lie your children's wants.

Scarborow.

Here?

Doctor.

For which you pine, in conscience burn,
And wish you had been better, or ne'er born.

Scarborow.

Does all this happen to a wretch like me?

Doctor.

Doctor.

Both this and worse, your soul eternally
Shall live in torment, though the body die.

Scarborow.

I shall have need of drink then : Butler !

Doctor.

Nay all your sins are on your children laid,
For the offences that the father made.

Scarborow.

Are they, sir ?

Doctor.

Befure they are.

*Enter Butler.**Scarborow.*

Butler !

Butler.

Sir.

Scarborow.

Go, fetch my wife and children hither.

Butler.

I will sir.

Scarborow.

I'll read a ⁵¹ lecture to the doctor too, he's a divine ? aye,
he's a divine.

Butler.

I see his mind is troubled, and have made bold with duty
to read a letter tending to his good ; have made his brothers
friends : both which I will conceal till better temper : he sends
me for his wife and children ; shall I fetch them ?

Scarborow.

He's a divine, and this divine did marry me,
That's good, that's good.

Doctor.

Master Scarborow.

Scarborow.

I'll be with you straight, sir.

⁵¹ lecture] First Edition, letter.

[Butler.

Butler.

I will obey him,
If any thing doth happen that is ill,
Heaven bear me record, 'tis against Butler's will.

[*Exit.*

Scarborow.

And this divine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,
As God's ambassador. Deliver, deliver, deliver.

Doctor.

Master Scarborow.

Scarborow.

I'll be with you straight, fir:
Salvation to afflicted consciences,
And not give torment to contented minds,
Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,
And not like ⁵² firedrakes to lead men astray,
Aye, I'll be with you straight, fir.

Enter Butler, with Wife and Children.

Butler.

Here's your wife and children, fir.

Scarborow.

Give way then,
I have my lesson perfect; leave us here.

Butler.

Yes, I will go, but I will be so near,
To hinder the mishap, the which I fear.

[*Exit Butler.*

Scarborow.

Now, fir, you know this gentlewoman?

Doctor.

Kind mistress Scarborow.

Scarborow.

Nay, pray you keep your seat, for you shall hear,
The same affliction you have taught me, fear,
Due to yourself.

Doctor.

To me, fir?

⁵² firedrakes] *Ignes fatui, Wills o' th' Wisp.* See Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Henry VIII.* A. 5. S. 3.

Scarborow.

Scarborow.

To you, fir.
You match'd me to this gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I know I did, fir.

Scarborow.

And you will say she is my wife then.

Doctor.

I have reason, fir, because I married you.

Scarborow.

O that such tongues should have the time to lye,
Who teach men how to live, and how to die;
Did not you know my soul had given my faith,
In contract to another; and yet you
Would join this loom unto unlawful twists.

Doctor.

Sir?

Scarborow.

But, fir,
You that can see a mote within my eye,
And with a cassock blind your own defects,
I'll teach you this: 'tis better to do ill,
That's never known to us, than of self will;
And these, all these in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life make them be glad to die.

Doctor.

Master Scarborow —

Scarborow.

Here will I write, that they which marry wives,
Unlawful, live with strumpets all their lives.
Here will I seal the children that are born,
From wombs unconsecrate, even when their soul
Has her infusion, it registers they are foul,
And shrinks to dwell with them, and in my close
I'll shew the world, that such abortive men!
Knit hands without free tongues, look red like them:
Stand you and you, to acts most tragical,
Heaven has dry eyes, when sin makes sinners fall.

Doctor.

Help, master Scarborow.

Children.

INFORCED MARRIAGE.

111

Children.

Father.

Katherine.

Husband.

Scarborow.

These for thy act should die, she for my Clare,
Whose wounds stare thus upon me for revenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sin,
And thou thyself shalt have a push amongst them,
That made heaven's word a pack-horse to thy tongue,
Quote'st scripture to make evil shine like good,
And as I send you thus with worms to dwell,
Angels applaud it as a deed done well.

Enter Butler.

Butler.

Stay him, stay him.
What will you do, sir?

Scarborow.

Make fat worms of stinking carcasses,
What hast thou to do with it?

Enter Ilford and his Wife, the two brothers, and Sir William
Scarborow.

Butler.

Look, who are here, sir.

Scarborow.

Injurious villain! that prevent'st me still.

Butler.

They are your brothers and alliance, sir.

Scarborow.

They are like full ordnance then, who once discharg'd
Afar off give a warning to my soul,
That I have done them wrong.

Sir William.

Kinsman.

Brother and Sister.

Brother.

Katherine.

Husband.

Children.

*Children.**Father.**Scarborow.*

Hark how their words like bullets shoot me thorough,
 And tell me I have undone them : this fide might say,
 We are in want, and you are the cause of it ;
 This points at me, y'are shame unto your house ;
 This tongue says nothing, but her looks do tell,
 She's married, but as those that live in hell :
 Whereby all eyes are but misfortune's pipe,
 Fill'd full of woe by me : this feels the stripe.

Butler.

Yet, look, fir,
 Here's your brothers hand in hand, whom I have knit fo.

Sister.

And look, fir, here's my husband's hand in mine,
 And I rejoyce in him, and he in me.

Sir William.

I say, coz, what is past, is the way to blifs,
 For they know best to mend, that know amifs.

Katherine.

We kneel : forget, and say if you but love us,
 You gave us grief for future happiness.

Scarborow.

What's all this to my conscience ?

Butler.

Ease, promise of succeeding joy to you,
 Read but this letter.

Sir William.

Which tells you that your lord and guardian's dead ?

Butler.

Which tells you that he knew he did you wrong,
 Was griev'd for't, and for satisfaction
 Hath given you double of the wealth you had.

Brother.

Increas'd our portions.

Wife.

Given me a dowry too.

Butler.

And that he knew,
 Your sin was his, the punishment his due.

Scarborow.

All this is here :
Is heaven so gracious to sinners then ?

Butler.

Heaven is, and has his gracious eyes,
To give men life not like intrapping spies.

Scarborow.

Your hand, yours, yours, to my soul ; to you a kiss ;
Introth I am sorry I have stray'd amiss ;
To whom shall I be thankful ? all silent ?
None speak ? whist : why then to God,
That gives men comfort as he gives his rod ;
Your portions I'll see paid, and I will love you,
You three I'll live withall, my soul shall love you,
You are an honest servant, sooth you are ;
To whom ; I, these, and all must pay amends ;
But you I will admonish in cool terms,
Let not promotion's hope be as a string,
To tie your tongue, or let it loose to sting.

Doctor.

From hence it shall not, sir.

Scarborow.

Then husbands thus shall nourish with their wives. [Kiss.

Ilford.

As thou and I will, wench.

Scarborow.

Brothers in brotherly love thus link together ; [Embrace.
Children and servants pay their duty thus ; [Bow and kneel.
And are all pleas'd ?

All.

We are.

Scarborow.

Then if all these be so,
I am new wed, so ends old marriage woe,
And in your eyes so lovingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring us to our bed.

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) " The Miseries of Inforst Mariage. As it is now
 " playd by his Majesties Servants. Qui alios (seipsum) docet.
 " By George Wilkins. London. Printed for George Vin-
 " cent, and are to be sold at his shop in Woodstreet,
 " 1607, 4to."

(2.) " The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Playd by his
 " Majesties Servants. Qui alios (seipsum) docet. By
 " George Wilkins. London. Printed by Aug. Mathews
 " for Richard Thrale, and are to bee sold at his Shop at
 " Paul's gate, next to Cheape-side, 1629, 4to."

(3.) " The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Play'd by his
 " Majesties Servants. Qui alios (seipsum) docet. By George
 " Wilkins. London. Printed by I. N. for Richard Thrale,
 " and are to be sold at his Shop at Paul's gate; next to
 " Cheape-side, M. DC. XXXVII. 4to."



LINGUA:

L I N G U A:

O R,

The COMBAT of the

TONGUE and the FIVE SENSES

F O R

S U P E R I O R I T Y.

H 2

AN-

ANTHONY BREWER is said by Winstanly to be the Author of this Play; but Langbain positively says he was not, yet gives no Reason for his Assertion, neither does he assign any other Author for it. It is said to have been acted at Cambridge, and that Oliver Cromwell perform'd the Part of Tactus; the Subject of the Play being a Contention amongst the Senses for a Crown, it hath been foolishly imagined by Winstanly, and others, to have first inspired him with Ambition. Anthony Brewer was the Author of

“ The Countrie Girl. A Comedie, as it hath beene often acted with much applause, never printed before, 4to. 1647.”

“ The Love-sick King, an English Tragical History, with the Life and Death of Cartesimunda, the Fair Nun of Winchester, 4to. 1655.”

In a Poem called, *Steps to Parnassus*, as quoted by Chetwood, Brewer is complimented in the following lines:

“ Let Brewer take his artful pen in hand,
“ Attending muses will obey command,
“ Invoke the aid of Shakespear's sleeping clay,
“ And strike from utter darkness new-born day.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LINGUA. { Comædus.

AUDITUS. { Tragædus.

MENDACIO, LINGUA's page.

TACTUS, { Odor.

OLFACTUS, { Tobacco.

VISUS, { Lumen,
Cælum,
Terra,
Heraldry,
Color.

GUSTUS, { Bacchus, Ceres,
Beer.

APPETITUS, a parasite.

PHANTASTES.

HEURESIS, PHANTASTES's page.

CRAPULA, GUSTUS's follower.

COMMUNIS SENSUS.

MEMORIA.

ANAMNESTES, MEMORIA's page.

SOMNUS.

Personæ, quarum mentio tantum fit, { Psyche,
Acraſia,
Veritas,
Oblivio.

The SCENE is Microcosmus in a Grove.

The Time from Morning till Night.

P R O L O G U E,

OUR Muse describes no lover's passion,
 No wretched father, no unbristly son :
 No craving subtle whore, or shameless bawd,
 Nor stubborn clown, or daring parasite,
 No lying servant, or bold lycopbant.
 We are not wanton, or satirical.
 These have their time and places fit ; but we,
 Sad hours, and serious studies, to reprieve,
 Have taught severe Philosophy to smile,
 The Senses rash contentions we compose,
 And give displeas'd ambitious TONGUE her due :
 Here's all, judicious friends, accept what is not ill,
 Who are not such, let them do what they will,

LINGUA.

L I N G U A.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Lingua, appareld in a crimson sattin gown, a dressing of white roses, a little skene¹ tied in a purple scarf, a pair of white buskins drawn with white ribbon, silk garters, gloves, &c.

Auditus, in a garland of bayes, intermingled with red and white roses upon a false hair, a cloth of silver mantle upon a pair of sattin bases, wrought sleeves, buskins, gloves, &c.

Lingua, Auditus.

Lingua.

NAY, good Auditus, do but hear me speak.

Auditus.

Lingua, thou strikest too much upon one string,
Thy tedious plain-song² grates my tender ears.

Lingua.

'Tis plain indeed, for Truth no descant needs;
Una's her name, she cannot be divided.

Auditus.

³ O but the ground itself is nought, from whence
Thou canst not relish out a good division:

¹ a little skene] A skene or skane. *Gladius, Ensis brevior.* Skinner.

Dekker's *Belman's Night Walks*, Sign. F 2: "The bloody Tragedies of all these, are onely acted by the women, who carrying long knives or *skanes* under their mantles, doe thus play their parts."

See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 4.

² plain-song—descant] Musical terms. See Notes on *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, vol. III. p. 63. and *King Richard III.* vol. VII. p. 6. edit. 1778. S.

³ O but the ground, &c.] A metaphor drawn from music, more particularly that kind of composition called a *Ground*, with its *Divisions*. Instead of *relish*, I would propose to read *flourish*. S. P.

Therefore at length surcease, prove not stark-mad,
 Hopeless to prosecute a hapless suit :
 For though (perchance) thy first strains pleasing are,
 I dare engage, my ears the close⁴ will jar,

Lingua.

If then your confidence esteem my cause
 To be so frivolous and weakly wrought ;
 Why do you daily subtle plots devise,
 To stop me from the ears of Common Sense ?
 Whom since our great queen Psyche hath ordain'd,
 For his sound wisdom, our vice-governor,
 To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
 Nimble Phantasies, and firm Memory,
 Myself and cause, I humbly do commit ;
 Let them but hear and judge, I wish no more.

Auditus.

Should they but know thy rash presumption,
 They would correct it in the sharpest sort :
 Good Jove ! what sense hast thou to be a sense !
 Since, from the first foundation of the world,
 We never were accounted more than five.
 Yet you, forsooth, an idle prating dame,
 Would fain increase the number, and upstart
 To our high seats, decking your babling self
 With usurp'd titles of our dignity.

Lingua.

An idle prating dame ! know, fond Auditus,
 Records affirm my title full as good
 As his amongst the five is counted best.

Auditus.

Lingua, confess the truth ; thou'rt wont to lye,

Lingua.

I say so too, therefore I do not lye.
 But now, spite of you all, I speak the truth.
 You five, among us subjects, tyrannize ;
 Making the sacred name of Common Sense
 A cloak to cover your enormities :

⁴ *the close*] Mr. Steevens supposes this to be a musical term. See Note on Richard II. A. 2. S. 1. :

"The setting sun and music at *the close*."

He bears the rule; he's judge, but judgeth still
 As he's informed by your false evidence:
 So that a plaintiff cannot have access,
 But through your gates. He hears, but what? nought else
 But what thy crafty ears to him conveys:
 And all he sees is by proud Visus shewed him;
 And what he touches is by Tactus' hand;
 And smells I know, but through Olfactus' nose;
 Gustus begins to him what'er he tastes:
 By these quaint tricks free passage hath been bar'd,
 That I could never equally be heard.
 But well, 'tis well.

Auditus.

Lingua, thy feeble sex
 Hath hitherto withheld my ready hands,
 That long'd to pluck that nimble instrument.

Lingua.

O horrible ingratitude! that thou,
 That thou of all the rest should'st threaten me:
 Who, by my means, conceiv'st as many tongues,
 As Neptune closeth lands betwixt his arms:
 The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
 The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
 Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
 The Caldee wise, the Arabian physical,
 The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
 The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongu'd French.
 These precious jewels that adorn thine ears,
 All from my mouth's rich cabinet are stolen.
 How oft hast thou been chain'd unto my tongue,
 Hang'd at my lips, and ravish'd with my words;
 So that a speech fair-feather'd could not fly,
 But thy ears pit-fall caught it instantly?
 But now, O Heavens!

Auditus.

O Heavens! thou wrong'st me much,
 Thou wrong'st me much, thus falsely to upbraid me:
 Had not I granted thee the use of hearing,
 That sharp-edg'd tongue whetted against her master,
 Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropfy lips,

That

That scalding throat, those nostrils full of ire,
 Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
 Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
 Uttering nought else but ^s idle sifflements,
 Tunes without sense, words inarticulate,
 Had ne'er been able to 'ave abus'd me thus.
 Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Lingua.

Perfidious liar, how can I endure thee!
 Call'st my unspotted chastity in question?
 O could I use the breath mine anger spends,
 I'd make thee know —

Auditus.

Heav'n's look on my distress,
 Defend me from this railing viperess:
 For if I stay, her words sharp vinegar
 Will fret me through. *Lingua*, I must be gone:
 I hear one call me more than earnestly. [*Exit Auditus.*]

Lingua.

May the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
 Screeking of wolves, howling of tortur'd ghosts,
 Pursue thee still, and fill thy amazed ears
 With cold astonishment and horrid fears!
 O how these senses muffle Common Sense!
 And more, and more with pleasing objects strive,
 To dull his judgment, and pervert his will
 To their behests! who were he not so wrapt
 I' the dusky clouds of their dark policies,
 Would never suffer right to suffer wrong.
 Fie, *Lingua*, wilt thou now degenerate?
 Art not a woman? dost not love revenge?
 Delightful speeches, sweet persuasions,
 I have this long time us'd to get my right.
 My right; that is, to make the senses fix;
 And have both name and power with the rest.
 Oft have I seasoned savory periods
 With sugar'd words, to delude *Gustus*' taste,
 And oft embellish'd my entreative phrase

s idle sifflements,] Fr. whistlings. S.

With

With smelling flow'rs of vernant rhetoric,
 Limning and flashing it with various dyes,
 To draw proud Visus to me by the eyes:
 And oft perfum'd my⁶ petitory stile,
 With civet-speech, t'entrap Olfactus' nose,
 And clad myself in filken eloquence,
 To allure the nicer touch of Tactus' hand:
 But all's become lost labour, and my cause
 Is still procrastinated: therefore now,
 Hence ye base offspring of a broken mind,
 Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries:
 Go kiss the love-sick lips of puling girls,
 That still their brain to quench their love's disdain:
 Go gild the tongues of bawds and parasites,
 Come not within my thoughts. But thou, *deceit*,
 Break up the pleasure of my brimful breast,
 Enrich my mind with subtle policies.
 Well then I'll go; whither? nay, what know I?
 And do, in faith I will, the devil knows what.
 What if I set them all at variance?
 And so obtain to speak; it must be so.
 It must be so, but how? there lies the point:
 How? thus: tut, this device will never prove,
 Augment it so; 'twill be too soon defied;
 Or so, nor so; 'tis too too dangerous.
 Pish, none of these! what if I take this course? ha?
 Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent;
 He that will catch eels must disturb the flood;
 The chicken's hatch'd i'faith, for they are proud,
 And soon will take a cause of disagreement.

⁶ *petitory*] i. e. petitionary. S.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

Mendacio, *attired in a taffata suit of a light colour changeable,
 7 like an ordinary page.*

Lingua, Mendacio.

Lingua.

I SEE the heavens nurse my new-born device ;
 For lo, my page Mendacio comes already,
 To file and burnish that I hammer'd out,
 Never in better time, Mendacio,
 What, hast thou done ?

Mendacio.

Done, yes long ago.

Lingua,

Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soon ?

Mendacio.

Madam, I had no sooner told

Tactus, that Gustus would fain speak with him ;
 But I spied Visus, Gustus, and the rest,
 And serv'd them all with sauce of several lyes.
 Now the last sense I spake with was Olfactus,
 Who having smelt the meaning of my message,
 Straight blew his nose, and quickly puff'd me hither ;
 But in the whirlwind of his furious blast,
 Had not by chance a cobweb held me fast,
 Mendacio had been with you long ere this.

Lingua.

Witness this lye, Mendacio's with me now ;
 But, firrah, out of jesting will they come ?

Mendacio.

Yes, and it like your ladyship, presently ;
 Here may you have me ³ prest to flatter them.

7 like an ordinary page, gloves, bumper.] So the First Edition, but as the two last words seem only the Promptor's Memoranda, they are omitted.

3 prest] i. e. ready. See Note to *The Four Ps*, vol. I.

Lingua.

Lingua.

I'll flatter no such proud companions,
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determin'd
To leave such baseness.

Mendacio.

Then shall I turn and bid them stay at home?

Lingua.

No; for their coming hither to this grove
Shall be a means to further my device.
Therefore I pray thee, Mendacio, go presently;
Run, you vile ape.

Mendacio.

Whither?

Lingua.

What, dost thou stand?

Mendacio.

Till I know what to do.

Lingua.

S'precious, 'tis true,
So might'st thou finely over-run thine errand.
Haste to my chest.

Mendacio.

Ay, ay.

Lingua.

There shalt thou find
A gorgeous robe, and golden coronet,
Convey them hither nimbly, let none see them.

Mendacio.

Madam, I fly, I fly.

[*Exit Mendacio.*

Lingua.

But here you, firrah?
Lock up your fellow-servant, Veritas.

Mendacio.

I warrant you,
You need not fear so long as I am with you.
[*He goes out, and comes in presently.*

What colour is the robe?

Lingua.

There is but one.

[*Mendacio going, turns in haste.*
Mendacio.

Mendacio.

The key, madam, the key.

*Lingua.*By Juno, how forgetful is sudden speed!
Here, take it, run.*Mendacio.*

I'll be here instantly.

[Exit Mendacio]

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA TERTIA.

*Lingua sola.**Lingua.*

WHILOME this crown and gargeous ornament
 Were the great prize for which five orators
 With the sharp weapons of their tongues contended;
 But all their speeches were so equal wrought,
 And alike gracious⁹, that if his were witty,
 His was as wise; the third's fair eloquence
 Did parallel the fourth's firm gravity;
 The last's good gesture kept the balance even
 With all the rest; so that the sharpest eye,
 And most judicious censor, could not judge
 To whom the hanging victory should fall.
 Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
 To offer up both crown and robe to me,
 As the chief patroness of their profession,
 Which heretofore I holily have kept,
 Like to a miser's gold, to look on only.
 But now I'll put them to a better use,
 And venture both, in hope to——

⁹ *gracious*] i. e. graceful. See Mr. Malone's Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 2. S. 1.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA QUARTA.

Mendacio, Lingua.

Mendacio.

HAVE I not hied me, madam? look you here,
What shall be done with these temptations?

Lingua.

They say a golden Ball
Bred enmity betwixt three Goddesses:
So shall this crown be author of debate
Betwixt five senses.

Mendacio.

Where shall it be laid?

Lingua.

There, there, there; 'tis well, so, so, so,

Mendacio.

A crown's a pleasing bait to look upon;
The craftiest fox will hardly 'scape this trap.

Lingua.

Come let us away, and leave it to the chance.

Mendacio.

Nay, rather let me stand close hereabouts,
And see the event.

Lingua.

Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, feign them some pretty fable,
How that some God —

Mendacio.

Tut, tut, tut, let me alone:
I that have feign'd so many hundred gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turn:
Whist, madam; away, away: you fright the fowl;
Tactus comes-hard by, look you.

Lingua.

Is't he for certain?

Mendacio.

Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.

Lingua.

'Tis he indeed,

[Exit Lingua.
ACTUS

ACTUS PRIMVS, SCENA QUINTA.

Tactus, in a dark-coloured sattin mantle over a pair of silk bases, a garland of bays, mix'd with white and red roses, upon a black program, a faulchion, wrought sleeves, Bights, &c.

Mendacio, Tactus.

Mendacio.

NOW, chaste Diana, grant my nets to hold.

Tactus.

¹⁰ The blasting childhood of the cheerful morn
Is almost grown a youth, and ¹¹ over-climbs
Yonder gilt eastern hills; about which time
Gustus most earnestly importun'd me
To meet him hereabouts, what cause I know not.

Mendacio.

You shall do shortly to your cost, I hope.

Tactus.

Sure by the sun it should be nine o'clock.

Mendacio.

What, a star-gazer! will you ne'er look down?

Tactus.

Clear is the sun, and blue the firmament;
Methinks the heavens do smile.

[*Tactus sneezeth.*]

Mendacio.

At thy mishap,
To look so high and stumble in a trap.

[*Tactus stumbleth at the robe and crown.*]

Tactus.

High thoughts have slipp'ry feet, I had well nigh fallen.

¹⁰ *the blasting childhood*] I would propose to read *the blushing childhood*, alluding to the ruddiness of Aurora, the *rosy morn*, as in A. 3. S. 6.:

"Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,

"Opening the casements of the *rosy morn*, &c." S. P.

¹¹ ——— *over-climbs*

Yonder gilt eastern hills;] So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.:

"But look the morn, in russet mantle clad,

"Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Mendacio.

Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall.

Tactus.

What's this?

Mendacio.

O, are you taken? 'tis in vain to strive.

Tactus.

How now?

Mendacio.

You'll be so entangled straight—

Tactus.

A crown!

Mendacio.

That it will be hard—

Tactus.

And a robe.

Mendacio.

To loose yourself.

Tactus.

A crown and a robe.

Mendacio.

It had been fitter for you to have found a ¹² fool's coat and a bauble, hey, hey.

Tactus.

Jupiter, Jupiter, how came this here?

Mendacio.

O fir, Jupiter is making thunder, he hears you not; here's one knows better.

Tactus.

'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so; ho!

Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha?

No, I am awake and feel it now;

Whose should it be?

[*He takes it up.*]

Mendacio.

Set up a *fi quis* for it.

¹² fool's bauble] A fool's bauble in its literal meaning is the carved truncheon, which the licensed fools, or jesters, anciently carried in their hands. See Notes on *All's well that ends well*, A. 4. S. 5. S.

Tactus.

Mercury ! all's mine own ; here's none to cry half's mine.

Mendacio.

When I am gone.

[*Exit Mendacio.*]

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA SEXTA.

*Tactus solus.**Tactus.***T**ACTUS, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.

Was ever man so fortunate as I ?

To break his shins at such a stumbling block !

¹³ Roses and bays pack hence : this crown and robe,

My brows and body circles and invests ;

How gallantly it fits me ; sure the slave

Measur'd my head that wrought this coronet.

They lye that say complexions cannot change :

My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd

Unto the sacred temper of a king.

Methinks I hear my noble parasites

Stiling me Cæsar, or great Alexander ;

Licking my feet, and wondering where I got

This precious ointment : how my pace is mended !

How princely do I speak ! how sharp I threaten !

Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,

And make you tremble when the lion roars,

Ye earth-bred worms. O for a looking-glass !

¹³ *Roses and bays pack hence : &c.*] Winstanley has asserted, that Oliver Cromwell performed the part of Tactus at Cambridge ; and some who have written the Life of that great but wicked man, as he has been called, have fixed upon this speech as what first gave him ideas of sovereignty. The notion is too vague to be depended upon, and too ridiculous either to establish or refute. It may, however, not be unnecessary to mention that Cromwell was born in 1599, and the First Edition of this Play, though without a date, is supposed to have been printed before 1607. If therefore, the Protector ever did represent this character, it is more probable to have been at Huntingdon School.

Poets will write whole volumes of this scar ;
Where's my attendants ? come hither, firrah, quickly ;
Or by the wings of Hermes——

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA SEPTIMA.

Olfactus, in a garland of bays intermingled with white and red roses upon a false hair, his sleeves wrought with flowers under a damask mantle, over a pair of silk bases, a pair of buskins drawn with ribbon, a flower in his hand.

Tactus, Olfactus.

Tactus.

A Y me ! Olfactus comes ; I call'd too soon,
He'll have half part I fear ; what shall I do !
Where shall I run ? how shall I shift him off !

[Tactus wraps up the robe and crown, and sits upon them.]

Olfactus.

This is the time, and this the place appointed,
Where Visus promis'd to confer with me.
I think he's there—No, no, 'tis Tactus sure.
How now ? what makes you sit so nicely ?

Tactus.

'Tis past imagination, 'tis so indeed.

Olfactus.

¹⁴ How fast his deeds are fixed ! and how melancholy he looks ! Tactus ! Tactus !

Tactus.

For this is true, man's life is wondrous brittle.

Olfactus.

He's mad, I think, he talks so idly. So ho, Tactus.

Tactus.

And many have been metamorphos'd
To stranger matters and more uncouth forms.

¹⁴ *How fast his deeds are fixed !*] We should now say, his *deeds*hip is fixed ; for Tactus is here called *deeds* by way of metonymy, *Actions* being his property, just as in S. 9. *Auditus* is called *Ears*. S. P.

Olfactus.

I must go nearer him, he doth not hear.

*Tactus.*And yet methinks, I speak as I was wont ;
And ———*Olfactus.*

Tactus, Tactus.

*Tactus.**Olfactus*, as thou lov'st me, come not near me.*Olfactus.*

Why art thou hatching eggs ? th'art fear'd to break them ?

Tactus.

Touch me not, lest thou chance to break my life.

Olfactus.

What's this under thee ?

Tactus.

If thou meddle with me I am utterly undone.

Olfactus.

Why man, what ails thee ?

*Tactus.*Let me alone and I'll tell thee ;
Lately I came from fine Phantastes' house.*Olfactus.*

So I believe, for thou art very foolish.

Tactus.

15 No sooner had I parted out of doors,
But up I held my hands before my face,
To shield mine eyes from th'light's piercing beams ;
When I protest I saw the sun as clear
Through these my palms as through a perspective :
No marvel, for when I beheld my fingers,
I saw my fingers were transform'd to glass ;

15 No sooner had I parted out of doors, &c.] In Surphlet's *Discourse on the Diseases of Melancholy*, 4to. 1599, p. 102. the case alluded to by Brewer is set down. "There was also of late a great lord, which thought himself to be a glasse, and had not his imagination troubled, otherwise then in this onely thing, for he could speake mervailouslie well of any other thing: he used commonly to sit, and tooke great delight that his friends should come and see him, but so as that he would desire them, that they would not come neere unto him."

Opening

Opening my breast, my breast was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceive my heart:
In whose two conclaves I discern'd my thoughts
Confus'dly lodged in great multitudes.

Olfactus.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Morus himself can find no fault with thee,
Thou'dst make a passing live anatomy;
And decide the question much disputed,
Betwixt the Galenists and Aristotle.

Tactus.

But when I had arriv'd and set me down
Viewing myself, myself, ay me! was changed,
As thou now seest, to a perfect urinal.

Olfactus.

T'a perfect urinal,
O monstrous, monstrous, art not mad to think so?

Tactus.

I do not think so, but I say I am so;
Therefore, Olfactus, come not near I advise you.

Olfactus.

See the strange working of dull melancholy!
Whose drossy thoughts, drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
And in the soul's fair table falsly graves
Whole squadrons of phantastical chimeras,
And thousand vain imaginations;
Making some think their heads as big as horses,
¹⁶ Some that th'are dead, some that th'are turn'd to wolves,
As now it makes him think himself all glass.
Tactus, dissuade thyself, thou dost but think so.

Tactus.

Olfactus, if thou lov'st me, get thee gone;
I am an urinal, I dare not stir
For fear of cracking in the bottom.

Olfactus.

Wilt thou sit thus all day?

¹⁶ Some that th'are dead,] See Surphlet, p. 102.

Tactus.

Unless thou help me.

Olfactus.

Bedlam must help thee, what wouldst have me do?

*Tactus.*Go to the city, make a case for me;
Stuff it with wool, then come again and fetch me.*Olfactus.*Ha, ha, ha,
Thou'lt be laugh'd out of case and countenance.*Tactus.*

I care not, so it must be, or I cannot stir.

*Olfactus.*I had best leave troubling him, he's obstinate. Urinal, I
leave you, but above all things take heed Jupiter sees you
not, for if he do he'll ne'er make water in a sieve again;
thou'lt serve his turn so fit, to carry his water unto Esculapius.
Farewel Urinal, Farewel. *[Exit Olfactus.]**Tactus.*Speak not so loud, the sound's enough to crack me. What,
is he gone? I am an Urinal! ha, ha, ha, I protest I might have
had my face wash'd finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I
an Urinal! ha, ha, ha! go to, Urinal, you have 'scap'd a
fair scouring. Well, I'll away, and get me to mine own
house; there I'll lock up myself fast, playing the chemick,
augmenting this one crown to troops of angels, with which
gold-winged messengers, I meanTo work great wonders, as to build and purchase,
Fare daintily, tie up men's tongues, and loose them;
Command their lives, their goods, their liberties,
And captive all the world with chains of gold.
Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum.*[He offers to go out, but comes in suddenly amazed.]*

O Hercules!

Fortune, the queen, delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of Visus;
But as he makes hither, I'll make hence,¹⁷ There's more ways to the wood than one.*[He offers to go out at the other door, but returns again in haste.]*¹⁷ There's more ways, &c.] This is Proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*,
1742, p. 167.

What, more devils to affright me?
 O Diabolo, Gustus comes here to vex me.
 So that I, poor wretch, am like
 A shuttle-cock betwixt two battledores,
 If I run there, Visus beats me to Scylla;
 If here, then Gustus blows me to Charybdis.
 Neptune hath sworn my hope shall suffer shipwreck.
 What shall I say? mine Urinal's too thin
 To bide the fury of such storms as these.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA OCTAVA,

*Visus in a garland of bays, mix'd with white and red roses, a
 light-colour'd taffeta mantle strip'd with silver, and fring'd upon
 green silk bases, buskins, &c.*

Gustus in the same fashion, differing only in colour.

Tactus in a corner of the stage.

Visus, Gustus, Tactus,

Visus,

GUSTUS, good day.

Gustus,

I cannot have a bad,
 Meeting so fair an omen as yourself.

Tactus,

Shall I? wilt prove? ha! well 'tis best to venture.

[Tactus puts on the robes.]

Gustus,

Saw you not Tactus? I should speak with him.

Tactus,

Perchance so; a sudden lye hath best luck.

Visus,

That face is his, or else mine eye's deceiv'd.

Why how now, Tactus, what so gorgeous?

Gustus,

Where didst thou get these fair habiliments?

I 4

Tactus.

Tactus.

Stand back I charge you as you love your lives ;
By Stryx, the first that toucheth me shall die.

Visus.

I can discern no weapons. Will he kill us?

Tactus.

Kill you? not I, but come not near me you had best.

Visus.

Why, art thou mad?

Tactus.

Friends, as you love your lives,
Venture not once to come within my reach,

Gustus.

Why dost threaten so?

Tactus.

I do not threaten, but in pure love advise you for the best ;
Dare not to touch me, but hence fly apace ;
Add wings unto your feet, and save your lives.

Visus.

Why, what's the matter, Tactus, pr'ythee tell me?

Tactus.

If you will needs jeopard your lives so long,
As hear the ground of my amazedness,
Then for your better safety stand aside.

Gustus.

How full of ceremonies ! sure he'll conjure ;
For such like robes magicians used to wear.

Visus.

I'll see the end, though he should unlock hell,
And set th' infernal hags at liberty,

Tactus.

¹⁸ How rash is man on bidden arms to rush !
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walk that way that to Crumena leads,

¹⁸ *How rash is man on bidden arms to rush !* It is impossible to make sense of this ; it should rather be *forbidden arms* ; but the metre will not admit of it. And *arms* can have no business in this place. The word apparently should be *barms*, and the sense is, *on barms foretold, forespoken, told*, which is the sense and meaning of *bidden* here. *Tactus* had bidden them fly again, for fear of mischief, but they would not. S. P.

Gustus.
You mean Cremona, a little town hard-by.

Tactus.

I say Crumena, called Vacua,
A town which doth, and always hath belong'd,
Chiefly to scholars: from Crumena walls,
I saw a man come stealing craftily,
Apparel'd in this vesture which I wear;
But seeing me ¹⁹ est-soons, he took his heels,
And threw his garment from him all in haste,
Which I perceiving to be richly wrought,
Took it me up: but good-now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harms, and 'scape my misery.

Visus.

I know no danger, leave these circumstances.

Tactus.

No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddenly mine eyes began to dim,
My joints wax sore, and all my body burn
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too evident, I had caught the plague.

Visus.

The plague! away, good Gustus, let's be gone;
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,
Crumena Vacua never wants the plague.

Gustus.

Tactus, I'll put myself in jeopardy to pleasure thee.

Tactus.

No, gentle Gustus, your absence is the only thing I wish
Lest I infect you with my company.

Gustus.

Farewel.

[Exit Gustus.]

Visus.

I willingly would stay to do thee good.

Tactus.

A thousand thanks; but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death only murders me.
Oh 'twould augment the dolor of my death,

¹⁹ est-soons,] presently, forthwith.

To know myself the most unhappy bow
Through which pale death should aim his shafts at you.

Visus.

Tactus, farewell, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interred as it ought. *[Exit Visus.]*

Tactus.

Go, make my tomb, provide my funerals; ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha!

Excellent asses thus to be deluded,
Bewail his death and cruel destinies,
That lives, and laughs your fooleries to scorn.
But where's my crown! oh here: I well deserve
Thus to be crown'd for two great victories: ha, ha, ha,
Visus, take care my corps be well interred;
Go make my tomb, and write upon the stone:

*Here lies the Sense, that living gull'd them all,
With a false plague, and feigned urinal.*

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA NONA.

Auditus, Tactus.

Auditus.

TACTUS, *Tactus.*

Tactus.

O Jupiter, 'tis *Auditus*, all's marr'd I doubt; the fly knave
hears so far; but yet I'll grope him: ²⁰ how now *Ears*, what
make you here, ha?

Auditus.

Nay, what make you here, I pray? what were you talking
even now, of an ass, and a crown, and an urinal, and a
plague?

Tactus.

A plague on you, what I?

²⁰ *how now ears,*] *Auditus* is here called *Ears*, as *Tactus* is before
called *Deeds*. S. P.

Auditus.

Auditus.

Oh, what you!

Tactus.

O, I had well nigh forgot; nothing; but I say —

Auditus.

What?

Tactus.

That if a man, (do you mark, sir?) being sick of the plague, do you see, sir? had a, a, a, hem, hem, this cold troubles me; it makes me cough sometimes extremely; had a French crown, sir, (you understand me?) lying by him, and, come hither, come hither, and would not bestow two-pence, (do you hear?) to buy an urinal, (do you mark me?) to carry his water to the physician, hem!

Auditus.

What of all this?

Tactus.

I say such a one was a very ass. This was all. I use to speak to myself, when I am alone; but, *Auditus*, when shall we have a new set of fingering books? or the viols? or the concert of instruments?

Auditus.

This was not all, for I heard mention of a tomb and an epitaph.

Tactus.

True, true, I made myself merry with this epitaph, upon such a fool's tomb thus a, thus, thus: plague brought this man! oh I have forgotten: oh thus, plague brought this man, so, so, so, unto his burial, because, because, because, hem, hem, because he wou'd not buy an urinal. Come, come, *Auditus*, shall we hear thee play the Lyreway, or the Lute-way shall we? or the cornet, or any musick? I am greatly revived when I hear.

Auditus.

Tactus, *Tactus*, this will not serve, I heard all: you have not found a crown, you; no, you have not!

ACTUS

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA ULTIMA.

Tactus, Auditus, Visus, Gustus, Mendacio.

Tactus.

PEACE, peace, faith peace, come hither, hark thee,
good now.

Auditus.

I cannot hold, I must needs tell.

Tactus.

O do not, do not, do not; come hither, will you be a fool?

Visus.

Had he not wings upon his feet and shoulders?

Mendacio.

Yes, yes, and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiously wrapt with a pair of snakes.

Tactus.

Will half content you? pish, 'twill ne'er be known.

Gustus.

My life, 'twas Mercury.

Mendacio.

I do not know his name; but this I'm sure, his hat had
wings upon't.

Visus.

Doubtless 'twas he; but say my boy, what did he?

Mendacio.

First I beheld him hovering in the air,
And then down stooping with an hundred ²¹ gires:
His feet he fixed on Mount Cephalon;
From whence he flew and lighted on that plain,
And with disdainful steps soon glided thither:
Whither arrived, he suddenly unfolds
A gorgeous robe, and glittering ornament,
And lays them all upon that hillock:
This done he wafts his wand, took wing again,
And in a moment vanish'd out of sight.
With that mine eyes 'gan stare, and heart grew cold,

²¹ gires:] i. e. circles. So, in Milton:

"Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel." S.

And

And all my quiv'ring joints with sweat bedew'd ;
My heels methought had wings as well as his,
And so away I run ; but by the way
I met a man, as I thought, coming thither.

Gustas.

What marks had he ?

Mendacio.

He had a great—what ! this is he, this is he.

Visus.

What, Tactus ?

Gustas.

This was the plague vex'd him so,
Tactus your grave gapes for you ; are you ready ?

Visus.

Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leave all your goods behind you ; bequeath the
Crown and robe to your executors.

Tactus.

No such matter ; I, like the ²² Egyptian knights,
For the more state, will be buried in them.

Visus.

Come, come deliver.

[*Visus snatcheth the crown, and sees letters graven in it.*

Tactus.

What will you take my purse from me ?

Visus.

No, but a crown, that's just more than your own.
Ha, what's this ? 'tis a very small hand,
What inscription is this ?

*He of the five that proves himself the best,
Shall have his temples with this coronet blest.*

This crown is mine, and mine this garment is ;
For I have always been accounted best.

Tactus.

Next after me, ay as yourself at any time :
Besides I found it first, therefore 'tis mine.

Gustas.

Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

²² *Egyptian Knights,]* Q. Egyptian Kings. S. P.

Auditus.

Auditus.

And mine the most of any of you all.

Visus.

Give me it, or else —

Tactus.

I'll make you late repent it —

Gustus.

Presumptuous as you are —

Auditus.

Spite of your teeth —

Mendacio.

Never till now, a ha ! it works a-pace,
 Visus, I know 'tis yours ; and yet, methinks,
 Auditus you should have some challenge to it ;
 But that your title Tactus is so good,
 Gustus I would swear the coronet were yours ;
 What, will you all go braul about a trifle ?
 View but the pleasant coast of Mycrocosme,
 Is't not great pity to be rent with wars ?
 Is't not a shame, to stain with brinish tears
 The smiling cheeks of ever-chearful peace ?
 Is't not far better to live quietly,
 Than broil in fury of dissention ?
 Give me the crown, ye shall not disagree,
 If I can please you ; I'll play Paris part,
 And, most impartial, judge the controversy.

Visus.

Sauce-box ! go meddle with your lady's fan,
 And prate not here.

Mendacio.

I speak not for myself,
 But for my country's safe commodity.

Visus.

Sirrah, be still.

Mendacio.

Nay, and you be so hot, the devil part you.
 I'll to Olfactus, and send him amongst you.
 O that I were Alesto for your fakes !
 How liberally wou'd I bestow my snakes !

[Exit Mendacio.

Visus.

Visus.

Tactus, upon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meet me here,
Strong as thou canst provide in th' afternoon.

Tactus.

I undertake the challenge, and here's my hand,
In sign thou shalt be answered.

Gustus.

Tactus I'll join with thee, on this condition,
That if we win, he that fought best of us
Shall have the crown, the other wear the robe.

Tactus.

Give me your hand, I like the motion.

Visus.

Auditus, shall we make our forces double,
Upon the same terms?

Auditus.

Very willingly.

Visus.

Come, let's away, fear not the victory.
Right's more advantage than an host of soldiers.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Appetitus. *A long, lean raw-bon'd fellow, in a soldier's coat,
a sword, &c.*

Mendacio, Appetitus.

Mendacia.

I LONG to see those hot-spur Senses at it; they say they
have gallant preparations, and not unlikely, for most of the
soldiers are ready in arms since the last field fought against
their ²³ yearly enemy Meleager, and his wife Acrasia; that

³ yearly enemy Meleager:] A pun; for he means *Male æger*, Sick]
acfs. S. P.

conquest

conquest hath so flesh'd them that no peace can hold them. But had not Meleager been sick, and Atrasia drunk, the senses might have whistled for the victory.

Appetitus.

Foh, what a stink of gunpowder is yonder?

Mendacio.

Who's this! oh oh, 'tis Appetitus, Gustus's hungry parasite.

Appetitus.

I cannot endure the smoaking of guns, the thundering of drums: I had rather hear the merry hacking of pot-herbs, and see the reeking of a hot capon. If they would use no other bucklers in war but shields of brawn, brandish no swords but swords of bacon, trail no spears but spar-ribs of pork, and instead of harque-buss pieces discharge artichock-pies, toss no pikes but boiled pickribs, then Appetitus would rouse up his crest, and bear up himself with the proudest.

Mendacio.

Ah, here's a youth itark naught at a trench, but on old dog at a trencher, a tall squire at a square table.

Appetitus.

But now my good masters must pardon me, I am not for their service, for their service is without service, and indeed their service is too hot for my diet. But what if I be not myself, but only this be my spirit that wanders up and down, and Appetitus be kill'd in the camp? the devil he is as soon. How's that possible? tut, tut, I know I am, I am Appetitus, and alive too, by this infallible token, that I feel myself hungry.

Mendacio.

Thou mightest have taken a better token of thyself, by knowing thou art a fool.

Appetitus.

Well then, though I made my fellow-soldiers admire the beauty of my back, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heels; yet now will I, at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are in abroad. I'll speak nothing but guns, and ²⁴ glaves, and

²⁴ glaves,] glaves are swords, and sometimes partizans. S.

and staves, and ²⁴ phalanges, and squadrons, and barricadoes, ambuscadoes, palmedoes, blank point deep, counterpoint, counterscarpe, sallies and lies, saladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, tara, tara, hey.

Mendacio.

I must take the fife out of his mouth, or he'll ne'er ha' done.

Appetitus.

But above all, I'll be sure on my knees to thank the great ————

[*Mendacio blinds him.*]

Mendacio.

Who am I, who am I, who I?

Appetitus.

By the blood-stain'd faulchion of Mavors ²⁵—I am on your side.

Mendacio.

Why, who am I?

Appetitus.

Are you a soldier?

Mendacio.

No.

Appetitus.

Then you are master Helluo the Bear-herd.

Mendacio.

No, no, he's dead.

Appetitus.

Or Gulono the gutty serjeant, or Delphino the vintner, or else I know you not; for these are all my acquaintance.

Mendacio.

Would I were hang'd, if I be any of these!

Appetitus.

What, *Mendacio*! by the faith of a knight thou art welcome; I must borrow thy whetstone, to sharpen the edges of my martial compliments.

So elsewhere. See Note 44 to *Edward II.* vol. II. p. 380.

²⁴ *plalanges,*] Lat. for *phalanxes*. S.

²⁵ *Mavors*] i. e. Mars.

Mendacio.

By the faith of a knight! what a pox,²⁶ where are thy spurs?

Appetitus.

I need no spurs, I ride like Pegasus on a winged horse, on a swift gennet, my boy, call'd Fear.

Mendacio.

What should'st thou fear in the wars? he's not a good soldier that hath not a good stomach.

Appetitus.

O, but the stink of powder spoils Appetitus's stomach, and then thou know'st when 'tis gone, Appetitus is dead; therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourish'd it bravely about mine ears, kist, and finding myself hurt, most manfully ran away.

Mendacio.

All heart indeed, for thou ran'st like a hart out of the field. It seems then the Senses mean to fight it out.

Appetitus.

Aye, and out-fight themselves I think; and all about a trifle, a paltry bawble, found I know not where.

Mendacio.

Thou art deceived, they fight for more than that; a thing call'd superiority, of which the crown is but an emblem.

Appetitus.

Mendacio, hang this superiority; crown me no crown but Bacchus's crown of roses; give me no scepter but a fat capon's leg, to shew that I am the great king of Hungary. Therefore I prythee talk no more of state-matters; but in brief tell me, my little rascal, how thou hast spent thy time this many a day.

Mendacio.

Faith, in some credit since thou saw'st me last.

Appetitus.

How so, where?

Mendacio.

Every where; in the court your gentlewomen hang me at their apron strings, and that makes them answer so readily.

²⁶ — *where are thy spurs?*] See Note 2 to the First Part of *Jeropimo*, vol. III. p. 63.

In the city I am honoured like a God; none so well acquainted with your tradesmen. Your lawyers, all the Term-time, hire me of my lady; your gallants, if they hear my name abused; they stab for my sake; your travellers so dote upon me as ²⁷ passes; O, they have good reason, for I have carried them to many a good meal, under the countenance of my familiarity. Nay your statesmen have oftentimes closely conveyed me under their tongues, to make their policies more current. As for old men, they challenge my company by authority.

Appetitus.

I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

Mendacio.

Now when I am disposed, I can philosophy it in the university, with the subtlest of them all.

Appetitus.

I cannot be persuaded that thou art acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert prest to death in a printing-house.

Mendacio.

No! why I was the first founder of the three sects of philosophy, except one of the Peripaterics, who acknowledge Aristotle, I confess, their great grandfather.

Appetitus.

Thou boy! how is this possible? thou art but a child, and there were sects of philosophy before thou wert born.

Mendacio.

Appetitus, thou mistakest me; I tell thee three thousand years ago ²⁸ was Mendacio born in Greece, nurs'd in Crete, and ever since honoured every where: I'll be sworn I held old Homer's pen when he writ his Iliads and his Odysseys.

Appetitus.

Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

Mendacio.

I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses, lent

²⁷ — *as passes,*] i. e. exceeds bounds, or belief. See a Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4. S. 2. S.

²⁸ was Mendacio born in Greece,]

“ — *Græcia mendax*

“ *Audet in historia.*” S.

Pliny ink to write his history, ²⁹ rounded Rabelais in the ear when he historified Pantagruell; as for Lucian, I was his genius; O, those two books *de Vera Historia*, howsoever they go under his name, I'll be sworn I writ them every tittle.

Appetitus.

Sure as I am hungry, thou'lt have it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

Mendacio.

Nothing less. I must confess I would fain have jogged Stow and great Hollingshed on their elbows, when they were about their chronicles; and, as I remember, Sir John Mandevill's travels, and a great part of the Decads, were of my doing. But for the Mirror of Knighthood, Bevis of Southampton, Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaul, Huon de Bourdeaux, Sir Guy of Warwick, Martin Marprelate, Robin Hood, Garragantua, Gerilion, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe in my breath up and down.

Appetitus.

Downwards I'll swear, for there's stinking lyes in them.

Mendacio.

But what should I light a candle to the bright sun-shine of my glorious renown? The whole world is full of Mendacio's fame.

Appetitus.

And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

Mendacio.

But, firrah, how hast thou done this long time?

Appetitus.

In as much request as thyself. To begin with the court as thou didst; I lie with the ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for cullies and cruëllies so early before their prayers: your gallants never sup, breakfast, or ³⁰ beaver without me.

Mendacio.

That's false, for I have seen them eat with a full stomach.

Appetitus.

²⁹ rounded Rabelais in the ear] i. e. whispered him. See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 121.

³⁰ breakfast or beaver] More properly *bever*; a luncheon before dinner. The farmers in Essex still use the word. S.

Appetitus.

True, but because they know a little thing drives me from them; therefore in midst of meat they present me with some sharp sauce, or a dish of delicate anchovies, or a ³¹ caviare, to entice me back again. Nay more, your old Sirs, that hardly go without a prop, will walk a mile or two every day to renew their acquaintance with me. As for the academy, it is beholden to me, for adding the eighth province unto the noble Hierarchy of the liberal sciences.

Mendacio.

What's that, I pr'ythee?

Appetitus.

The most desired and honourable art of Cookery. Now, sirrah, in the City I am — 'st, 'st.
O the body of a louse.

Mendacio.

What, art a louse in the city?

Appetitus.

Not a word more, for yonder comes Phantastes and some body else.

Mendacio.

What a pox can Phantastes do?

Appetitus.

Work a miracle if he would prove wise.

Mendacio.

'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup³²; yet the fool loves me ex-

So, in *The Woman-bater*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 1. S. 3. Count Valore describing Lazarillo, says:

" — he is none of these

" Same Ordinary Eaters, that 'll devour

" Three breakfasts; as many dinners, and without any

" Prejudice to their *Beavers*, drinkings, suppers;

" But he hath a more courtly kind of hunger,

" And doth hunt more after novelty, than plenty."

Barret, in his *Alwearie*, explains a *boover*, a drinking betweene dinner and supper, and a *boier*, meate eaten after noone: a collation a noone meale.

³¹ caviare] See Note 19 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X. p. 230.

³² the vilest nup] This word, which occurs in Ben Jonson and some other writers, seems to have the same meaning as our *numps*. I am ignorant of its etymology. S.

ceedingly ; but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me, I shall never be rid of him.

[*Exeunt App. and Mend.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

*Phantastes, a swart-complexion'd fellow, but quick-ey'd, in a white sattin doublet of one fashion; green velvet hose of another; a fantastical hat with a plume of feathers of several colours; a little short taffeta cloak, a pair of buskins cut, drawn out with sundry colour'd ribbands, with scarfs hung about him, after all fashions, and of all colours; rings, jewels, a fan, and in every place other odd complements*³³.

Heuresis, a nimble-sprighted page in the newest fashion, with a garland of bays, &c.

Phantastes, Heuresis.

Phantastes.

SIRRAH, boy, Heuresis! boy, how now, biting your nails?

Heuresis.

Three things have troubled my brain this many a-day; and just now, when I was laying hold on the invention of them, your sudden call made them, like Tantalus's apples, fly from my fingers.

Phantastes.

Some great matters questionless; what were they?

Heuresis.

The quadrature of a circle, the philosopher's stone, and the next way to the Indies.

Phantastes.

Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for they'll be found out altogether, *ad Græcas Calendas*; but let

³³ *other odd complements*] i. e. other requisites towards the fitting out of a character. See a Note on *Levi's Labour Lost*, vol. II. p. 385. edit. 1778. S.

them

them pass, and carry the conceit I told you this morning to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capricious, 'twill take, I warrant thee.

Heurefis.

I will, sir. But what say you to the gentleman that was with you yesterday?

Phantastes.

O, I think thou meanest him that made nineteen sonnets of his mistress's ³⁴ busk-point.

Heurefis.

The same, the same, sir. You promis'd to help him out with the twentieth.

Phantastes.

By Jupiter's cloven pate, 'tis true. But we witty fellows are so forgetful; but stay, hu, hu carry him this.

*The Gordian knot, which Alexander great
Did whilom cut with his all-conquering sword,
Was nothing like thy ³⁴ busk-point, ³⁵ pretty peat,
Nor could so fair an augury afford.*

Then, to conclude, let him pervert Catullus's *Zonam solvit diu ligatam* thus, thus:

*Which if I chance to cut, or else untie,
Thy little world I'll conquer presently.*

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporal.

Heurefis.

Well, sir, but now for master Inamorato's love-letter.

³⁴ busk-point] A busk-point was, I believe, the lace of a lady's stays. Minshieu explains a buske to be a part of dress "made of wood or whale-bone, a plated or quilted thing to keepe the body straight." The word, I am informed, is still in common use, particularly in the country among the farmers' daughters and servants, for a piece of wood to preserve the stays from being bent. Points or laces were worn by both sexes, and are frequently mentioned in our ancient dramatick writers.

³⁵ pretty peat] Mr. Steevens says that peat, in one of the Scotch Proverbs, signifies darling. Dr. Johnson, that it is a word of endearment from petit little. See Notes on *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 1. Again, in *The City Madam*, by Massinger, A. 2. S. 2.

"— you are pretty peats, and your great portions

"Add much unto your handfomness."

K 4

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

Some nettling stuff i'faith; let him write thus: *Most heart-commanding fac'd gentlewoman, even as the stone in India, call'd Basiliscus, hurts all that looks on it; and as the serpent in Arabia, called Smaragdus, delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial orb-assimilating eyes both please, and in pleasing wound my love-darted heart.*

Heuresis.

But what trick shall I invent for the conclusion?

Phantastes.

Pish, any thing, love will minister ink for the rest; he that once begun well, hath half done, let him begin again, and there's all.

Heuresis.

Master Gullio spoke for a new fashion; what for him?

Phantastes.

A fashion for his suit—let him button it down the sleeve with four elbows, and so make it the pure hieroglyphic of a fool,

Heuresis.

Nay then let me request one thing of you.

Phantastes.

What's that, boy? by this fair hand thou shalt have it.

Heuresis.

Mistress Superbia, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wish'd me to devise her a new set for her ruff, and an odd tire: I pray, sir, help me out with it.

Phantastes.

Ah, boy! in my conceit 'tis a hard matter to perform; these women have well nigh tired me with devising tires for them; and set me at a nonplus for new sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

Heuresis.

I pray, sir, she hath a bad face, and fain would have suitors. Fantastical and odd apparel would perchance draw somebody to look on her,

Phantastes.

If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it the worse: bid her wear the multitude of her deformities under a mask, till my leisure will serve to devise some durable and unstain'd blush of painting.

Heuresis.

Heuresis.

Very good, sir.

Phantastes.

Away then, hye thee again, meet me at the court within this hour at the farthest. [Exit Heuresis.]

Oh heavens! how have I been troubled these latter times with women, fools, babes, taylors, poets, swaggerers, gulls, ballad-makers! they have almost disrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can devise; were it not that I pity the multitude of printers, these sonnet-mongers should starve for conceits, for all Phantastes. But these puling lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their encomiums of their mistresses. They make, forsooth, her hair of gold, her eyes of diamond, her cheeks of roses, her lips of rubies, her teeth of pearl, and her whole body of ivory; and when they have thus idol'd her like Pygmalion, they fall down and worship her. Psyche, thou hast laid a hard task upon my shoulders, to invent at every one's ask: Were it not that I refresh my dulness once a-day with thy most angelical presence, 'twere impossible for me to undergo it.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA TERTIA.

Communis Sensus, a grave man in a black velvet cassock, like a counsellor, speaks coming out of the door.

*Communis Sensus, Phantastes.**Communis Sensus.*

I CANNOT stay, I tell you; 'tis more than time I were at court; I know my sovereign Psyche hath expected me this hour.

Phantastes.

In good time, yonder comes Common Sense, I imagine it should be he by his voice.

Communis Sensus.

Crave my counsel! tell me what manner of man he is? can he entertain a man in his house? can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and ³⁶ *vale* his bonnet with the other? knows he

³⁶ *vale* his bonnet] See Note 13 to George a Greene, *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III. p. 28.

how

how to become a scarlet gown? hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door³⁷?

Phantastes.

He's about some hasty state-matters; he talks of posts methinks.

Communis Sensus.

Can he part a couple of dogs brawling in the street? why then chuse him mayor; upon my credit, he'll prove a wise officer.

Phantastes.

Save you, my lord; I have attended your leisure this hour.

Communis Sensus.

Fie upon't, what a toil have I had to chuse them a mayor yonder? there's a tusty currier will have this man; there's a chandler wipes his nose on his sleeve, and swears it shall not be so. There's a mustard-maker looks as keen as vinegar, will have another. O this many-headed multitude, 'tis a hard matter to please them.

Phantastes.

Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's master Memory? hath he forgotten himself that he is not here?

Communis Sensus.

'Tis high time he were at court, I would he would come.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA QUARTA.

Memory, an old decrepid man, in a black velvet³⁸ cassock, a taffeta gown furred, with white gogram, a white beard, velvet slippers, a watch, staff, &c.

³⁷ a fresh pair of posts at the door] Alluding to the office of sheriff. See Note 44 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 303.

³⁸ cassock] "Cassock, says Mr. Steevens, signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakespeare; it likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rusticks." See Note to *All's well that ends well*, A. 4. S. 3.

Anamnestes

Anamnestes his page, in a grave sattin sute purple, buskins, a garland of bays and rosemary, a ³⁹ gimmel ring with one link hanging; ribbands and threads tied to some of his fingers; in his hand a pair of table-books, &c.

Memory, Anamnestes, Phantastes, Sens, Com.

Memory.

HOW soon a wise man shall have his wish!

Communis Sensus.

Memory, the season of your coming is very ripe.

Phantastes.

Had you staid a little longer, 'twould have been stark rotten.

Memory.

I am glad I save it from the swine—S'precious, I have forgot something. O my purse, my purse! why, Anamnestes, Remembrance? where art thou Anamnestes, Remembrance? that vile boy is always gadding; I remember he was at my heels even now, and now the vile rascal is vanish'd.

Phantastes.

Is he not here? why then in my imagination he's left behind: Hola, Anamnestes, Remembrance!

Anamnestes.

[*Running in haste*] Anon, anon, fir; anon, anon, fir: anon, anon, fir; anon, anon, fir.

Memory.

Ha, firrah, what a brawling's here?

Anamnestes.

I do but give you an answer with anon, fir.

Memory.

You answer sweetly; I have call'd you three or four times one after another.

Anamnestes.

Sir, I hope I answered you three or four times, one in the neck of another. But if your good worship have lent me any more calls, tell me, and I'll repay them, as I'm a gentleman.

³⁹ gimmel ring] "A gimmel, or gimbal ring, a Fr. G. Gemeau, ut. "a Lat. Gemellus, q. d. Annalus Gemellus, quoniam sc. duobus aut pluribus orbibus constat." SKINNER.

Gimmel rings are often mentioned in ancient writers.

Memory.

Memory.

Leave your tattle ; had you come at first, I had not spent so much breath in vain.

Anamnestes.

The truth is, sir, the first time you called I heard you not, the second I understood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no ; the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answer'd so suddenly.

Memory.

Go, firrah, run, seek every where, I have lost my purse somewhere.

Anamnestes.

I go, sir. Go, firrah, seek, run, I have lost, bring : here's a dog's life with a pox ! shall I be always used like a water-spaniel ?

[*Exit Anamnestes.*

Communis Sensus.

Come, good master register, I wonder you be so late now-a-days.

Memory.

My good lord, I remember that I knew your grandfather in this your place, and I remember your grandfather's great grandfather's grandfather's father's father ; yet in those days I never remember that any of them could say, that Register Memory ever broke one minute of his appointment.

Communis Sensus.

Why, good father, why are you so late now-a-days ?

Memory.

Thus 'tis ; the most customers I remember myself to have, are, as your lordship knows, scholars, and now-a-days the most of them are become critics, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them again.

Phantastes.

Jupiter, Jupiter, I had thought these flies had bit none but myself : do critics tickle you i'faith ?

Memory.

Very familiarly : for they must know of me, forsooth, how every idle word is written in all the musty moth-eaten manuscripts, kept in all the old libraries in every city betwixt England and Peru.

Communis

Communis Sensus.

Indeed I have noted these times to affect antiquities more than is requisite.

Memory.

I remember in the age of Aslaracus and Ninus, and about the wars of Thebes, and the siege of Troy, there were few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving; but now every trifle must be wrap'd up in the volume of eternity. A rich pudding-wife, or a cobbler, cannot die but I must immortalize his name with an epitaph; a dog cannot piss in a nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the chronicles; so that I never could remember my treasure more full, and never emptier of honourable and true heroical actions.

Phantastes.

By your leave, Memory, you are not alone troubled; chronologers many of them are so fantastic, as when they bring a captain to the combat, lifting up his revengesful arm to dispart the head of his enemy, they'll hold up his arms so long, till they have bestowed three or four pages in describing the gold hilts of his threatening faulchion: so that in my fancy the reader may well wonder his adversary slabs him not before he strikes. Moreover, they are become most palpable flatterers, always begging at my gates for invention.

Communis Sensus.

This is a great fault in a chronologer to turn parasite: an absolute historian should be in fear of none; ⁴⁰ neither should he write any thing more than truth for friendship, or less for hate; but keep himself equal and constant in all his discourses. But for us, we must be contented, for as our honours increase, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices urge us to wax heavy.

Phantastes.

But not till our backs break; 'twill there was never any so haunted as I am; this day there comes a sophister to my house, knocks at my door; his errand being ask'd, forsooth his answer was to borrow a fair suit of conceits out of my wardrobe, to apparel a shew he had in hand: and what think you is the plot?

⁴⁰ — *neither should he write, &c.*] “Quis nescit primam esse Historiæ legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat; deinde, ne quid veri non audeat.” Cicero de Orat. lib. ii. 15.

Communis Sensus.

Nay, I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toys.

Phantastes.

Mean while he's somewhat acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person upon the stage.

Communis Sensus.

What me? I can't remember that I was ever brought upon the stage before.

Phantastes.

Yes you and you, and myself with all my fantastical tricks and humours; but I trow I have fitted him with fooleries, I trust he'll never trouble me again.

Communis Sensus.

O times! O manners! when boys dare to traduce men in authority; was ever such an attempt heard?

Memory.

I remember there was: for, to say the truth, at my last being at Athens, it is now, let me see, about one thousand eight hundred years ago, ⁴¹ I was at a Comedy of Aristophanes's making. I shall never forget it, the arch-governor of Athens took me by the hand and placed me; and there I say, I saw Socrates abused most grossly, himself being then a present spectator: I remember he sat full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

Communis Sensus.

In those days it was lawful, but now the abuse of such liberty is unsufferable.

⁴¹ *I was at a Comedy, &c*] This was called THE CLOUDS, in which piece Socrates was represented hanging up in a basket in the air, uttering numberless chimerical absurdities, and blaspheming, as it was then reputed, the Gods of his country. At the performance of this piece, Socrates was present himself; and "notwithstanding," says his Biographer, "the gross abuse that was offered to his character, he did not shew the least signs of resentment or anger; nay, such was the unparalleled good-nature of this godlike man, that some strangers there being desirous to see the original of this scenic picture, he rose up in the middle of the performance, stood all the rest of the time, and shew'd himself to the people; by which well-placed confidence in his own merit and innocence, reminding them of those virtues and wisdom so opposite to the sophist in the play, his pretended likeness, he detected the false circumstances, which were obtruded into his character, and obviated the malicious designs of the poet, who, having brought his play a second time upon the stage, met with the contempt he justly merited for such a composition." Cooper's *Life of Socrates*, p. 55.

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

Think what you will of it, I think 'tis done; and I think it is acting by this time: hark, hark; what drumming's yonder! I'll lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake of.

Communis Sensus.

It may be so; stay, we'll see what 'tis.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA QUINTA.

Lingua, Mendacio, Communis Sensus, and the rest.

Lingua.

FEIGN thyself in great haste.

Mendacio.

I warrant you, madam: I doubt 'tis in vain to run, by this they are all past overtaking.

Communis Sensus.

Is not this *Lingua* that is in such haste?

Phantastes.

Yes, yes, stand still.

Mendacio.

I must speak with him.

Communis Sensus.

With whom?

Mendacio.

Affure yourself they are all at court ere this.

Lingua.

Run after them, for unless he know it —

Communis Sensus.

Lingua!

Lingua.

O, is't your lordship? I beseech you pardon me. Haste and fear, I protest, put out mine eyes: I look'd so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

Phantastes.

In my conceit that's like the man that enquired, who saw his ass, when himself rid on him.

Lingua.

O my heart beats so! fie, fie, fie, fie.

Mendacio.

Mendacio.

I am so weary; fo, fo, fo, fo.

*Communis Sensus.*I pr'ythee, *Lingua*, make an end.*Lingua.*

Let me begin first, I beseech you; but if you will needs have the end first, thus 'tis. The commonwealth of Microcosme at this instant suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poisoned.

Phantastes.

What Apothecary durst be so bold as make such a confection? ha, what poison is't?

Lingua.

A golden crown.

Mendacio.

I mistake; or else Galen, in his book *de sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restorative.

*Communis Sensus.**Lingua*, express yourself.*Mendacio.*

Madam, if you want breath, let me help you out.

Lingua.

I pr'ythee do, do.

Mendacio.

My lord, the report is, that Mercury coming late into this country; in this very place left a coronet with this inscription, *that the best of the five should have it*, which the Senses thinking to belong unto them——

Lingua.

Challenge each other, and are now in arms, and't like your lordship.

Communis Sensus.

I protest it likes not me.

Lingua.

Their battles are not far hence ready rang'd.

Communis Sensus.

O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

Memory.

My lord, in your great grandfather's time, there was I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my counsel is,
that

that after his example, by the strength of your authority, you convene them before you.

Communis Sensus.

Lingua, go presently; command the Senses upon their allegiance to our dread sovereign queen Psyche, to dismiss their companies, and personally to appear before me without any pretence of excuse.

Lingua.

I go, my lord.

Phantastes.

But hear you, madam? I pray you let your page's tongue walk with us a little, till you return again.

Lingua.

With all my heart.

[*Exit Lingua.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA SEXTA.

Phantastes.

HOT youths, I protest: Saw you those warlike preparations?

Mendacio.

Lately, my lords, I sped into the army;
But oh, 'tis far beyond my reach of wit,
Or strength of utterance, to describe their forces.

Communis Sensus.

Go to; speak what thou canst.

Mendacio.

Upon the right hand of a spacious hill,
Proud Visus marshalleth a puissant army,
Three thousand eagles strong, whose valiant captain
Is Jove's swift thunder-bearer, that same bird,
That hoist up Ganimede from the Trojan plains.
The vanguard strengthened with a wondrous flight
Of falcons, haggards, hobbies, terselets,
Lanards and gothawks, sparhawks, and ravenous birds.

⁴¹ Of falcons, baggards, &c.] These were the names of several species of hawks. See an account of them in the Treatises on Falconry, particularly those of Turbervill and Latham.]

The rearward granted to Auditus' charge,
Is stoutly follow'd with an impetuous herd
Of stiff-neck'd bulls, and many horn-mad stags,
Of the best head the forest can afford.

Pbantastes.

I promise you a fearful troop of soldiers.

Mendacio.

Right opposite stands Tactus, strongly mann'd
With three thousand bristled ⁴² urchens for his pikemen,
Four hundred tortoisses for elephants;
Besides a monstrous troop of ugly spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded
Of their own guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'have fram'd a net (O wondrous work !)
That, fastened by the concave of the moon,
Spreads down itself to th' earth's circumference.

Memory.

'Tis very strange; I cannot remember the like engine at any time.

Mendacio.

Nay more, my lord, the masks are made so strong,
That I myself upon them scal'd the heavens,
And boldly walk'd about the middle region,
Where, in the province of the meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of hail and rain,
Garners of snow, and crystals full of dew;
Rivers of burning arrows, dens of dragons,
Huge beams of flames, and spears like fire-brands.
Where I beheld hot Mars and Mercury,
With rackets made of spheres and balls of stars,
Playing at tennis for a tun of Nectar.
And that vast gaping of the firmament,
Under the southern pole, is nothing else
But the great hazard of their tennis court;
The Zodiac is the line; the shooting stars,

⁴² urchens] i. e. hedge-hogs. See a Note on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, vol. I. p. 28. edit. 1778. S.

Again, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. Q2: "— that the
"soule of Duns woulde a litle leue Sorbone College, and enter into my
"brest, be he never so thornie, and fuller of pricles than is any *urcheon*."

Which

Which in an eye-bright evening seem to fall,
Are nothing but the balls they lose at bandy.
Thus having took my pleasure with those fights,
By the same net I went up, I descended.

Communis Sensus.

Well, firrah, to what purpose tends this stratagem?

Mendacio.

None know directly, but I think it is
T' intrap the eagles, when the battles join.

Phantastes.

Who takes Tactus his part?

Mendacio.

Under the standard of thrice hardy Tactus,
Thrice valiant Gustus leads his warlike forces;
An endless multitude of desperate apes;
Five hundred marmosets and long-tail'd monkeys,
All trained to the field, and nimble gunners.

Phantastes.

I imagine there's ⁴³ old moving amongst them; methinks a
handful of nuts would turn them all out of their soldiers coats.

Mendacio.

Ramparts of pasty crust, and forts of pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of custard stuff,
Hath Gustus made: and planted ordnance,
Strange ordnance, cannons of hollow canes,
Whose powder's rape-feed, charg'd with turnip shot.

Memory.

I remember ⁴⁴ in the country of Utopia, they use no other
kind of artillery.

⁴³ *old moving*] This is one of the many phrases in these volumes which, being not understood, was altered without any authority from the ancient copies. The last edition reads *odd mouting*; the text, however, is right: for *old*, as Mr. Steevens observes, was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language, and as such is often used by Shakspeare and others. See Notes on the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. and *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 3. S. 2.

Again, in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630, p. 34. "— on
"Sunday at Masse there was *old ringing of bells*, and old and yong came
"to church to see the new roode."

⁴⁴ *in the country of Utopia*] A sneer at the Utopian Treatises on Government, S.

Communis Sensus.

But what's become of Olfactus?

Mendacio.

He politicly leans to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at receipt,
Having great swine his pioneers to entrench them.

Phantastes.

In my foolish imagination Olfactus is very like the goddess
of victory, that never takes any part but the conqueror's.

Mendacio.

And in the woods he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry mastiffs;
And o'er his head hover at his command
A cloud of vultures, which o'erspread the light,
Making a night before the day be done:
But to what end not known, but fear'd of all.

Phantastes.

I conjecture he intends to see them fight, and after the battle
to feed his dogs, hogs, and vultures, upon the murdered car-
cases.

Mendacio.

My lord, I think the fury of their anger will not be obedient
to the message of Lingua; for otherwise, in my conceit, they
should have been here ere this. With your lordship's good
liking, we'll attend upon you to see the field for more certainty.

Communis Sensus.

It shall be so; come, master Register, let's walk.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Anamnestes, *with a purse in his hand.*

Anamnestes.

FORSOOTH, Oblivio, shut the door upon me; I could
come no sooner: ha? is he not here? O excellent! would
I were hang'd, but I look'd for a sound rap on the pate, and
that made me before-hand to lift up this excuse for a buckler.

I know he's not at court, for here is his purse, without which warrant there's no coming thither; wherefore now, Anamnestes, sport thyself a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. Plutus send there be jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones—The best sure lies in the bottom—pox on't, here's nothing but a company of worm-eaten papers: what's this? Memorandum that master Prodigio owes me four thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawn for it. Memorandum that I owe—that he owes? 'Tis well the old slave hath some care of his credit; to whom owes he trow I? that I owe Anamnestes; what me? I never lent him any thing; ha, this is good, there's something coming to me more than I look'd for. Come on; what is't? Memorandum that I owe Anamnestes——⁴⁵ a breeching; i'faith, sir, I will ease you of that payment. [*He rends the bill.*] Memorandum, that when I was a child Robusto tripp'd up my heels at football: what a revengeful ⁴⁶ dizard is this?

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

Mendacio, *with cushions under his arms, trips up Anamnestes's heels.*

Mendacio, Anamnestes.

Anamnestes.

How now?

Mendacio.

Nothing, but lay you upon the cushion, sir, or so.

Anamnestes.

Nothing, but lay the cushion upon you, sir?

Mendacio.

What, my little Nam? by this foot I am sorry I mistook thee.

Anamnestes.

What, my little Men? by this hand it grieves me I took thee so right. But, firrah, whither with these cushions?

⁴⁵ *a breeching*] See Note 48 to *Edward II.* vol. II. p. 403.

⁴⁶ *dizard*] i. e. a blockhead, a fool. S.

Mendacio.

To lay them here, that the judges may sit softly, lest my lady Lingua's cause go hard with her.

Anamnestes.

They should have been wrought with gold; these will do nothing: but what makes my lady with the judges?

Mendacio.

Pish, know'st not? she sueth for the title of a Sense, as well as the rest that bear the name of the Pentarchy.

Anamnestes.

Will Common Sense and my master leave their affairs to determine that controversy?

Mendacio.

Then thou hear'st nothing.

Anamnestes.

What should I hear?

Mendacio.

All the senses fell out about a crown fallen from heaven, and pitch'd a field for it; but Vicegerent Common Sense hearing of it, took upon him to umpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their arms dismissed) to appear before him, charging every one to bring, as it were in a shew, their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their several excellencies.

Anamnestes.

When is all this?

Mendacio.

As soon as they can possibly provide.

Anamnestes.

But can he tell which deserves best by their objects?

Mendacio.

No not only; for every sense must describe his instrument, that is, his house, where he performs his daily duty; so that by the object and the instrument my lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

Anamnestes.

His lordship's very wise.

Mendacio.

Thou shalt hear all anon. Fine master Phantastes and thy master will be here shortly. But how is't, my little rogue? methinks thou look'st lean upon't.

Anamnestes.

Anamnestes.

Alas! how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a raw-bon'd skeleton as Memory, and run all day on his errands? The churl's grown so old and forgetful, that every hour he's calling Anamnestes, Remembrance, where art Anamnestes? Then presently something's-lost; poor I must run for it; and these words, run boy, come firrah, quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the cough, never out of his mouth.

Mendacio.

Alack, alack! poor rogue, I see my fortunes are better. My lady loves me exceedingly; she's always kissing me: so that I tell thee, Nam, Mendacio's never from betwixt her lips.

Anamnestes.

Nor out of Memory's mouth; but in a worse sort, always exercising my stumps; and which is more, when he favours best, then I am in the worst taking.

Mendacio.

How so?

Anamnestes.

Thus; when we are friends, then must I come and be dandled upon his palsy-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long story of his acquaintance with king Priamus; and his familiarity with Nestor; and how he played at ⁴⁷ blow-point with Jupiter, when he was in his side-coats; and how he went to look bird-nests with Athous: and where he was at Deucalion's flood; and twenty such old wives' tales.

Mendacio.

I wonder he being so old can talk so much.

Anamnestes.

Nature, thou know'st, knowing what an unruly engine the tongue is, hath set teeth round about for watchmen: now, fir, my master's old age hath cough'd out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runs so much at liberty.

Mendacio.

Philosophical!

Anamnestes.

O, but there's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see

⁴⁷ blow-point] See Note 9 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X. p. 23.

an ugly, foul, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called Oblivio, preferred before me; dost know him?

Mendacio.

Who I? ay; but care not for his acquaintance: hang him blockhead, I could never abide him. Thou, Remembrance, art the only friend that the arms of my friendship shall embrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of Oblivio?

Anamneses.

The very naming of him hath made me forget myself. O, O, O, that rascal is so made of every where.

Mendacio.

Who, Oblivio?

Anamneses.

Ay, for our courtiers hug him continually in their ungrateful bosoms; and your smooth belly, fat-back'd, barrel-paunch'd, tun-gutted drones are never without him: as for Memory, he's a false-hearted fellow, he always deceives them; they respect not him, except it be to play a game at chests⁴⁸, primero⁴⁹, saunt,

⁴⁸ chests] i. e. chess.

⁴⁹ primero] A favourite game formerly, and apparently one of the oldest in use. The manner in which it was played will appear from the following Epigram of Sir John Harrington, the translator of Ariosto:

The story of Marcus life at *Primero*.

- " Fond Marcus ever at *Primero* plays,
- " Long winter nights, and as long summer dayes:
- " And I heard once to idle talke attending
- " The story of his time's and coine's mis-spending
- " At first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heaven,
- " If in his hand he had but got a sev'n.
- " His father's death set him so high on stote,
- " All rests went up upon a sev'n and coate.
- " But while he drawes from these gray coats and gownes,
- " The gamesters from his purse drew all his crownes.
- " And he ne'er ceast to venter all in prime,
- " Till of his age, quite was consum'd the prime.
- " Then he more warily his rest regards,
- " And sets with certainties upon the cards,
- " On fixe and thirtie, or on sev'n and nine,
- " If any set his rest, and saith, and mine:
- " But seed with this, he either gaines or saves,
- " For either Faustus prime is with three knaves,

saunt⁵⁰, maw⁵¹, or such like.

Mendacio.

I cannot think such fellows have to do with Oblivio, since they never got any thing to forget.

Anamnestes.

Again, these prodigal swaggerers that are so much bound to their creditors, if they have but one cross about them, they'll spend it in wine upon Oblivio.

Mendacio.

To what purpose, I prythee?

Anamnestes.

Only in hope he'll wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

Mendacio.

Why then no man cares for thee.

" Or Marcus never can encounter right,
 " Yet drew two Ases, and for further spight
 " Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
 " But not encountred, it avail'd him naught.
 " Well, sith encountring, he so faire doth misse;
 " He sets not, till he nine and fortie is.
 " And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
 " He lost it by the hand, with which fore troubled,
 " He joynes now all his stocke unto his stake,
 " That of his fortune he full prooffe may make.
 " At last both eldest hand and five and fifty,
 " He thinketh now or never (thrive unthrifty.)
 " Now for the greatest rest he hath the push:
 " But Crassus stopt a club, and so was flush:
 " And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
 " Poore Marcus, and his rest goes still to wracke.
 " Now must he seek new spoile to rest his rest,
 " For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest, unrest.
 " His land, his plate he pawnes, he sels his leases,
 " To patch, to borrow, and shift he never ceases.
 " Till at the last, two catch-poles him encounter,
 " And by arrest, they beare him to the Counter.
 " Now Marcus may set up all rests securely:
 " For now he's sure to be encountred surely."

See also Note 24 to *The Jovial Crew*, vol. 10. p. 364.

⁵⁰ saunt] See Note to *The Dumb Knight*, vol. VIII.

⁵¹ maw] See Note 37 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 29. in which this Game is mentioned. So again, in Dekker's *Belman's Night-walkes*, Sign. I 3. it is again alluded to "The set at Maw being plaid out."

Anamnestes.

Anamnestes.

Yes, a company of studious paper-worms, and lean scholars, and niggardly scraping usurers, and a troop of heart-eating envious persons, and those canker-stomach'd spiteful creatures that furnish up common-place books with other men's faults. The time hath been in those golden days when Saturn reigned, that if a man receiv'd a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it, but now in these iron afternoons, save your friend's life, and Oblivio will be more familiar with him than you.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA TERTIA.

Heuresis, Mendacio, Anamnestes.

Heuresis.

PHANTASTES not at court? is't possible! 'tis the strangest accident that ever was heard of. I had thought the ladies and gallants would never lie without him.

Anamnestes.

Hist, hist, Mendacio; I pr'ythee observe Heuresis; it seems he cannot find his master, that's able to find out all things; and art thou now at a fault? canst not find out thine own master?

Heuresis.

I'll try one more way. O yes!

Mendacio.

What a proclamation for him?

Anamnestes.

Ay, ay, his nimble head is always full of proclamations.

Heuresis.

O yes!

Mendacio.

But doth he cry him in the wood?

Anamnestes.

O good fir, and good reason, for every beast hath phantasy at his pleasure.

Heuresis.

Heuresis.

O yes! if any man can tell any tidings of a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humorous, conceited, fantastic gallant, with hollow eyes, sharp look; swart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toys in his apparel as fooleries in his looks and gesture; let him come forth and certify me thereof, and he shall have for his reward—

Anamnestes.

I can tell you where he is, what shall he have?

Heuresis.

A box o'the ear, firrah [*Snap*].

Anamnestes.

How now, Invention, are you so quick-finger'd? i'faith, there's your principal, firrah, [*snap*] and here's the interest ready in my hand [*snap*]. [*They fall together by the ears.*] Yea, have you found out scratching? now I remember me——

Heuresis.

Do you bite me, rascal?

Mendacio.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture of this axiom, *a quick invention and a good memory can never agree*. Fie, fie, fie, Heuresis; beat him when he's down?

Anamnestes.

Pr'ythee let's alone; proud jackanapes, I'll——

Heuresis.

What will you do?

Anamnestes.

Untruss thy points, and whip thee, thou paltry—— Let me go, Mendacio, if thou lov'st me: shall I put up the——

Mendacio.

Come, come, come, you shall fight no more, in good faith: Heuresis, your master will catch you anon.

Heuresis.

My master! where is he?

Mendacio.

I'll bring you to him, come away.

Heuresis.

Anamnestes, I scorn that thou shouldst think I go away for fear of any thing thou canst do unto me; here's my hand, as soon

soon as thou canst pick the least occasion, put up thy finger, I am for thee.

Anamnestes.

When thou dar'st, Heuresis, when thou dar'st, I'll be as ready as thyself at any time. [*Exeunt Mendacio and Heuresis.*]
This Heuresis, this Invention, is the proudest jackanapes, the pertest self-conceited boy that ever breath'd: because, forsooth, some odd poet, or some such fantastic fellows, make much on him, ⁵² there's no ho with him; the vile dandi-prat will overlook the proudest of his acquaintance: but well I remember me, I learn'd a trick t'other day, to bring a boy o'er the thigh finely: if he come, i'faith I'll tickle him with it. [*Mendacio comes running back in great haste.*]

Mendacio.

As I am a rascal, Nam, they are all coming. I see master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry up his four ages. [*Exit Mendacio.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA QUARTA.

Memoria, Anamnestes.

Memoria.

AH you leaden-heeled rascal!

Anamnestes.

Here 'tis, sir; I have it, I have it.

Memoria.

Is this all the haste you make?

Anamnestes.

An't like your worship, your clog-head Oblivio went before me, and toil'd the trail of your footsteps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse, forsooth.

Memoria.

You might have been here long ere this: come hither, firrah, come hither: what, must you go round about? goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

⁵² there's no ho] See Note 79 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 353.

Anamnestes.

Anamnestes.

In truth, fir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the city, fought you in every ale-house, inn, tavern, dicing-house, tennis-court, stews, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

Memoria.

Ha, villain, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha?

Anamnestes.

No, no, fir, but I was told by my lady Lingua's page that your worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would ask for me, an it please your worship.

Memoria.

I remember another quarrel, firrah; but well, well, I have no leisure.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA QUINTA.

Communis Sensus, Lingua, Phantastes, Memory, Anamnestes.

Communis.

LINGUA, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before us; seeing therefore they be not in readiness, we license you in the mean while, either in your own person, or by your advocate, to speak what you can for yourself.

Lingua.

My lord, if I should bring before your honour all my friends, ready to importune you in my behalf, I should have so many rhetoricians, logicians, lawyers, and which is more, so many women to attend me, that this grove would hardly contain the company; wherefore, to avoid the tediousness, I will lay the whole cause upon the tip of mine own tongue.

Communis.

Be as brief as the necessity of our short time requires.

Lingua.

My lord, though the *imbecillitas* of my feeble sex might draw me back from this tribunal, with the *habenis*, to wit
timoris

timoris and the *Catenis pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairly led on with the gracious *επιείκεια* of your *justissime* *δικαιοσύνης*: Especially so *aspremente spurd' congli spronidi necessita mia pugnente*, I will without the help of orators commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *volutabilitati τῶν γυναικείων λόγων*, which *avec vostre bonne plaisir*, I will finish with more than *Laconicâ brevitate*:

Communis.

What's this? here's a gallemaufry of speech indeed.

Memory.

I remember about the year 1602 many used this skew kind of language; which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, ⁵³ Platony, the son of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white, half black.

Communis.

I am persuaded these same language-makers have the very quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all heterogéneal languages together, congealing English tin, Grecian gold, Roman ⁵⁴ latten all in a lump.

Phantasticks.

Or rather, in my imagination, like your fantastical gull's apparel, wearing a Spanish felt, a French dublet, a Granado stocking, a Dutch sloop, an Italian cloak, with a Welch freeze jerkin.

Communis Sensus.

Well, leave your toying, we cannot pluck the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore, *Lingua*, go on, but in a less formal manner; you know an ingenious oration must neither swell above the banks with insolent words, nor creep too shallow in the ford with vulgar terms; but run equally, smooth, and chearful, through the clean current of a pure style.

⁵³ *Platony*,] rather Ptolemy. S. P.

⁵⁴ *Roman latten*] *Latten*, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is "Brass; a mixture of Copper and Caliminaris stone." Mr. Theobald, from Monsieur Dacier, says: "C'est une espèce de cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons au jourd'hui du *leton*. It is a sort of mountain copper, as its very name imports, and which we at this time of day call *latten*." See Mr. Theobald's Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. I. S. I.

Lingua.

Lingua.

My lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirm my worth to be equal or better than the Senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the ^{ss} deſt file of time; whereas the tongue is able to recount things paſt, and often pronounce things to come, by this means re-edifying ſuch excellencies, as time and age do eaſily depopulate.

Communis Senſus.

But what profitable ſervice do you undertake for our dread queen Pſyche?

Lingua.

O how I am raviſh'd to think how infinitely ſhe hath grac'd me with her moſt acceptable ſervice! But above all (which you, matter Register, well remember) when her highneſs, taking my mouth for her inſtrument, with the bow of my tongue ſtruck ſo heavenly a touch upon my teeth, that ſhe charm'd the very tigers aſleep, the liſtning bears and lions to couch at her feet, while the hills leap'd, and the woods danc'd to the ſweet harmony of her moſt angelical accents.

Memory.

I remember it very well. Orpheus play'd upon the harp, while ſhe ſung, about ſome four years after, the contention betwixt Apollo and Pan, and a little before the excoriation of Marſyas.

Anamneſtes.

By the ſame token the river Alpheus, at that time purſuing his beloved Arethufa, diſchannel'd himſelf of his former courſe, to be partaker of their admirable confort, and the muſic being ended, thruſt himſelf headlong into earth, the next way to follow his amorous chace: if you go to Arcadia, you ſhall ſee his coming up again.

Communis Senſus.

Forward, Lingua, with your reaſon.

^{ss} deſt] Deſt is handy, dextrous. So, in *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 1:

“Thyſelf and office deſtly ſhow.”

See Note on *Macbeth*, edit. 1778. S.

Lingua.

Lingua.

How oft hath her excellency employed me as ambassador in her most urgent affairs to foreign kings and emperors? I may say to the Gods themselves. How many bloodless battles have my persuasions attain'd, when the Senses forces have been vanquish'd? how many rebels have I reclaimed, when her sacred authority was little regarded? Her laws (without exprobatation be it spoken) had been altogether unpublished, her will unperformed, her illustrious deeds unrenowned, had not the silver sound of my trumpet filled the whole circuit of the universe with her deserved fame. Her cities would dissolve, traffic would decay, friendships be broken, were not my speech the knot, Mercury and Masticque, to bind, defend, and glew them together. What should I say more? I can never speak enough of the unspeakable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech cannot sufficiently express the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

Communis Sensus.

Lingua, your service and dignity we confess to be great; nevertheless these reasons prove you not to have the nature of a sense.

Lingua.

By your ladyship's favour, I can soon prove that a sense is a faculty, by which our queen sitting in her privy chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrences. That I am of this nature, I prove thus. *The object which I challenge is —*

*Enter Appetitus in haste.**Appetitus.*

Stay, stay, my lord, defer, I beseech you, defer the judgment.

Communis Sensus.

Who's this that boldly interrupts us?

Appetitus.

My name is Appetitus, common servant to the pentarchy of the Senses, who, understanding that your honour was handling this action of Lingua's, sent me hither thus hastily,
most

most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these articles they alledge against her, before you proceed to judgment.

Communis Sensus.

Hum, here's good stuff; master Register, read them. Appetitus, you may depart, and bid your mistress make convenient speed.

Appetitus.

At your lordship's pleasure.

[*Exit Appetitus.*

Memory.

I remember that I forgot my spectacles; I left them in the 349th page of Hall's chronicles, where he tells a great wonder of a multitude of mice, which had almost destroyed the country; but that there resorted a great mighty flight of owls, that destroyed them. Anamnestes, read these articles distinctly.

Anamnestes.

Art. 1. Imprimis, We accuse Lingua of high treason and sacrilege against the most honourable commonwealth of letters; for, under pretence of profiting the people with translations, she hath most vilely prostituted the hard mysteries of unknown languages to the prophane ears of the vulgar.

Phantastes.

This is as much as to make a new hell in the upper world; for in hell they say Alexander is no better than a cobbler, and now by these translations every cobbler is as familiar with Alexander as he that wrote his life.

Anamnestes.

Art. 2. Item, that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a lady called Veritas.

Art. 3. Item, that she's a witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcisms.

Art. 4. Item, that she's a common whore, and lets every one lie with her.

Art. 5. Item, that she rails on men in authority, depraving their honours with bitter jests and taunts; and that she's a backbiter, setting strife betwixt bosom friends.

Art. 6. Item, that she lends wives weapons to fight against their husbands.

Art. 7. Item, that she maintains a train of prating petty-foggers, prouling ⁵⁶ sumners, smooth-tongued bawds, artless

⁵⁶ *sumners,*] See Note 5 to *The Heir*, A. 2. vol. VIII.

empirics, hungry parasites, news-carriers, ⁵⁷ janglers, and such like idle companions, that delude the commonalty.

Art. 8. Item, that she made rhetoric wanton, logic to babble, astronomy to lye.

Art. 9. Item, that she's an incontinent tell-tale.

Art. 10. Item (which is the last and worst), that she's a woman in every respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these articles be true we pawn our honours, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus.* 4. *Olfactus.*

3. *Gustus.*

2. *Auditus.* 5. *Tactus.*

Communis Sensus.

Lingua, these be shrewd allegations, and, as I think, unanswerable. I will defer the judgment of your cause till I have finished the contention of the Senses.

Lingua.

Your lordship must be obeyed. But as for them, most ungrateful and perfidious wretches —

Communis Sensus.

Good words become you better; you may depart if you will, till we send for you. Anamnestes run, remember *Visus* 'tis time he were ready.

Anamnestes.

I go. [*Exit Anamnestes, et redit*] He stays here expecting your lordship's pleasure.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA SEXTA.

A page carrying a scutcheon argent, charged with an eagle displayed proper; then Visus, with a fan of peacock's feathers; next Lumen, with a crown of bays, and a shield with a bright sun in it, apparel'd in tiffue; then a page bearing a shield before Cœlum, clad in azure taffeta, dimpled with stars, a crown of

⁵⁷ janglers,] A jangler, says Barret, is "a jangling fellow: a babbling attornie. *Rabula un pledoieur eriard, une plaidereau.*"

Stars

*stars on his head, and a scarf resembling the zodiac over-
thwart the shoulders; next a page clad in green, with a ter-
restrial globe before Terra in a green velvet gown stuck with
branches and flowers, a crown of turrets upon her head, in her
hand a key; then a herald, leading in his hand Colour, clad in
changeable silk, with a rainbow out of a cloud on her head; last,
a boy. Visus marshaleth his shew about the stage, and presents
it before the bench.*

Visus, Lumen, Cœlum, Phantastes, Communis Sensus,
Memory.

Visus.

LO here the objects that delight the sight!
The goodliest objects that man's heart can wish!
For all things, that the orb first moveable
Wraps in the circuit of his large-stretch'd arms,
Are subject to the power of Visus' eyes.
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note Lumen's words, that speaks next following.

Lumen.

Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,
Opening the casements of the rosy morn,
Makes the abashed heavens soon to shun
The ugly darkness it embrac'd before;
And, at his first appearance, puts to flight
The utmost relics of the hell-born night.
This heavenly shield, soon as it is display'd,
Dismays the vices that abhor the light;
To wanderers by sea and land gives aid;
Conquers dismay, recomforteth affright;
Rouseth dull idleness, and starts soft sleep,
And all the world to daily labour keeps.
This a true looking-glass impartial,
Where beauty's self, herself doth beautify
With native hue, not artificial,
Discovering falshood, opening verity:
The day's bright eye colours distinction,
Just judge of measure and proportion.
The only means by which each mortal eye,
Sends messengers to the wide firmament;

M 2

That

That to the longing soul brings presently
High contemplation and deep wonderment ;
By which aspirement she her wings displays,
And herself thither whence she came upraise.

Phantastes.

What blue thing's that, that's dappled so with stars.

Visus.

He represents the heaven.

Phantastes.

In my conceit it were pretty, if he thundered when he speaks.

Visus:

Then none could understand him.

Cælum.

Tropic, colures, the equinoctial,
The zodiac, poles, and line ecliptical,
The nadir, zenith, and anomalies,
The azimuth and ephemerides,
Stars, orbs, and planets, with their motions,
The oriental regradations,
Excentrics, epicycles, and—and—and—

Phantastes.

How now, Visus, is your heaven at a stay ?
Or is it his *motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer ?
I pray you, Memory, set him ⁵¹ a-gate again.

Memory.

I remember when Jupiter made Amphitrio cuckold, and lay
with his wife Alcmena, Cælum was in this taking for three
days space, and stood still just like him at a nonplus.

Communis Sensus.

Leave jesting, you'll put the fresh actor out of countenance.

Cælum.

Excentrics, epicycles, and aspects,
In sextile, trine and quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth : also the oblique part
Of signs, that make the day both long and short,
The constellations, rising cosmical,

⁵⁸ a-gate] i. e. "going. Gate, in the Northern Dialect, signifies
"a way ; so that *agate* is at or upon the way." Ray's *Collection of Local
Words*, p. 13. edit. 1740.

Setting of stars, chronic, and heliacal,
In the horizon or meridional,
And all the skill in deep astronomy,
Is to the soul derived by the eye.

Phantastes.

Vifus, you have made Coelum a heavenly speech, past earthly capacity; it had been as good for him he had thundered. But I pray you, who taught him to speak and use no action? methinks it had been excellent to have turn'd round about in his speech.

Vifus.

He hath so many motions he knows not which to begin withal.

Phantastes.

Nay, rather it seems he's of Copernicus' opinion, and that makes him stand still.

[*Terra comes to the midst of the stage, stands still a while, saith nothing, and steps back.*

Communis Sensus.

Let's hear what Terra can say—just nothing.

Vifus.

And 't like your lordship, 'twere an indecorum Terra should speak.

Memory.

You are deceived; for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sun (I shall never forget him, he was a very pretty youth) the Earth open'd her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to Jupiter.

Anamnestes.

By the same token Nilus hid his head then, he could never find it since.

Phantastes.

You know, Memory, that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely Terra sweat much, and so took cold presently after, that ever since she hath lost her voice.

Herald.

A Canton Ermins added to the field,
Is a sure sign the man that bore these arms
Was to his prince as a defensive shield,
Saving him from the force of present arms,

M 3

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

I know this fellow of old, 'tis a herald: many a centaur, chimera⁵⁹, barnacle⁶⁰, crocodile, hippotame, and such like toys, hath he stolen out of the shop of my Invention, to shape new coats for his upstart gentlemen. Either Africa must breed more monsters, or you make fewer gentlemen, Mr. Herald, for you have spent all my devices already: but since you are here, let me ask you a question, in your own profession; how comes it to pass that the victorious arms of England, quartered with the conquered coat of France, are not placed on the dexter side, but give the flower-de-luce the better hand?

Herald.

Because that the three lions are one coat made of two French dukedoms, Normandy and Aquitain: but I pray you, Visus, what jay is that, that follows him?

Visus.

'Tis Color, an object of mine, subject to his commandment.

Phantastes.

Why speaks he not?

Visus.

He is so bashful, he dares not speak for blushing; What thing is that? tell me without delay.

A Boy.

That's nothing of itself, yet every way
As like a man as a thing like may be;
And yet so unlike as clean contrary,
For in one point it every way doth mis,
The right side of it a man's left side is;
'Tis lighter than a feather, and withal
It fills no place, nor room, it is so small.

Communis Sensus.

How now, Visus, have you brought a boy with a riddle to pose us all?

⁵⁹ chimera] A monster feigned to have the head of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.

⁶⁰ barnacle] "If at any time in Rolls and Alphabets of Arms you meet with this term, you must not apprehend it to be that fowl which in barbarous Latine they call *Bernicla*, and more properly (from the Greek) *Chenalopex*: A creature well known in Scotland, yet rarely used in arms; but an instrument used by farriers to curb and command an unruly horse, and termed *Pastomides*." Gibbons's *Introductio ad Latinam Blasferiam*, 1682, p. 1.

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

Pose us all, and I here? that were a jest indeed. My lord, if he have a Sphinx, I have an Oedipus assure yourself, let's hear it once again.

Boy.

What thing is that, fir, &c.

Phantastes.

This such a knotty enigma? why, my lord, I think 'tis a woman, for first a woman is nothing of herself; and again, she is likest a man of any thing.

Communis Sensus.

But wherein is she unlike?

Phantastes.

In every thing, in peevishness, in folly.—'st Boy.

Heuresis.

In pride, deceit, prating, lying, cogging, coyness, spite, hate, fir.

Phantastes.

And in many more such vices: now he may well say, the left side a man's right side is, for a cross wife is always contrary to her husband, ever contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in Martial, *Velle tuum.*

Memory.

Velle tuum nolo, Dindyme, nolle volo.

Phantastes.

Lighter than a feather, doth any man make question of that?

Memory.

They need not, for I remember I saw a cardinal weigh them once, and the woman was found three grains lighter.

Communis Sensus.

'Tis strange, for I have seen gentlewomen wear feathers oftentimes; can they carry heavier things than themselves?

Memory.

O, fir, I remember, 'tis their only delight to do so,

Communis Sensus.

But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place, fir?

Phantastes.

By my faith, that spoils all the former, for these farthingals take up all the room now a-days; 'tis not a woman, question-

M 4

less:

less: shall I be put down with a riddle? firrah Heuresis, search the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

Heuresis.

Hay, *ῥῆγμα, ῥῆγμα*. I have it, 'tis a man's face in a looking-glass.

Phantastes.

My lord, 'tis so indeed; firrah, let's see it, for do you see my right eye here?

Communis Sensus.

What of your eye?

Phantastes.

O lord, fir, this kind of frown is excellent, especially when 'tis sweetened with such a pleasing smile.

Communis Sensus.

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

O, fir, my left eye is my right in the glass, do you see? By these lips my garters hang so neatly, my gloves and shoes become my hands and feet so well: Heuresis, tye my shoe-strings with a new knot;—this point was scarce well truss'd, —so, 'tis excellent.—Looking-glasses were a passing invention: I protest the fittest books for ladies to study on——

Memory.

Take heed you fall not in love with yourself: Phantastes, as I remember—Anamnestes, who was't that died of the looking disease?

Anamnestes.

Forsooth, Narcissus, by the same token he was turn'd to a daffodil; and as he died for love of himself, so if you remember there was an old ill-favour'd, precious-nos'd, babber-lipp'd, beetle-brow'd, bleer-ey'd, slouch-ear'd slave, that, looking himself by chance in a glass, died for pure hate.

Phantastes.

By the lip of my—I could live and die with this face.

Communis Sensus.

Fie, fie, Phantastes, so effeminate! for shame leave off. Visus, your objects I must needs say are admirable, if the house and instrument be answerable: let's hear therefore in brief your description——

Visus.

Visus.

Under the fore-head of mount Cephalon,
 That over-peers the coast of Microcosm,
 All in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
 Stand my two mansion-houses, both as round
 As the clear heavens, both twins, as like each other
 As star to star, which by the vulgar sort,
 For their resplendent composition,
 Are named the bright eyes of mount Cephalon :
 With four fair rooms those lodgings are contrived,
 Four goodly rooms in form most spherical,
 Closing each other like the heavenly orbs :
 The first whereof, of nature's substance wrought,
 As a strange moat the other to defend,
 Is trained moveable by art divine,
 Stirring the whole compacture of the rest :
 The second chamber is most curiously
 Compos'd of burnish'd and transparent horn.

Phantastes.

That's a matter of nothing. I have known many have such
 bed-chambers.

Memory.

It may be so ; for I remember being once in the town's li-
 brary, I read such a thing in their great book of monuments,
 called, Cornucopia, or rather their Copiacornu.

Visus.

The third's a lesser room of purest glass,
 The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former
 In worth of matter, built most sumptuously,
 With walls transparent of pure crystalline.
 This the soul's mirrour and the body's guide,
 Love's cabinet, bright beacons of the realm,
 Casements of light, quiver of Cupid's shafts,
 Wherein I sit, and immediately receive
 The species of things corporeal,
 Keeping continual watch and centinel ;
 Lest foreign hurt invade our Microcosm,
 And warning give, (if pleasant things approach)
 To entertain them. From this costly room
 Leadeth, my lord, an entry to your house,

Through

Through which I hourly to yourself convey
 Matters of wisdom by experience bred :
 Art's first invention, pleasant vision,
 Deep contemplation, that attires the soul
 In gorgeous robes of flowing literature :
 Then if that Visus have deserved best,
 Let his victorious brow with crown be blest.

Communis Sensus.

Anamnestes, see who's to come next.

Anamnestes.

Presently, my lord.

Phantastes.

Visus, I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented us not with Plato's idea, or ⁶¹ the sight of Nineveh, Babylon, London, or some Sturbridge-fair monsters ; they would have done passing well ; those motions in my imagination are very delightful.

Visus.

I was loth to trouble your honours with such toys, neither could I provide them in so short a time.

Communis Sensus.

We will consider your worth ; mean while we dismiss you.

[Visus leads his show about the stage, and so goeth out with it.]

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA ULTIMA.

Auditus, &c.

Auditus.

HARK, hark, hark, hark ; peace, peace, O peace : O sweet, admirable, swan-like, heavenly ! hark, O most mellifluous strain ! O what a pleasant close was there ! ⁶² O fall, most delicate !

⁶¹ *the sight of Nineveh*] A celebrated puppet-show often mentioned by writers of the times by the name of the Motion of Nineveh. See Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 5. S. 1. *Wit at Several Weapons*, A. 1. *Every Woman in humour*, 1609, Sign. H. and *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, A. 5. S. 9.

⁶² *O fall, most delicate !*] So, in *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 1.

"That strain again ; it had a dying fall." S.

Communis

Communis Sensus.

How now, Phantastes ! is Auditus mad ?

Phantastes.

Let him alone, his musical head is always full of odd crotchets.

Auditus.

Did you mark the dainty driving of the last point, an excellent maintaining of the song ; by the choice timpan of mine ear, I never heard a better ; hift, 'ft, 'ft, hark ; why there's a cadence able to ravish the dullest stoic.

Communis Sensus.

I know not what to think on him.

Auditus.

There how sweetly the plain-song was dissolved into descant, and how easily they came off with the last rest. Hark, hark, the bitter sweetest achromatic.

Communis Sensus.

Auditus ?

Auditus.

Thanks, good Apollo, for this timely grace, never couldst thou in fitter hour indulge it : O more than most musical harmony ! O most admirable concert ! have you no ears ? do you not hear this music ?

Phantastes.

It may be good, but in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

Auditus.

Are you then deaf ? do you not yet perceive the wondrous sound the heavenly orbs do make with their continual motion ? Hark, hark, O honey sweet.

Communis Sensus.

What tune do they play ?

Auditus.

Why such a tune as never was, nor ever shall be heard. Mark now ; now, mark, now, now.

Phantastes.

Lift, lift, lift.

Auditus.

Hark ! O sweet, sweet, sweet.

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

Lift! how my heart envies my happy ears. Hilt, by the gold-strung harp of Apollo, I hear the celestial music of the spheres, as plainly as ever Pythagoras did. O most excellent diapason! good, good; ⁶³ it plays *fortune my foe*, as distinctly as may be.

Communis Sensus.

As the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh. I protest I hear no more than a post.

Phantastes.

What, ⁶⁴ the Lavolta! hây? nay, if the heavens fiddle, Fancy must needs dance.

Communis Sensus.

Pr'ythee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the ⁶⁵ passing measures. Memory, do you hear this harmony of the spheres?

Memory.

⁶³ it plays *fortune my foe*,] “ *Fortune my foe* was the beginning of an old Ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of fortune.” See Note on *The Custom of the Country*, A. 1. S. 1. by Mr. Theobald, who observes that this Ballad is mentioned again in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and likewise in a Comedy, by John Tatham, printed 1660, called *The Rump or Mirrour of the Times*, wherein a Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps, and catching hold of Priscilla will oblige her to dance, and orders the music to play *Fortune my foe*. Again, in *Tom Es-jence*, 1677, p. 37.

⁶⁴ the Levolta] A dance. Sir John Davies, in his Poem called *Orchestra*, Stanza 70, thus describes it:

“ Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
 “ A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
 “ Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin’d,
 “ And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound.
 “ And still their feet an *anapest* do sound:
 “ An *anapest* is all their musick’s song,
 “ Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

71.

“ As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
 “ That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands,
 “ Of swift Eurotas dance in heaven above,
 “ Knit and united with eternal hands,
 “ Among the stars their double image stands,
 “ Where both are carried with an equal pace,
 “ Together jumping in their turning race.”

⁶⁵ passing measures] or, as it is oftener called, *passa mezzo*, “ from *passer* to walk, and *mezzo*, the middle or half; a slow dance, little differing
 “ from

Memory.

Not now, my lord; but I remember about some four thousand years ago, when the sky was first made, we heard very perfectly.

Anamnesis.

By the same token the first tune the planets play'd, I remember Venus the treble ran sweet division upon Saturn the bass. The first tune they played was ⁶⁶ Sellenger's round, in memory whereof ever since, it hath been called the beginning of the world.

Communis Sensus

How comes it we cannot hear it now?

Memory.

Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it. As I remember the Egyptian ⁶⁷ Catadupes never heard the roaring of the fall of Nilus, because the noise was so familiar unto them.

Communis Sensus.

Have you no other objects to judge by than these, Auditus?

Auditus.

This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical;
But since your duller ears cannot perceive it,
May it please your lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you see
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,

"from the action of walking. As a Galliard consists of five paces
"or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a Cinque pace; the
"passa m. 2220, which is a diminutive of the Galliard, is just half that
"number, and from that peculiarity takes its name." Sir John
Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 386.

⁶⁶ Sellenger's round] i. e. St. Leger's round. "Sellenger's round was
"an old country dance, and was not quite out of knowledge at the be-
"ginning of the present century, there being persons now living who
"remember it. Morley mentions it in his Introduction, p. 118. and
"Taylor the Water Poet, in his tract, intituled, "The World runs on
"Wheels;" and it is printed in a Collection of Country Dances, pub-
"lished by John Playford in 1679." Sir John Hawkins's *History of Mu-
sick*, vol. III. p. 288. where the notes are engraved.

⁶⁷ Catadupes] See Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. v. c. 9.

Running

Running delightful descant to the sound
 Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook;
 Becomes a concert of good instruments;
 While twenty babbling echoes round about,
 Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
 Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
 And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure:

Communis Sensus.

I will walk with you very willingly, for I grow weary of
 sitting. Come, master Register, and master Phantastes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Mendacio, Anamnestes, Heuresis.

Mendacio.

PR'YTHEE, Nam, be persuaded; is't not better to go to
 a feast, than stay here for a fray?

Anamnestes.

A feast? dost think Auditus will make the judges a feast?

Mendacio.

Faith ay. Why should he carry them to his house else?

Anamnestes.

Why, firrah, to hear a set or two of songs; 'flid, his ban-
 quets are nothing but fish, all ⁶⁸ foll, foll, foll. I'll teach thee
 wit, boy; never go thee to a musician's house for junkets, un-
 less thy stomach lies in thine ears; for there is nothing but
 commending this song's delicate air, that ode's dainty air,
 this sonnet's sweet air, that madrigal's melting air, this dirge's
 mournful air, this church air, that chamber air, French air,
 English air, Italian air. Why, lad, they be pure camelions,
 they feed only upon air.

Mendacio.

Camelions? I'll be sworn some of your fiddlers be rather
 camels, for by their good wills they will never leave eating.

⁶⁸ *foll, foll, foll.] Alluding to the fish called the Sole, and the mu-
 sical note Sol. S. P.*

Anamnestes.

Anamnestes.

True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts: But oh, yonder's the ape Heuresis; let me go I pr'ythee.

Mendacio.

Nay, good-now stay a little, let's see his humour.

Heuresis.

I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of wine will convert water into wine; why therefore should not the elixir of gold turn lead into pure gold?

Mendacio.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! he is turned chemic, firrah; it seems so by his talk.

Heuresis.

But how shall I devise to blow the fire of beechcoals with a continual and equal blast? ha? I will have my bellows driven with a wheel, which wheel shall be a self-mover.

Anamnestes.

Here's ⁶⁹ old turning; these chemics, seeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own silver.

Heuresis.

And my wheel shall be geometrically proportioned into seven or nine concave incircled arms, wherein I will put equal poises: hai, hai; εὐγεννα, εὐγεννα; I have it, I have it, I have it, I have it.

Mendacio.

Heuresis?

Heuresis.

But what's best to contain the quick-silver? ha?

Anamnestes.

Do you remember you promise, Heuresis?

Heuresis.

It must not be iron, for quick-silver is the tyrant of metals, and will soon fret it.

Anamnestes.

Heuresis? Heuresis?

⁶⁹ old turning] See Note 43. p. 163.

Heuresis.

Heurefis.

Nor brass, nor copper, nor 7^o mastlin, nor mineral : *σῦννα*, *σῦννα*, I have it, I have it, it must be—

Anamnestes.

You have indeed, firrah, and thus much more than you looked for. [Beats him.]

Heurefis and Anamnestes about to fight, but Mendacio parts them.

Mendacio.

You shall not fight ; but if you will always disagree, let us have words and no blows. *Heurefis*, what reason have you to fall out with him ?

Heurefis.

Because he is always abusing me, and takes the upper hand of me every where.

Anamnestes.

And why not, firrah ? I am thy better in any place.

Heurefis.

Have I been the author of the seven liberal sciences, and consequently of all learning ? have I been the patron of all mechanical devices, to be thy inferior ? I tell thee, *Anamnestes*, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

Anamnestes.

Good, good ; but what had your invention been, but for my remembrance ? I can prove, that thou belly-sprung invention art the most unprofitable member in the world ; for ever since thou wert born, thou hast been a bloody murderer, and thus I prove it : In the quiet years of Saturn, I remember Jupiter was then but in his swath-bands, thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtest gold to light, whose beauty, like Helen, set all the world by the ears. Then, upon that, thou foundest out iron, and puttest weapons in their hands, and now in the last populous age thou taughtest a scab-shin friar the hellish invention of powder and guns.

7^o *mastlin*] i. e. a mixed metal from the French word *mefler*, to mingle, mix.

Heurefis.

Heuresis.

Call'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest invention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature herself.

Memory.

True, for a cannon will kill as many at one shot, as thunder doth commonly at twenty.

Anamnestes.

Therefore more murdering art thou than the light-bolt.

Heuresis.

But to shew the strength of my conceit, I have found out a means to withstand the stroke of the most violent culverin. Mendacio, thou saw'st it when I demonstrated the invention.

Anamnestes.

What, some wool-packs? or mud-walls? or such like?

Heuresis.

Mendacio, I pr'ythee tell it him, for I love not to be a trumpeter of mine own praises.

Mendacio.

I must needs confess this device to pass all that ever I heard or saw; and thus it was, first he takes a falcon, and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder well camphired; then did he put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop shot both round and lachrymal. This done, he sets me a boy sixty paces off, just point blank over-against the mouth of the piece. Now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, upon which he hangs me in a cord, ⁷¹ a siderite of Herculean stone.

Anamnestes.

Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in Ida, in the year of the world——by one Magnes, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

Mendacio.

When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord, he comes back, and gives fire to the touch-hole, now the powder consumed to a void vacuum.

⁷¹ a siderite of Herculean stone.] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. c. 16.

"Sideritin ob hoc alio nomine appellant quidam Heracleon: Magnes appellatus est ab inventore (ut auctor est Nicander) in Ida repertus." S. P.

Heuresis.

Which is intolerable in nature; for first shall the whole machine of the world, heaven, earth, sea, and air, return to the misshapen house of Chaos, than the least vacuum be found in the universe.

Mendacio.

The bullet and drop shot flew most impetuously from the fiery throat of the culverin; but, O strange, no sooner came they near the adamant in the cord, but they were all arrested by the serjeant of nature, and hovered in the air round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most lovely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the mark; so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

Anamnestes.

This is a very artificial lye.

Mendacio.

Nam, believe it, for I saw it, and, which is more, I have practised this device often. Once when I had a quarrel with one of my lady Veritas' naked knaves, and had pointed him the field, I convey'd into the heart of my buckler an adamant; and when we met, I drew all the foins of his rapier, whithersoever he intended them, or howsoever I guided mine arm, pointed still to the midst of my buckler; so that by this means I hurt the knave mortally, and myself came away untouch'd, to the wonder of all the beholders.

Anamnestes.

Sirrah, you speak metaphorically, because thy wit, Mendacio, always draws men's objections to thy fore-thought excuses.

Heuresis.

Anamnestes, 'tis true, and I have an addition to this, which is to make the bullet shot from the enemy to return immediately upon the gunner: but let all these pass, and say the worst thou canst against me.

Anamnestes.

I say guns were found out for the quick dispatch of mortality, and when thou sawest men grow wise, and beget so
fair

fair a child as Peace, of so foul and deformed a mother as War, lest there should be no murder, thou devisedst poison.

Mendacio.

Nay fie, Nam, urge him not too far.

Anamnestes.

And last and worst, thou foundest out cookery, that kills more than weapons, guns, wars or poisons, and would destroy all, but that thou invented'st physic, that helps to make away some.

Heuresis.

But, firrah, besides all this, I devised pillories for such forging villains as thyself.

Anamnestes.

Call'st me villain? [*They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.*]

Mendacio.

You shall not fight as long as I am here. Give over, I say.

Heuresis.

Mendacio, you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

Mendacio.

Away, away, away, you are Invention, are you not?

Heuresis.

Yes, fir, what then?

Mendacio.

And you Remembrance?

Anamnestes.

Well, fir, well.

Mendacio.

Then I will be Judicium, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

Heuresis.

Well, well, if you will needs have it so.

Anamnestes.

I am in some sort content.

[*Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.*]

Mendacio.

Why this is as it should be; when Mendacio hath Invention on the one hand, and Remembrance on the other, as

he'll be sure never to be found with truth in his mouth; so he scorns to be taken in a lye, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags; whist!

Anamnestes.

Whist.

Heuresis.

Whist.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, take their places on the bench as before, Auditus on the stage, a page before him bearing his target, the field Sable, an heart Or; next him Tragedus appparelled in black velvet, fair buskins, a faulchion, &c. then Comedus in a light-coloured green taffata robe, silk stockings, pumps, gloves, &c.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, &c.

Communis.

THEY had some reason that held the soul a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with music: how fast we were tied by the ears to the consort of Voice's power! but all is but a little pleasure; what profitable objects hath he?

Phantastes.

Your ears will teach you presently, for now he is coming, that fellow in the bays methinks I should have known him; O 'tis Comedus, 'tis so, but he is become now a-days something humorous, and too too satyrical, up and down, like his great grandfather Aristophanes.

Anamnestes.

These two, my lord, Comedus and Tragedus,
My fellows both, both twins, but so unlike,
As birth to death, wedding to funeral:
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,

Trouble

Trouble in the midst, but in the end concludes,
 Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
 This grave and sad, distain'd with brinish tears ;
 That light and quick, ⁷² with wrinkled laughter painted ;
 This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors,
 Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprizes :
 This other trades with men of mean condition,
 His projects small, small hopes and dangers little.
 This gorgeous, broider'd with rich sentences :
 That fair and purfled round with merriments.
 Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
 By being death's mirrour, and life's looking-glass.

Communis.

⁷³ *Salutem jam primum a principio propitiam.*
Mibi atque vobis spectatores nuntio.

Phantastes.

Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action, let's hear Terence,
Quid igitur faciam, &c.

Communis.

⁷⁴ *Quid igitur faciam? non eam? ne nunc quidem,*
Cum arcessor ultro?

Phantastes.

Fy, fy, fy, no more action! lend me your bays, do it thus,
Quid igitur, &c. (he acts it after the old kind of pantomimic
 action.)

Communis Sensus.

I should judge this action, Phantastes, most absurd, unless
 we should come to a Comedy, as gentlewomen to the ⁷⁵ Com-
 mencement, only to see men speak.

Phantastes.

In my imagination 'tis excellent, for in this kind the hand,
 you know, is harbinger to the tongue, and provides the
 words a lodging in the ears of the auditors.

⁷² with wrinkled laughter painted ;] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*,
 A. 1. S. 1.

"With mirth and laughier let old wrinkles come."

See also the Notes of Bp. Warburton and Dr. Farmer, on *Love's*
Labour's Lost, A. 5. S. 4. S.

⁷³ *Salutem, &c.*] The first lines of the Prologue to Plautus's *Me-
 nechmi*.

⁷⁴ *Quid igitur, &c.*] See Terence's *Eunuch*, A. 1. S. 1.

⁷⁵ Commencement,] At the Universities when Degrees are conferred.

Communis Sensus.

Auditus, it is now time you make us acquainted with the quality of the house you keep in, for our better help in judgment.

Auditus.

Upon the sides of fair mount Cephalon,
Have I two houses passing human skill :
Of finest matter by dame Nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers have adorn'd the same
With gorgeous porches of so strange a form,
That they command the passengers to stay :
The doors whereof, in hospitality,
Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide,
Gently invite all comers ; whereupon
They are named the open ears of Cephalon.
But lest some bolder sound should boldly rush,
And break the nice composure of the work,
The skilful builder wisely hath enrang'd
An entry from each port with curious twines,
And crook'd meanders, like the labyrinth
That Dedalus fram'd t'inclose the Minotaur ;
At th'end whereof is plac'd a costly portal,
Resembling much the figure of a drum,
Granting slow entrance to a private closet :
Where daily with a mallet in my hand,
I set and frame all words and sounds that come,
Upon an anvil, and so make them fit
For the ⁷⁶ perewinking porch, that winding leads
From my close chamber to your lordship's cell.
Thither do I, chief justice of all accents,
Psyche's next porter, Microcosme's front,
Learning's rich treasure, bring discipline,
Reason's discourse, knowledge of foreign states,
Loud fame of great Herce's virtuous deeds ;
The marrow of grave speeches, and the flowers
Of quickest wits, neat jests, and pure conceits ;
And often times, to ease the heavy burthen

⁷⁶ perewinking porch,] i. e. a porch, which has as many spiral windings in it as the shell of the perewinkle, or sea snail. S.

Of government, your lordship's shoulders bear,
I thither do conduce the pleasing nuptials
Of sweetest instruments, with heavenly noise,
If then Auditus have deserv'd the best,
Let him be dignified before the rest.

Communis Sensus.

Auditus, I am almost a sceptic in this matter; scarce knowing which way the balance of the cause will decline. When I have heard the rest, I will dispatch judgment; mean while you may depart.

[Auditus leads his show about the stage, and then goes out.]

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA TERTIA.

Communis Sensus, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis, as before; Olfactus in a garland of several flowers, a page before him, bearing his target, his field Vert, a bound Argent, two boys with ⁷⁷ casting bottles, and ⁷⁸ two censors with incense, another with a velvet cushion stuck with flowers, another with a basket of herbs, another with a box of ointment: Olfactus leads them about, and making obeisance presents them before the bench.

1 Boy.

YOUR only way to make a good ⁷⁹ pomander, is this. Take an ounce of the purest garden mold, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water, then take the best labdanum, benione, both storaxes, ambergreace,

⁷⁷ *casting bottles,*] i. e. bottles to cast or scatter liquid Odours. S.

⁷⁸ *two censors with incense,*] The custom of censuring or dispersing fragrant scents seems formerly to have been not uncommon. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 4.

⁷⁹ *a pomander,*] Pomanders were balls of perfume, formerly worn by the higher ranks of people. Dr. Gray, in his *Notes on Shakspeare*, vol. I. p. 269. says, "that a Pomander was a little ball made of perfume, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague." From the above receipt it appears they were molded in different shapes, and not wholly confined to that of balls, and the like direction is given in another receipt for making *Pomanders*, printed in Markham's *English House-wife*, p. 151. edit. 1631.

civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please; this, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.

Phantastes.

This boy it should seem represents Odor, he is so perfect a perfumer.

Odor.

I do, my lord, and have at my command
The smell of flowers, and odoriferous drugs,
Of ointments sweet, and excellent perfumes,
And court-like waters, which if once you smell,
You in your heart would wish, as I suppose,
That all your body were transform'd to nose.

Phantastes.

Olfactus, of all the Senfes, your objects have the worst luck, they are always jarring with their contraries; for none can wear civet, but ^{so} they are suspected of a proper bad scent; whence the proverb springs, He smelleth best, that doth of nothing smell.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA QUARTA.

The bench and Olfactus, as before; Tobacco apparelled in a taffata mantle, his arms brown and naked, buskins made of the peeling of osiers, his neck bare hung with Indian leaves, his face brown painted with blue stripes, in his nose swines' teeth, on his head a painted wicket crown with tobacco pipes set in it, plumes of tobacco leaves, led by two Indian boys naked, with tapers in their hands, tobacco-boxes, and pipes lighted.

Phantastes.

FOH, foh, what a smell is here! is this one of your delightful objects?

Olfactus.

It is your only scent in request, fir.

^{so} they are suspected, &c.] Non bene olet qui semper bene olet.

Communis

Communis Sensus.

What fiery fellow is that, which smoaks so much in the mouth?

Olfactus.

It is the great and puissant god of Tobacco.

Tobacco.

*Ladoch guevarrob pufuer shebvaro baggon,
Olfa di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.*

Pbantaffes.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, this, in my opinion, is the tongue of the Antipodes.

Memoria.

No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake, that lived long before the moon.

Communis Sensus.

What signifies it, *Olfactus*?

Olfactus.

This is the mighty emperor Tobacco, king of Trinidad, that, in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their smoke.

Tobacco.

*Erfronge inglues conde besingo,
Develin floscoth ma pu cothbingo.*

Olfactus.

Expeller of catarrhs, banisher of all agues, your guts' only salve for the green wounds of a non plus.

Tobacco.

*All vulcam vercu, I parda pora si de gratam, ka famala mara,
che Baubo respartera, quirara.*

Olfactus.

Son to the god Vulcan, and Tellus, kin to the father of mirth, called Bacchus.

Tobacco.

*Viscardonok, pillostupbe, pascano tinaromagas,
Pagi dagon stollisinfé, carocibato scribas.*

Olfactus.

Genius of all swaggerers, profess'd enemy to physicians, sweet ointment for four teeth, firm knot of good fellowship, adamant of company, swift wind to spread the wings of time, hated of none but those that know him not, and of so great

great deserts, that whoſo is acquainted with him can hardly forſake him.

Phantaſtes.

It ſeems theſe laſt words were very ſignificant. I promiſe you a god of great denomination, he may be my ¹¹ lord Tappes for his large titles.

Communis Senſus.

But forward, Olfactus, as they have done before you, with your deſcription?

Olfactus.

Juſt in the miſt of Cephalon's round face,
As 'twere a frontiſpiece unto the hill,
Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly diſparted with two precious vaults,
The roots whereof moſt richly are incloſ'd
With orient pearls, and ſparkling diamonds
Beſet at th' end with emerauds and ¹² turchis,
And rubies red, and flaming cryſolites,
At upper end whereof, in coſtly manner,
I lay my head between two ſpongeous pillows,
Like fair Adonis 'twixt the paps of Venus,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Daily examine all the air inſpir'd,
By my pure ſearching, if that it be pure,
And fit to ſerve the lungs with lively breath:
Hence do I likewiſe miniſter perfume
Unto the neighbour brain, perfumes of force
To cleanſe your head, and make your fancy bright,
To refine wit, and ſharp invention,
And ſtrengthen memory; from whence it came,
That old devotion incenſe did ordain
To make man's ſpirits more apt for things divine.
Beſides a thouſand more commodities,
In lieu whereof, your lordſhips I requeſt,
Give me the crown if I deſerve it beſt.

[Olfactus leads his company about the ſtage, and goes out.]

¹¹ lord Tappes, for his large titles.] Probably ſome character notorious in the Univerſity of Cambridge at the time when this play was written or repreſented. S.

¹² turchis] i. e. turquois. See Note 10 to *Alexander and Campaſſe*, vol. II. p. 87.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA QUINTA.

The bench as before. A page with a shield Argent, an ape proper with an apple; then Gustus with a cornucopia in his hand; Bacchus in a garland of leaves and grapes, a white suit, and over it a thin sarsnet to his foot, in his hand a spear wreathed with vine leaves, on his arm a target with a tiger; Ceres with a crown of ears of corn, in a yellow silk robe, a bunch of poppy in her hand, a scutcheon charged with a dragon.

Communis Sensus.

IN good time, Gustus; have you brought your objects?

Gustus.

My servant Appetitus followeth with them.

Appetitus.

Come, come, Bacchus, you are so fat; enter, enter.

Phantastes.

Fie, fie, Gustus, this is a great indecorum to bring Bacchus alone, you should have made Thirst lead him by the hand.

Gustus.

Right, sir, but men now-a-days drink often when they be not dry; besides, I could not get red herrings and dried neats tongues enough to apparel him in.

Communis Sensus.

What, never a speech of him?

Gustus.

I put an octave of iambicks in his mouth, and he hath drunk it down.

Appetitus.

Well done, muscadine and eggs stand hot; what butter'd claret? go thy way, thou hadst best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st—how now, what small thin fellow are you here? ha?

Boy.

Beer forsooth, beer forsooth.

Appetitus.

Beer forsooth? get you gone to the buttery, till I call for you; you are none of Bacchus's attendants, I am sure; he cannot

cannot endure the smell of malt. Where's Ceres? O well, well, is the March-pane broken? Ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, never stand to set it together again; serve out fruit there; [*Enter boys with a banquet, marmallad, sweet, &c. deliver it round among the gentlewomen, and go out*] what do you come with roast-meat after apples? away with it. Digestion, serve out cheese; what, but a penny-worth! it is just the measure of his nose that sold it! lambs wool; the meekest meat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snapdragon there.-

Memory.

O I remember this dish well, it was first invented by Pluto, to entertain Proserpine withal.

Phantastes.

I think not so, Memory; for when Hercules had kill'd the flaming dragon of Hesperida with the apples of that orchard, he made this fiery meat, in memory whereof he named it snapdragon.

Communis Sensus.

Gustus, let's hear your description?

Gustus.

Near to the lowly base of Cephalon,
My house is plac'd not much unlike a cave:
Yet arch'd above by wondrous workmanship,
With hewn stones wrought smoother and more fine
Than jet or marble fair, from Iceland brought.
Over the door directly doth incline
A fair percullis of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may annoy the state,
Or health of Microcosme; and within
Is spread a long board like a pliant tongue,
At which I hourly sit, and trial take
Of meats and drinks needful and delectable:
Twice every day do I provision make
For the sumptuous kitchen of the commonwealth;
Which, once well boil'd, is soon distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them
With good supply of strength-renewing food.
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the realm would ruinate;
Yourself, my lord, with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preserve yourself.

Nor

Nor you, Phantastes, nor you, Memory;
 Psyche herself, were't not that I repair
 Her crazy house with props of nourishment,
 Would soon forsake us : for whose dearest sake
 Many a grievous pain have I sustain'd,
 By bitter pills, and four purgations;
 Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
 She had been long ere this departed.
 Since the whole Microcosme I maintain,
 Let me, as Prince, above the Senses reign.

Communis Sensus.

The reasons you urge, Gustus, breed a new doubt whether it
 be better to be commodious or necessary, the resolution where-
 of I refer to your judgment; licencing you mean while to
 depart. [*Gustus leads his shew about the stage, and goes out.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA SEXTA.

*The bench as before; Tactus, a page before him bearing his
 scutcheon, a tortesse Sables.*

Tactus.

READY anon, forsooth! the devil she will!
 Who would be toil'd with wenches in a shew?

Communis Sensus.

Why in such anger, Tactus? what's the matter?

Tactus.

My lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
 By sight of objects to have prov'd my worth;
 Wherefore considering that of all the things
 That please me most, women are counted chief,
 I had thought to have represented in my shew
 The queen of pleasure, Venus and her son,
 Leading a gentleman enamoured,
 With his sweet touching of his mistrefs' lips,
 And gentle griping of her tender hands,
 And divers pleasant relishes of touch,
 Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

I

Phantastes.

Phantastes.

Tactus, of all I long to see your objects ;
How comes it we have lost those pretty sports ?

Tactus.

Thus 'tis ; five hours ago I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman ; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings and conformings ; painting blue veins and cheeks ; such stir with sticks and combs, calcanets, dressings, purls, falls, squares, busks, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fusles, partlets, frislets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many lets, that yet she's scarce dress'd to the girdle ; and now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, &c. that seven pedlars' shops, nay all Sturbridge fair, will scarce furnish her. A Ship is sooner rigg'd by far, than a gentlewoman made ready.

Phantastes.

'Tis strange, that women being so mutable,
Will never change in changing their apparel.

Communis Sensus.

Well, let them pass ; Tactus, we are content
To know your dignity by relation.

Tactus.

The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtesy's index, chamberlain to nature,
The body's soldier, and mouth's caterer,
Psyche's great secretary, the dumb's eloquence,
The blindman's candle, and his forehead's buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign,
This is my instrument : nevertheless my power
Extends itself far as our queen commands,
Through all the parts and climes of Microcosme.
I am the root of life, spreading my virtue
By sinews, that extend from head to foot,
To every living part.
For as a subtle spider closely sitting
In center of her web that spreadeth round,
If the least fly but touch the smallest thread,
She feels it instantly ; so doth myself,

Casting

Casting my slender nerves, and sundry nets,
 O'er every particle of all the body,
 By proper skill perceive the difference
 Of several qualities, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
 Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy, and slippery:
 Sweet pleasure, and sharp pain profitable,
 That makes us, wounded, seek for remedy.
 By these means do I teach the body fly
 From such bad things as may endanger it.
 A wall of brass can be no more defence
 Unto a town than I to Microcosme.
 Tell me, what sense is not beholding to me?
 The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weep,
 The ears do feel, the taste's a kind of touching.
 Thus when I please, I can command them all,
 And make them tremble when I threaten them.
 I am the eldest, and biggest of all the rest,
 The chiefest note, and first distinction,
 Betwixt a living tree and living beast;
 For though one hear, and see, and smell, and taste,
 If he wants touch, he is counted but a block.
 Therefore, my lord, grant me the royalty;
 Of whom there is such great necessity.

Communis Sensus.

Tactus, stand aside; you, firrah, Anamnestes, tell the Senses
 we expect their appearance.

Anamnestes.

At your lordship's pleasure?

[*Exit Anamnestes.*

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA SEPTIMA.

Communis Sensus, Phantastes, Memoria, Heuresis, Anamnestes,
upon the bench consulting among themselves. Visus, Auditus,
 Tactus, Gustus, and Olfactus, *every one with his shield upon*
his arm. Lingua and Mendacio with them.

Communis Sensus.

THOUGH you deserve no small punishment for these up-
 roars, yet at the request of these my assistants I remit it;
 and by the power of judgment our gracious sovereign Psyche
 hath

hath given me, thus I determine of your controversies : hum ! By your former objects, instruments, and reasons, I conceive the state of Sense to be divided into two parts, one of commodity, the other of necessity, both which are either for our queen or for our country ; but as the soul is more excellent than the body, so are the Senses that profit the soul to be estimated before those that are needful for the body. Visus and Auditus, serve yourselves. Master Register give me the crown ; because it is better to be well, than simply to be ; therefore I judge the crown by right to belong to you of the commodity's part, and the robe to you of the necessity's side : and since you, Visus, are the author of invention, and you, Auditus, of increase and addition to the same, seeing it is more excellent to invent than to augment ; I establish you, Visus, the better of the two, and chief of all the rest ; in token whereof, I bestow upon you this crown, to wear at your liberty.

Visus.

I most humbly thank your lordships.

Communis Sensus.

But lest I should seem to neglect you, Auditus, I here chuse you to be the lords' intelligencer to Psyche her majesty ; and you, Olfactus, we bestow upon you the chief priesthood of Microcosme, perpetually to offer incense in her majesty's temple. As for you, Tactus, upon your reasons alledged, I bestow upon you the robe.

Tactus.

I accept it most gratefully at your just hands, and will wear it in the dear remembrance of your good lordship.

Communis Sensus.

And lastly, Gustus, we elect you Psyche's only taster, and great purveyor for all her dominions, both by sea and land, in her realm of Microcosme.

Gustus.

We thank your lordship, and rest well content with equal arbitrement.

Communis Sensus.

Now for you, Lingua.

Lingua.

I beseech your honour let me speak, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Communis

Communis Sensus.

I cannot stay so long; we have consulted about you, and find your cause to stand upon these terms and conditions. The number of the Senses in this little world is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: now, since there be but five in the universe, the four elements and the pure substance of the heavens; therefore there can be but five Senses in our Microcosme, correspondent to those; as the sight to the heavens, hearing to the air, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water, by which five means only the understanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporeal substances, wherefore we judge you to be no Sense simply; only thus much we from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your sake shall have six Senses, that is, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, the sense of speaking.

Gustus.

I beseech your lordships and your assistants, the only cause of our friendship, to grace my table with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

Communis Sensus.

I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no means omit our daily attendance at the court, therefore I pray you pardon us.

Gustus.

I hope I shall not have the denial at your hands, my masters, and you my lady Lingua; come, let us drown all our anger in a bowl of ⁸³ hippocras.

[*Exeunt Sensus omnes exteriores.*]

Communis Sensus.

Come, master Register, shall we walk?

Memoria.

I pray you stay a little. Let me see! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Phantastes.

How now, Memory, so merry? what, do you trouble yourself with two palsies at once, shaking and laughing?

Memory.

'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against Plato's great year.

⁸³ hippocras] See Note 27 to *The Hansst Whore*, vol. III. p. 283.

Phantastes.

Why not?

Memory.

'Tis as true an opinion as need be; for I remember it very readily now, that, this time 49000 years ago, all we were in this very place, and your lordship judged the very same controversy, after the very same manner, in all respects and circumstances alike.

Communis Sensus.

'Tis wondrous strange.

Anamnestes.

By the same token you held your staff in your right hand, just as you do now; and Mr. Phantastes stood wondering at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

Phantastes.

Ay, but I did not give you a box on the ear, firrah, 49000 years ago, did I? [*Snap.*]

Anamnestes.

I do not remember that, sir.

Phantastes.

This time Plato's twelvemonth to come, look you save your cheeks better.

Communis Sensus.

But what entertainment had we at court for our long staying?

Memory.

Let's go, I'll tell you as we walk.

Phantastes.

If I do not seem ²⁴ pranker now than I did in those days, I'll be hang'd. [*Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus, manet Lingua.*]

²⁴ *pranker*] i. e. finer, more gaudily dressed. So, in *Wily beguiled*:

" ——— come nurse, gather:

" A crown of roses shall adorn my head,

" I'll *prank* myself with flowers of the prime;

" And thus I'll spend away my primrose time."

A Chast Mayd in Cheapside, 1638, p. 42.

" I hope to see thee wench within these few yeeres

" Cirkled with children, *pranking* up a girle,

" And putting jewels in their little eares,

" Fine sport I faith."

ACTUS

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA OCTAVA.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Lingua.

WHY this is good. By Common Sense's means,
 Lingua, thou hast framed a perfect comedy.
 They are all good friends, whom thou mad'st enemies;
 And I am half a Sense: a sweet piece of service
 I promise you! a fair step to preferment!
 Was this the care and labour thou hast taken
 To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
 To lose thy crown, and be deluded thus!
 Well, now I see my cause is desperate,
 The judgment's past, sentence irrevocable,
 Therefore I'll be content and clap my hands,
 And give a Plaudite to their proceedings.
 What, shall I leave my hate begun, unperfect?
 So foully vanquish'd by the spiteful Senses?
 Shall I, the embassadrefs of Gods and men,
 That pull'd proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,
 And dark'd Apollo's countenance with a word,
 Raising at pleasure storms, and winds, and earthquakes,
 Be over-crow'd, and breathe without revenge?
 Yet they, forsooth, base slaves, must be preferred,
 And deck themselves with my right ornaments.
 Doth the all-knowing Phœbus see this shame
 Without redress? will not the heavens help me?
 Then shall hell do it; my enchanting tongue
 Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
 From the pole arctic to dark Acheron.
 I'll make them know mine anger is not spent;
 Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
 Mendacio, come hither quickly, sirrah.

Mendacio.

Madam.

Lingua.

Hark, hither in thine ear.

O 2

Mendacio.

Mendacio.

Why do you ⁸⁵whisht thus? here's none to hear you.

Lingua.

I dare not trust these secrets to the earth,
E'er since she brought forth reeds, whose babbling noise
Told all the world of Midas' asses ears.

[*She whispers him in the ear.*] Dost understand me?

Mendacio.

Ay, ay, ay,—never fear that—there's a jest indeed—
Pish, pish,—Madam—do you think me so foolish?—
Tut, tut, doubt not.

Lingua.

Tell her, if she do not—

Mendacio.

Why do you make any question of it?—what a stir is here—
I warrant you—presently. [Exit Mendacio.]

Lingua.

Well, I'll to supper, and so closely cover
The rusty canker of mine iron spite,
With golden foil of goodly semblances.
But if I do not trounce them—

[Exit Lingua.]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Mendacio, with a bottle in his hand.

Mendacio.

MY lady Lingua is just like one of these lean-witted comedians who, disturbing all to the fifth act, bring down some Mercury or Jupiter in an engine, to make all friends: so she, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dis-
purposed, sends me to an old witch called Acrasia, to help to wreck her spite upon the Senses: the old hag, after many an

⁸⁵ *whisht*] i. e. whisper, or become silent. As in *Pierce Penileffe his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 15. "But *whist*, these are the workes
"of darknesse, and may not be talkt of in the day-time."

incircled circumstance, and often naming of the direful Hecate, and Demogorgon, gives me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs and forcible words, that whosoever drinks of it shall be presently possess'd with an enraged and mad kind of anger.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

Mendacio, Crapula, Appetitus *crying*.

Mendacio.

WHAT's this, Crapula beating Appetitus out of doors?
ha!

Crapula.

You filthy long crane, you meagre slave, will you kill our guests with blowing continual hunger in them? the Senses have overcharged their stomachs already, and you, sirrah, serve them up a fresh appetite with every new dish: they had burst their guts if thou hadst stay'd but a thought longer. Begone, or I'll set thee away; begone ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone rascal.

[*Beats him.*]

Mendacio.

Then my device is clean spoiled. Appetitus should have been as the bowl to present this medicine to the Senses, and now Crapula hath beaten him out of doors; what shall I do?

Crapula.

Away, sirrah.

[*Beats him.*]

Appetitus.

Well, Crapula, well; I have deserved better at your hands than so; I was the man you know first brought you into Gustus's service; I lin'd your guts there, and you use me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

Crapula.

Dost thou talk? hence, hence; avaunt, cur; avaunt you dog!

[*Exit Crapula.*]

Appetitus.

The belching ⁸⁶ gor-belly hath well nigh kill'd me; I am

⁸⁶ gor-belly] i. e. glutton; one whose paunch is distended by food. See a Note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. vol. V. p. 304. edit. 1778. S.

shut out of doors finely ; well this is my comfort, I may walk now in liberty at my own pleasure.

Mendacio.

Appetitus, Appetitus !

Appetitus.

Ah ! Mendacio, Mendacio.

Mendacio.

Why, how now man, how now ? how is't ? canst not speak ?

Appetitus.

Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that never sounds but when the belly is full.

Mendacio.

Thou empty, and com'st from a feast ?

Appetitus.

From a fray. I tell thee, Mendacio, I am now just like the ewe that gave suck to a wolf's whelp ; I have nurs'd up my fellow Crapula so long, that he's grown strong enough to beat me.

Mendacio.

And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banish'd out of service ?

Appetitus.

Faith I'll travel to some college or other in an university.

Mendacio.

Why so ?

Appetitus.

Because Appetitus is well-beloved amongst scholars ; for there I can dine and sup with them, and rise again as good friends as we sate down. I'll thither questionless.

Mendacio.

Hear'st thou ? give me thy hand : by this hand I love thee : go to then ; thou shalt not forsake thy masters thus, I say thou shalt not.

Appetitus.

Alas ! I am very loth ; but how should I help it ?

Mendacio.

Why, take this bottle of wine, come on ; go thy ways to them again.

Appetitus.

Ha, ha, ha, what good will this do ?

Mendacio.

Mendacio.

This is the Nepenthe that reconciles the Gods: do but let the Senses taste of it, and fear not, they'll love thee as well as ever they did.

Appetitus.

I pray thee, where hadst it?

Mendacio.

My lady gave it me to bring her: Mercury stole it from Hebe for her: thou knowest there were some jars betwixt her and thy masters, and with this drink she would gladly wash out all the relicks of their disagreement. Now, because I love thee, thou shalt have the grace of presenting it to them, and so come in favour again.

Appetitus.

It smells well, I would fain begin to them.

Mendacio.

Nay, stay no longer, lest they have supped before thou come.

Appetitus.

Mendacio, how shall I requite thy infinite courtesy?

Mendacio.

Nay, pray thee leave, go catch occasion by the foretop: but hear'st thou? as soon as it is presented,³⁷ round my lady *Lingua* in the ear, and tell her of it.

Appetitus.

I will, I will: adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Exit Appetitus.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA TERTIA.

*Mendacio solus.**Mendacio.*

WHY, this is better than I could have wish'd it;
 Fortune, I think, is fallen in love with me,
 Answering so right mine expectation.
 By this time Appetite is at the table,

³⁷ round my lady *Lingua* in the ear] i. e. whisper. See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 121.

And with a lowly cringe presents the wine
 To his old master Gustus ; now he takes it,
 And drinks perchance to Lingua ; she craftily
 Kisses the cup, but lets not down a drop,
 And gives it to the rest : 'tis sweet, they'll swallow it,
 But when 'tis once descended to the stomach,
 And sends up noisome vapours to the brain,
 'Twill make them swagger gallantly ; they'll rage
 Most strangely, or Acrasia's art deceives her ;
 When if my lady stir her nimble tongue,
 And closely sow contentious words amongst them,
 O what a stabbing there will be ! what bleeding !

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA QUARTA.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Lingua.

WHAT art thou there, Mendacio ? pretty rascal !
 Come let me kiss thee for thy good deserts.

Mendacio.

Madam, does't take ? have they all tasted it ?

Lingua.

All, all, and all are well nigh mad already :
 O how they stare, and swear, and fume, and brawl !
 Wrath gives them weapons ; pots and candlesticks,
 Joint-stools and trenchers, fly about the room,
 Like to the bloody banquet of the centaurs.
 But all the sport is to see what several thoughts
 The potion works in their imaginations.
 For Visus thinks himself — a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA QUINTA.

Appetitus, Mendacio, Lingua.

Appetitus.

SOHOO, Mendacio ! soho, soho !

Mendacio.

Mendacio.

Madam, I doubt they come; yonder is Appetitus: you had best be gone, lest in their outrage they should injure you. [*Exit Lingua.*] How now, Hunger? how dost thou, my fine may-pole, ha?

Appetitus.

I may well be call'd a may-pole: for the Senses do nothing but dance a morrice about me.

Mendacio.

Why? what ails them? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee?

Appetitus.

Friends with me! nay, rather frenzy: I never knew them in such a case, in all my life.

Mendacio.

Sure they drank too much, and are mad for love of thee.

Appetitus.

They want Common Sense amongst them. There's such a hurly burly, Auditus is stark deaf, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot hear them. Visus hath drunk himself stark blind, and therefore imagineth himself to be Polyphemus: Tactus is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise persuaded, but he is Hercules *furens*; there's such conceits amongst them.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA SEXTA.

Visus, Appetitus, Mendacio.

Visus.

O THAT⁸⁸ I could but find the villain Outis, Outis the villain, that thus blinded me!

Mendacio.

Who is this? Visus?

Appetitus.

Ay, ay, ay; otherwise called Polyphemus.

Visus.

By heaven's bright sun, the day's most glorious eye That lightneth all the world but Polypheme,

⁸⁸ O that, &c.] See Homer's *Odyſſey*.

And

And by mine eye that once was answerable
Unto that sun, but now's extinguished—

Mendacio.

He can see to swear, methinks.

Visus.

If I but once lay hands upon the slave,
That thus hath robb'd me of my dearest jewel,
I'll rend the miscreant into a thousand pieces,
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth;
Drinking his live-warm blood to satisfy
The boiling thirst of pain and furiousness,
That thus exasperates great Polypheme.

Mendacio.

Pray thee, Appetitus, see how he grasps for that he would
be loth to find.

Appetitus.

What's that? a stumbling block?

Visus.

These hands, that whilom tore up sturdy oaks,
And rent the rock that dash'd out Acis' brains,
Both in the stole bliss of my Galatea,
Serve now (O misery!) to no better use,
But for bad guides to my unskilful feet,
Never accusom'd thus to be directed.

Mendacio.

As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheel to make him
the true picture of fortune; how say'st? what, shall we play at
blind-man's-buff with him?

Appetitus.

Ay, if thou wilt, but first I'll try whether he can see?

Visus.

Find me out Outis, search the rocks and woods,
The hills and dales, and all the coasts adjoining,
That I may have him, and revenge my wrong,

Appetitus.

Visus, methinks your eyes are well enough.

Visus.

What's he that calls me Visus? do'st not know—

[*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*]

Appetitus.

To him, Mendacio, to him.

Mendacio.

Mendacio.

There, there, Appetitus, he comes, he comes; ware, ware,
he comes; ha, ha, ha, ha.

[Vifus stumbles, falls down, and fits still.]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA SEPTIMA.

Mendacio, Appetitus, Tactus *with a great black jack in his hand.*

Mendacio.

IS this he that thinks himself Hercules?

Appetitus.

Ay, wilt see me out-swagger him?

Mendacio.

Ay, do, do; I love not to sport with such mad play-fellows:
tickle him, Appetitus; tickle him, tickle him. *[Exit Mendacio,*

Tactus.

Have I not here the great and puissant club,
Wherewith I conquer'd three-chopp'd Cerberus?

Appetitus.

Have I not here the sharp and warlike teeth
That at one breakfast quail'd thrice three hogs faces?

Tactus.

And are not these Alcides' brawny arms,
That rent the lion's jaws, and kill'd the boar?

Appetitus.

And is not this the stomach that defeated
Nine yards of pudding, and a rank of pyes?

Tactus.

Did not I crop the seven-fold hydra's crest,
And with a river cleans'd Augeas' stable?

Appetitus.

Did not I crush a seven-fold custard's crust,
And with my tongue swept a well-furnish'd table?

Tactus.

Did not these feet and hands o'ertake and slay
The nimble stag and fierce impetuous bull?

Appetitus.

Appetitus.

Did not this throat at one good meal devour
That stag's sweet venison, and that strong bull's beef?

Tactus.

Shall Hercules be thus disparaged?
Juno! you pouting quean, you louring trull,
Take heed I take you not; for by Jove's thunder
I'll be reveng'd.

[*Appetitus draws Visus backward from Tactus.*

Appetitus.

Why Visus, Visus, will you be kill'd? away, away.

[*Exit Visus,*

Tactus.

Who have we here? see, see the giant Cacus
Draws an ox backward to his thievish den.
Hath this device so long deluded me?
Monster of men, Cacus, restore my cattle,
Or instantly I'll crush thy idle coxcomb,
And dash thy doltish brains against thy cave.

Appetitus.

Cacus! I Cacus? ha, ha, ha. Tactus, you mistake me
I am yours to command, Appetitus.

Tactus.

Art Appetitus? Th'art so; run quickly, villain.
Fetch a whole ox to satisfy my stomach.

Appetitus.

Fetch an afs to keep you company.

Tactus.

Then down to hell, tell Pluto, prince of devils,
That great Alcides wants a kitchen wench
To turn his spit. Command him from myself,
To send up Proserpine; she'll serve the turn.

Appetitus.

I must find you meat, and the devil find you cooks.
Which is the next way?

Tactus.

Follow the beaten path, thou canst not miss it.
'Tis a wide causeway that conducteth thither,
An easy tract, and down hill all the way.
But if the black prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow,

Tell

Tell him I'll drag him from his iron chair,
By the steel tresses, and then sow him fast
With the three furies in a leathern bag,
And thus will drown them in the ocean.

[He pours the jack of beer upon Appetitus.]
Appetitus.

You had better keep him alive to light tobacco-pipes, or to sweep chimneys.

Tactus.

Art thou not gone? nay, then I'll send thy soul
Before thee; 'twill do thy message sooner. *[Beats him.]*

Appetitus.

Hercules, Hercules, Hercules! do not you hear Omphale?
Hark how she calls you, hark!

Tactus.

'Tis she indeed, I know her sugar'd voice,
Omphale, dear commandress of my life,
My thoughts' repose, sweet center of my cares,
Where all my hopes and best desires take rest.
Lo! where the mighty son of Jupiter
'Throws himself captive at your conquering feet;
Do not disdain my voluntary humbleness:
Accept my service, bless me with commanding,
I will perform the hardest imposition
And run through twelve new labours for thy sake.
Omphale, dear commandress of my life.

Appetitus.

Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?
Look how she holds her distaf, look ye?

Tactus.

Where is she gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale, stay, stay, take thy Hercules!

Appetitus.

There, there, man, you are right.

[Exit Tactus.]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA OCTAVA.

*Appetitus solus.**Appetitus.*

WHAT a strange temper are the Senses in !
 How come their wits thus topsy-turvy turn'd ?
 Hercules Tactus, Vifus Polypheme,
 Two goodly surnames have they purchas'd.
 By the rare ambrosian of an oyster pye,
 They have got such proud imaginations,
 That I could wish I were mad for company :
 But, since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
 I'll rest contented with this wise estate.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA NONA.

*Appetitus, Auditus with a candlestick.**Appetitus.*

WHAT more anger ? Auditus got abroad too ?

Auditus.

Take this abuse at base Olfactus' hands ?
 What did he challenge me to meet me here,
 And is not come ? well, I'll proclaim the slave,
 The vilest dastard that e'er broke his word :
 But stay, yonder's Appetitus.

Appetitus.

I pray you, Auditus, what ails you ?

Auditus.

Ha, ha !

Appetitus.

What ails you ?

Auditus.

Ha ! what say'st thou ?

Appetitus.

Who hath abus'd you thus ?

Auditus.

Auditus.

Why dost thou whisper thus? Canst not speak out?

Appetitus.

Save me, I had clean forgotten: why are you so angry, Auditus?

Auditus.

Bite us! who dare bite us?

Appetitus.

I talk of no biting; I say, what's the matter between Olfactus and you?

Auditus.

Will Olfactus bite me? do if he dares: would he would meet me here according to his promise! Mine ears are somewhat thick of late; I pray thee speak-out louder.

Appetitus.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! this is fine i'faith: ha, ha, ha! Hear you, have you lost your ears at supper?

Auditus.

Excellent cheer at supper, I confess it;
But when 'tis sauc'd with four contentions,
And breeds such quarrels, 'tis intolerable.

Appetitus.

Pish, pish, this is my question: Hath your supper spoil'd your hearing?

Auditus.

Hearing at supper! tell not me of hearing;
But if thou saw'st Olfactus, bring me to him.

Appetitus.

I ask you whether you have lost your hearing?

Auditus.

O dost thou hear them ring? what a grief is this
Thus to be deaf, and lose such harmony?
Wretched Auditus, now shalt thou never hear
The pleasing changes that a well-tun'd cord
Of trouling bells will make, when they are true rung.

Appetitus.

Here's a do indeed! I think he's mad, as well as drunk or deaf.

Auditus.

Ha, what's that?

Appetitus.

Appetitus.

I say you have made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

Auditus.

Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking crowd?

Appetitus.

I am hoarse, I tell you, and my head aches.

Auditus.

Oh, I understand thee! ^{ss} the first crowd was made of a horse-head.

'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head
Was the first invention of string instruments,
Whence rose the gitterne, vial, and the lute:
Though others think the lute was first devis'd
In imitation of a tortoise back,
Whose sinews, parched by Apollo's beams,
Echo'd about the concave of the shell:
And seeing the shortest and smallest gave shrillest sound,
They found out frets, whose sweet diversity,
Well touched by the skilful learned fingers,
Raiseth so strange a multitude of cords.
Which their opinion many do confirm,
Because Testudo signifies a lute.
But if I by no means—

Appetitus.

Nay, if you begin to critic once, we shall never have done.

[*Exit Appetitus, and carries away Auditus per force.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA.

Crapula, a fat-belly'd slave, cloath'd in a light veil of sarsnet, a garland of vine-leaves on his head, &c. Somnus in a mantle of black cobweb lawn down to the foot, over a dusky-coloured taffeta coat, and a crown of poppy-tops on his head, a company of dark-coloured silk scarfs in one hand, a mace of poppy in the other, leaning his head upon a pillow on Crapula's shoulders.

Crapula.

SOMNUS, good Somnus, sweet Somnus, come apace!

^{ss} the first crowd] See Note 18 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II. p. 103.

Somnus.

Somnus.

Hei oh, oh; are you sure they be so? oh, oh, oh; hei;
waw?

What good can I do? ou, hoh, haw.

Crapula.

Why I tell you, unless you help—

[Somnus falls down and

Soft son of night, right heir to quietness,

Labour's repose, life's best restorative;

Digestion's careful nurse, blood's comforter,

Wit's help, thought's charm, the stay of Microcosme;

Sweet Somnus' chiefest enemy to care:

My dearest friend, lift up thy lumpish head,

Ope thy dull eyes; shake off this drowfiness,

Rowse up thyself.

Somnus.

O Crapula! how now, how now! oh, oh, how: who's there?

Crapula, speak quickly, what's the matter?

Crapula.

As I told you, the noble Senses, peers of Microcosme,

Will est-soon fall to ruin perpetual,

Unless your ready helping hand recure them:

Lately they banquetted at Gustus' table,

And there fell mad, or drunk, I know not whether;

So that it's doubtful in these outrageous fits,

That they'll murder one another.

Somnus.

Fear it not,

If they have 'scap'd already, bring me to them,

Or them to me; I'll quickly make them know

The power of my large-stretch'd authority.

These cords of sleep, wherewith I wont to bind

The strongest arms that e'er resisted me,

Shall be the means; whereby I will correct

The Senses outrage and distemperature.

Crapula.

Thanks, gentle Somnus, I'll go seek them out;

And bring them to you as soon as possible.

Somnus.

Dispatch it quickly, lest I fall asleep, for want of work.

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P

Crapula.

Crapula.

Stand still, stand still! Vifus, I think, comes yonder.
 If you think good, begin and bind him first:
 For, he made fast, the rest will soon be quiet. [*Exit Crapula.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA UNDECIMA.

Vifus, Somnus.

Vifus.

SAGE Telemus, I now too late admire
 Thy deep foresight and skill in prophecy,
 Who whilome told't me, that in time to come
 Ulysses should deprive me of my sight.
 And now the slave that march'd in Outis' name,
 Is prov'd Ulysses; and by this device
 Hath 'scap'd my hands, and fled away by sea,
 Leaving me desolate in eternal night.
 Ah, wretched Polypheme! where's all thy hope,
 And longing for thy beauteous Galatea?
 She scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest
 And loath to look upon thy dark'ned face:
 Ay me most miserable Polyphemus!
 But as for Ulysses, heaven and earth
 Send vengeance ever on thy damned head,
 In just revenge of my great injury. [*Somnus binds him.*]
 Who is he that dares to touch me? Cyclops come,
 Come all ye Cyclops's help to rescue me.

*[Somnus charms him, he sleeps.]**Somnus.*

There rest thyself, and let a quiet sleep
 Restore thy weak imaginations..

ACTUS

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DUODECIMA.

Lingua, Somnus, Vifus.

Lingua.

HA, ha, ha: oh how my spleen is tickled with this sport
 The madding Senses make about the woods!
 It cheers my soul, and makes my body fat,
 To laugh at their mischances: ha, ha, ha, ha.
 Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
 Would I had one to hold my sides a-while,
 That I might laugh afresh: Oh how they run,
 And chafe, and swear, and threaten one another!

[Somnus binds her.

Ay me, out, alas! ay me, help, help, who's this that binds me?
 Help, Mendacio, Mendacio, help; here's one will ravish me.

Somnus.

Lingua, content yourself, you must be bound.

Lingua.

What a spite's this! are my nails par'd so near? Can I not
 scratch his eyes out? what have I done? what! do you mean
 to kill me? murder, murder, murder! .

[She falls asleep.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA TERTIA.

Gustus, with a ⁸⁹ voiding knife in his hand; Somnus, Lingua,
 Vifus.

Gustus.

WHO cries out murder? what a woman slain!

My lady Lingua dead? oh Heavens unjust!

Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact,
 And shower not fire upon the murderer?

⁸⁹ voiding knife] A voiding knife was a long one used by our indelicate ancestors to sweep bones, &c. from the table into the voider, or basket, in which broken meat was carried from the table. ■

Ah peerless *Lingua*, mistress of heavenly words,
 Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
 Heart's dear enchantress! what disaster, fates!
 Have rest this jewel from our commonwealth?
Gustus, the ruby that adorns the ring,
 Lo here defect, how shalt thou lead thy days,
 Wanting the sweet companion of thy life,
 But in dark sorrow and dull melancholy?
 But stay, who's this? inhuman wretch!
 Blood-thirsty miscreant! is this thy handy work?
 To kill a woman, a harmless lady?
 Villain, prepare thyself; draw, or I'll sheathe my faulchion in
 thy sides.

There, take the ⁹⁰ guerdon fit for murderers.

[*Gustus* offers to run at *Somnus*; but, being suddenly
 charm'd, falls asleep.

Somnus.

Here's such a stir, I never knew the Senses in such disorder.

Lingua.

Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio*, *Mendacio*! see how *Visus* hath
 broke his forehead against the oak yonder, ha, ha, ha.

Somnus.

How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I have more
 trouble to make one woman sleep, than all the world besides,
 they are so full of tattle.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA QUARTA.

Somnus, *Crapula*, *Lingua*, *Visus*, *Gustus*, *Auditus* pulling
Olfactus by the nose; and *Olfactus* wringing *Auditus* by the
 ears.

Auditus.

O H mine ears, mine ears, mine ears!

Olfactus.

O my nose, my nose, my nose!

⁹⁰ guerdon] See Note 46 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 129.
Crapula.

Crapula.

Leave, leave, at length, these base contentions : Olfactus, let him go.

Olfactus.

Let him first loose my nose.

Crapula.

Good Auditus, give over.

Auditus.

I'll have his life that fought to kill me.

Somnus.

Come, come, I'll end this quarrel ; bind him, Crapula.

[*They bind them both.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA QUINTA.

Tactus, *with the robe in his hand*, Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Gustus, Olfactus, Visus, Auditus.

Tactus.

THANKS, *Dejanira*, for thy kind remembrance,
'Tis a fair shirt, I'll wear it for thy sake.

Crapula.

Somnus, here's Tactus, worse than all his fellows :
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage !

Somnus.

What will he do ? see that he escapes us not.

Tactus.

'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well ;
'Tis very warm indeed : but what's the matter ?
Methinks I am somewhat hotter than I was,
My heart beats faster than 'twas wont to do,
My brain's inflam'd, my temples ach extremely ; oh, oh !
Oh what a wild-fire creeps among my bowels !
Æna's within my breast, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones ; oh my sides ! oh my sides !
My sides, my reins, my head, my reins, my head ;
My heart, my heart, my liver, my liver, oh !
I burn, I burn, I burn ; oh how I burn

With scorching heat of implacable fire !
I burn extreme with flames unsufferable.

Somnus.

Sure he doth but try how to act Hercules.

Tractus.

Is it this shirt that boils me thus ? oh heavens !
It fires me worse, and heats more furiously
Than Jove's dire thunderbolts ! oh miserable !
They bide less pain that bathe in Phlegeton !
Could not the triple kingdom of the world,
Heaven, earth, and hell, destroy great Hercules ?
Could not the damned sprights of hateful Juno,
Nor the great dangers of my labours, kill me ?
Am I the mighty son of Jupiter,
And shall this poison'd linnen thus consume me ?
Shall I be burnt ? Villains, fly up to heaven,
Bid Iris muster up a troop of clouds,
And shower down cataracts of rain to cool me ;
Or else I'll break her speckled bow in pieces.
Will she not ? no, she hates me like her Mistress.
Why then descend, you rogues, to the vile deep,
Fetch Neptune hither, charge him bring the sea
To quench these flames, or else the world's fair frame
Will be in greater danger to be burnt,
Than when proud Phaeton rul'd the sun's rich chariot.

Somnus.

I'll take that care the world shall not be burnt,
If Somnus' cords can hold you. [Somnus binds him.

Tactus.

What Vulcan's this that offers to enchain
A greater foldier than the God of War ?

Somnus.

He that each night with bloodless battle conquers
The proudest conqueror that triumphs by wars.

Crapula.

Now, Somnus, there's but only one remaining
That was the author of these outrages.

Somnus.

Who's that ? is he under my command ?

Crapula.

Crapula.

Yes, yes, yes, 'tis Appetitus; if you go that way, and look about those thickets, I'll go hither, and search this grove, I doubt not but to find him.

Somnus.

Content.

[*Exeunt Somnus et Crapula.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA SEXTA.

Appetitus, Irascibilis with a willow in his hand pull'd up by the roots, Somnus, Crapula. The Senses all asleep.

Appetitus.

SO now's the time that I would gladly meet
 These madding Senses that abus'd me thus;
 What! haunt me like an owl? make an ass of me?
 No, they shall know I scorn to serve such masters
 As cannot master their affections.
 Their injuries have chang'd my nature;
 Now I'll be no more call'd hungry parasite,
 But henceforth answer to the wrathful name
 Of angry Appetite. My choler's up;
 Zephyrus, cool me quickly with thy fan,
 Or else I'll cut thy cheeks; why this is brave,
 Far better than to fawn at Gustus' table
 For a few scraps; no, no such words as these:
 By Pluto stab the villain, kill the slave:
 By the infernal hags⁹¹ I'll hough the rogue,
 And paunch the rascal that abus'd me thus;
 Such words as these fit angry Appetite.

*Enter Crapula.**Crapula.*

Somnus, Somnus, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.

Appetitus.

Ay marry is he, firrah, what of that base miscreant, Crapula?

⁹¹ *I'll hough the rogue*] i. e. hamstring him. S.

Crapula.

O gentle Appetitus!

Appetitus.

You muddy ⁹² gulch, dar'it look me in the face, while mine eyes sparkle with revengeful fire?

[*Beats him,*

Crapula.

Good Appetitus.

Appetitus.

Peace, you fat ⁹³ bawson, peace,
Seest not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villain, I'll maul thee for thine old offences,
And grind thy bones to powder with this pestle:
You, when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beat me out of doots; but now prepare,
Make thyself ready, for thou shalt not 'scape.
Thus doth the great revengeful Appetite
Upon his fat foe wreck his wrathful spite.

[*Appetitus beaveth up his club to brain Crapula; but, Somnus in the mean time catcheth him behind, and binds him.*

Somnus.

Why, how now, Crapula?

Crapula.

Am I not dead? is not my soul departed?

Somnus.

No, no, see where he lies that would have hurt thee? fear nothing.

[*Somnus lays the Senses all in a circle, feet to feet, and wafis his wand over them.*

So rest you all in silent quietness;

Let nothing wake you till the power of sleep,

⁹² gulph] fool. "Gulchin, q. d. a *Gulckin*, i. e. parvus Gulo, kin "enim minuit. Alludit, It. *Guccio*, Stultus, hoc autem proculdubio a "Teut *Geck*, Stultus ortum ducit." SKINNER. Florio explains *Guccio*, a gull, a sot, a ninnie, a meacock. Ben Jonson uses the word in *The Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 4. "— come, we must have you turn fidler again, "slave, get a base violin at your back, and march in a tawny coat, with "one sleeve, to goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you "will gulch you will."

⁹³ bawson] *Bawson*, in some countier, signifies a *ladger*. I think I have heard the vulgar Irish use it to express bulkiness. Mr. Chatterton, in the Poems of the Pseudo Rowley, has it more than once in this sense. As *bawson olyphanes*, i. e. bulky elephants. S.

With

With his sweet dew, cooling your brains inflam'd,
 Hath rectified the vain and idle thoughts
 Bred by your surfeit and distemperature;
 Lo here the Senses late outrageous,
 All in a round together sleep like friends;
 For there's no difference 'twixt the king and clown,
 The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
 Wrapt in the veil of night, and bonds of sleep;
 Without whose power, and sweet dominion,
 Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulness,
 The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
 Avarice' talons, and the fire of hate,
 Would poison, wound, distract, and soon consume
 The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man.
 The sturdy mower, that with brawny arms
 Wieldeth the crooked scythe, in many a swath
 Cutting the flowery pride on the velvet plain,
 Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
 Of his wife's arms forgets his labour past.
 The painful mariner, and careful smith,
 The toiling plowman, all artificers,
 Most humbly yield to my dominion:
 Without due rest nothing is durable.
 Lo thus doth Somnus conquer all the world
 With his most awful wand, and half the year
 Reigns o'er the best and proudest emperors.
 Only the nurslings of the Sisters nine
 Rebel against me, scorn my great command;
 And when dark night from her bedewy wings
 Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
 They only wake, and with unwearied toil
 Labour to find the *Via Lactea*,
 That leads to the heaven of immortality;
 And by the lofty towering of their minds,
 Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselves unto the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth and heaven in a thought;
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industry was never yet rewarded;
 Better to sleep, than wake and toil for nothing.

[*Exeunt Somnus et Crapula.*]

ACTUS

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA SEPTIMA.

*The five Senses, Lingua, Appetitus, all asleep and dreaming,
Phantasies, Heuresis.*

Auditus.

SO ho, Rockwood; fo ho, Rockwood; Rockwood, your organ: hey Chanter, Chanter; by Acteon's head-tire it's a very deep-mouth'd dog, a most admirable cry of hounds; look here, again, again, there, there, there, ah ⁹⁴ware counter.

Visus.

Do you see the full moon yonder, and not the man in it? why methinks 'tis too, too evident, I see his dog very plain, and look you, just under his tail is a thorn-bush of furs.

Gustus.

'Twill make a fine tooth-pick, that Lark's heel there, O do not burn it.

Phantasies.

Boy, Heuresis, what think'st thou I think when I think nothing?

Heuresis.

And it please you, sir, I think you are devising how to answer a man that asks you nothing.

Phantasies.

Well guess'd, boy; but yet thou mistook'st it; for I was thinking of the constancy of women. [*Appetitus snores aloud.*] Beware, firrah, take heed; I doubt me there's some wild boar lodged hereabout: how now? methinks these be the Senses; ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kiss'd them.

Tactus.

Oh, oh, oh, I am stabb'd, I am stabb'd; hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

⁹⁴ *ware counter*] *Counter* is a term belonging to the Chase. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, 1575, p. 243. says, "When a hounde hunteth backwards the same way that the chase is come, then we say he hunteth *counter*. And if he hunt any other chase than that which he first undertooke, we say he hunteth *change*."

So, in *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.:

"How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

"O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs."

See Dr. Johnson's Note on this passage.

Phantasies.

Phantastes.

How now? do they talk in their sleep? are they not awake, Heuresis?

Heuresis.

No, questionless they be all fast asleep.

Gustus.

Eat not too many of those Apples, they be very flative.

Olfactus.

Foh, beat out this dog here; foh, was it you, Appetitus?

Auditus.

In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoever it was; the warble is very good, and the horn is excellent.

Tactus.

Put on, man, put on; keep your head warm, 'tis cold.

Phantastes.

Ha, ha, ha, ha? 'st: Heuresis, stir not, firrah.

Appetitus.

Shut the door, the pot runs over, firrah; Cook, that will be a sweet pasty, if you nibble the venison so.

Gustus.

Say you so? is a marrow-pie the Helena of meats? give me't; if I play not Paris, hang me. Boy, a clean trencher.

Appetitus.

Serve up, serve up; this is a fat Rabbit, would I might have the maiden-head of it; come, give me the fish there; who hath meddled with these maids, ha?

Olfactus.

Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame; 'tis the worst smell that can be.

Tactus.

O the cramp, the cramp, the cramp, my leg, my leg!

Lingua.

I must abroad presently, reach me my best necklace presently.

Phantastes.

Ah, Lingua, are you there?

Auditus.

Here take this rope, and I'll help the leader close with the second bell: fie, fie, there's a goodly peal clean spoil'd.

Visus.

Visus.

I'll lay my life that gentlewoman is painted : well, well, I know it ; mark but her nose : do you not see the complexion crack out ? I must confess 'tis a good picture.

Tactus.

Ha, ha, ha ! fie, I pray you leave, you tickle me so : oh, ha, ha, ha ! take away your hands, I cannot endure ; ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah !

Visus.

Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now,—look about that bush, she trust't her thereabout,—here she is, ware wing cater, ware wing, avaunt.

Lingua.

Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Phantastes.

'St, sirrah, take heed you wake her not.

Heuresis.

I know, sir, she is fast asleep, for her mouth is shut.

Lingua.

This 'tis to venture upon such uncertainties, to lose so rich a crown to no end, well, well.

Phantastes.

Ha, ha, ha, we shall hear anon where she lost her maiden-head : 'st, boy, my lord vicegerent and master register are hard by, run quickly ; tell them of this accident, with them come softly.

[*Exit Heuresis.*]*Lingua.*

Mendacio, never talk farther, I doubt 'tis past recovery ; and my robe likewise, I shall never have them again, well, well.

Phantastes.

How ? her crown and her robe, never recover them ? hum, was it not said to be left by Mercury ? ha ? I conjecture here's some knavery,—fast lock'd with sleep in good faith. Was that crown and garment yours, Lingua ?

Lingua.

Ay marry were they, and that somebody hath felt, and shall feel more, if I live.

Phantastes.

O strange, she answers in her sleep to my question ! but how come the Senses to strive for it ?

Lingua.

Lingua.

Why, I laid it on purpote in their way, that they might fall together by the ears.

Phantastes.

What a strange thing is this!

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA OCTAVA.

The Senses, Appetitus and Lingua asleep. Phantastes, Communis Sensus, Memoria, Anamnestes.

Phantastes.

HUSH, my lord, softly, softly; here's the notablest piece of treason discovered; how say you? Lingua, set all the Senses at odds, she hath confess'd it to me in her sleep.

Communis Sensus.

Is't possible, master Register? did you ever know any talk in their sleep?

Memoria.

I remember, my lord, many have done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease, many of them have I heard answer in their dreams, and tell what they did all day awake.

Anamnestes.

By the same token, there was a wanton maid, that being ask'd by her mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a room, she presently said, that—

Memoria.

Peace, you vile rake-hell, is such a jest fit for this company? no more I say, firrah.

Phantastes.

My lord, will you believe your own ears? you shall hear her answer me, as directly and truly as may be. Lingua, what did you with the crown and garments?

Lingua.

I'll tell thee, Mendacio.

Phantastes.

She thinks Mendacio speaks to her; mark now, mark how truly she will answer: what say you, madam?

Lingua.

Lingua.

I say Phantastes is a foolish transparent gull; a mere fanatic ⁹⁵ nupson, in my imagination not worthy to sit as a judge's assistant.

Communis Sensus.

Ha, ha, ha; how truly and directly she answers.

Phantastes.

Faw, faw, she dreams now, she knows not what she says. I'll try her once again: madam! what remedy can you have for your great losses?

Lingua.

O, are you come, Acrafia? welcome, welcome; boy, reach a cushion, sit down, good Acrafia: I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly; the Senses were so mad, did not you see how they raged about the woods?

Communis Sensus.

Hum, Acrafia! is Acrafia her confederate? my life that witch hath wrought some villainy——

[Lingua riseth in her sleep, and awaketh.]

how this? is she asleep? have you seen one walk thus before?

Memoria.

It is a very common thing, I have seen many sick of the peripatetic disease.

Anamneses.

By the same token, my lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleep, bent his bow, shot at a magpie, kill'd her, fetch'd his arrow, came home, lock'd the doors, and went to bed again.

Communis Sensus.

What should be the reason of it?

Memoria.

I remember Scaliger told me the reason once, as I think thus: the nerves that carry the moving faculty from the brains to the thighs, legs, feet, and arms, are wider far than the other nerves, wherefore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleep, but are night and day ready to perform what fancy shall command them.

⁹⁵ nupson,] See Note 32, p. 150.

Communis Sensus.

It may be so; but, Phantastes, enquire more of Acrasia.

Phantastes.

What did you with the potion Acrasia made you?

Lingua.

Gave it to the Senses, and made them as mad as—well, if I cannot recover it—let it go; I'll not leave them thus.

[She lies down again.]

Communis Sensus.

Boy, awake the Senses there.

Anamnestes.

Ho, ho, Auditus, up, up; so ho: Olfactus have at your nose; up Visus, Gustus, Tactus, up: what can you not feel a pinch? have at you with a pin.

Tactus.

Oh, you stab me, oh.

Communis Sensus.

Tactus, know you how you came hither?

Tactus.

No, my lord, not I; this I remember,
We supp'd with Gustus, and had wine good store,
Whereof I think I tasted liberally.
Amongst the rest, we drunk a composition
Of a most delicate and pleasant relish,
That made our brains somewhat irregular.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA DECIMA NONA.

*The Senses awake, Lingua asleep, Communis Sensus, Memory,
Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis drawing Crapula.*

Heuresis.

MY lord, here's a fat rascal was lurking in a bush very suspiciously; his name he says is Crapula.

Communis Sensus.

Sirrah, speak quickly what you know of these troubles.

I

Crapula.

Crapula.

Nothing, my lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that Somnus, at my request, laid them asleep, in hope to recover them.

Communis Sensus.

Why then 'tis too evident, Acrasia, at Lingua's request, bewitch'd the Senses; wake her quickly, Heuresis.

Lingua.

Heigh ho, out, alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

Communis Sensus.

Lingua, look not so strangely upon the matter; you have confess'd in your sleep, that with a crown and a robe you have disturb'd the Senses, using a crafty help to enrage them; can you deny it?

Lingua.

Ay me, most miserable wretch! I beseech your lordship forgive me.

Communis Sensus.

No, no, 'tis a fault unpardonable.

[*He consults with Memory.*]

Phantastes.

In my conceit, Lingua, you should seal up your lips when you go to bed, these feminine tongues be so glib.

Communis Sensus.

Visus, Tactus, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, we confirm as irrevocable, and establish the crown to you Visus, and the robe to you Tactus, but as for you, Lingua—

Lingua.

Let me have mine own, howsoever you determine, I beseech you.

Communis Sensus.

That may not be; your goods are fallen into our hands; my sentence cannot be recal'd; you may see, those that seek what is not theirs, oftentimes lose what's their own: therefore, Lingua, granting you your life, I commit you to close prison in Gustus's house, and charge you, Gustus, to keep her under the custody of two strong doors, and every day till she come to eighty years of age see she be well guarded with
thirty

thirty tall watchmen, without whose licence she shall by no means wag abroad; nevertheless, use her lady-like, according to her estate.

Phantastes.

I pray you, my lord, add this to the judgment; that whensoever she obtaineth licence to walk abroad, in token the tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet hood, made just in the fashion of a great tongue; in my conceit 'tis a very pretty emblem of a woman.

Factus.

My lord, she hath a wild boy to her page, a chief agent in this treason, his name's Mendacio.

Communis Sensus.

Ha! well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and ever after, though he shall strengthen his speeches with the finews of truth, yet none shall believe him.

Phantastes.

In my imagination, my lord, the day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it grows dark, by which I conjecture it will be cold, and therefore, in my fancy and opinion, 'tis best to repair to our lodgings.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter Anamnestes & Appetitus.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA VIGINTA.

Anamnestes, Appetitus *asleep in a corner.*

Anamnestes.

WHAT'S this? a fellow whispering so closely with the earth? so, ho, so, ho, Appetitus? faith now I think Morpheus himself hath been here; up with a pox to you, up you ⁹⁶ lusk; I have such news to tell thee, firrah: all the Senses are well, and Lingua is proved guilty: up, up, up; I never knew him so fast asleep in my life. [Appetitus *snorts.*] Nay then have at you afresh. [Fogs him.]

⁹⁶ lusk;] lusk is idle, lazy, slothful. Minshieu derives it from the Fr. *Lassebe*, desidiosus.

Appetitus.

Jog me once again, and I'll throw this whole mess of pot-
tage in your face; cannot one stand quiet at the dresser for
you?

Anamnestes.

Ha, ha, ha, I think 'tis impossible for him to sleep longer
than he dreams of his victuals. What, Appetitus, up quickly,
quickly up, Appetitus; quickly, firrah. *[Jogs him.]*

Appetitus.

I'll come presently, but I hope you'll stay till they be
roasted; will you eat them raw?

Anamnestes.

Roasted? ha, ha, ha, ha, up, up, up, away.

Appetitus.

Reach the sauce quickly; here's no sugar, whaw, whaw,
oh, ou, oh.

Anamnestes.

What, never wake? *[Jogs him.]* wilt never be?
Then I must try another way I see.

E P I L O G U E.

*J*UDICIOUS friends, it is so late at night,
 I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
 Then since the close upon his rising stands,
 Let me obtain this at your courteous hands,
 Try if the friendly opportunity
 Of your good-will and gracious plaudite,
 With the thrice welcome murmur it shall keep,
 Can beg this prisoner from the bands of sleep.
 Plaudite.

[Upon the Plaudite, Appetitus awakes, and
 runs in after Anamnestes.]

F I N I S.

Q:

E D I.

E D I T I O N S.

- (1.) "LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue and the
 " five Senses for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie. At
 " London, Printed by G. Eld, for Simon Waterfon, 1607,
 " 4to."
- (2.) "LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the
 " five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie. Lon-
 " don, Printed by N. Okes, for Simon Waterfon, N. D. 4to."
- (3.) "LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the
 " five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie. Lon-
 " don, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Simon Waterfon, 1617,
 " 4to."
- (4.) "LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the
 " five Sences, for Superiority. A pleasant Comedy. Lon-
 " don, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Simon Waterfon, 1622,
 " 4to."
- (5.) "LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the
 " five Sences, for Superioritie. A pleasant Comœdie. Lon-
 " don, Printed by Augustine Matthewes, for Simon Waterfon,
 " 1632, 4to."
- (6.) "LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the
 " five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdy. Lon-
 " don, Printed for Simon Miller, at the Starre in St. Paul's
 " Church-yard, 1657, 8vo."



THE
MERRY DEVIL
OF
EDMONTON.

Q 3

LIBRARY OF THE



EDWARD

ONE Kirkman, a Bookseller, who, in the last century, made diligent enquiry after old plays, hath, upon what authority I am unable to say, ascribed this play to Shakspeare. If a judgement may be formed of the Author from the internal evidence, it certainly will not be assigned to our great dramatic Bard, being in every respect very unworthy his genius. There are, however, many other circumstances from which it may be collected, that some other writer must take the merit or dishonour of the performance. Coxeter¹ says, that, in an old MS. of this play, he had seen it assigned to Michael Drayton; and Oldys, in his MS. Notes to *Langbaine*, speaks to the same effect. But, I believe, some other Author must be still sought for, as from the entry in the Books² of the Stationers Company in the year 1608, when it was first published, it appears that the initial letters of the Author's name were T. B. It had been acted before that time, being mentioned in the *Blacke Booke* by T. M. 1604. "Give him leave to see *The Merry Devil of Edmunton*; or, *A Woman kill'd with Kindnesse*;" and that it was a favourite performance, may be concluded from the following lines in Ben Jonson's Prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*:

" — If you'll come
 " To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
 " And shew this but the same face you have done
 " *Your dear delight* THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON."

¹ Companion to the Play-house.

² Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 260. edit. 1778.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR ARTHUR CLARE.

SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.

SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM.

HENRY CLARE.

RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.

FRANK JERNINGHAM.

SIR JOHN.

BANKS.

SMUG.

BILBO.

HOST.

BRIAN.

SEXTON.

FRYER HILDERSHAM.

BENEDIC.

CHAMBERLAIN.

FABEI.

COREB, a Spirit.

Lady CLARE.

MILLISENT.

ABBESS.

NUNS and ATTENDANTS.

THE

THE
MERRY DEVIL
OF
EDMONTON.

The PROLOGUE.

YOUR silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active scene:
To which intent, to calm this murmur'ing breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells;
If that your list'ning ears be yet prepar'd
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience.
'Tis Peter Fabel³, a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven miles from this great famous city;
'That for his fame in flights and magick won,
Was call'd The merry fiend of Edmonton.

³ 'Tis Peter Fabel] " Here (i. e. at Edmondton) lieth interred under
" a seemelie Tombe without Inscription the Body of *Peter Fabell* (as the
" report goes) upon whom this Fable was fathered, that he by his wittie
" devises beguiled the devill: belike he was some ingenious conceited
" gentleman, who did use some sleightie trickes for his owne disports.
" He lived and died in the raigne of Henry the Seventh, saith the booke
" of his merry pranks." *Weever's Funeral Monuments*, fol. 1631, p. 514.
Norden says, " There is a fable of one *Peter Fabell* that lyeth in the
" same church also, who is saide to have beguiled the Devill by pollicie
" for Money." *Speculum Britannicæ*, Middlesex, p. 18.

If any here make doubt of such a name,
 In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
 Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
 His monument remaineth to be seen :
 His memory yet in the mouths of men,
 That whilst he liv'd he could deceive the devil.
 Imagine now, that whilst he is retir'd
 From Cambridge back unto his native home,
 Suppose the silent, sable-visag'd night
 Casts her black curtain over all the world ;
 And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
 Toil'd with the studies of the passed day,
 The very time and hour wherein that spirit,
 That many years attended his command,
 And often times 'twixt Cambridge and that town
 Had in a minute borne him thro' the air,
 By composition 'twixt the fiend and him,
 Comes now to claim the scholar for his due.

[Draws the curtain.

Behold him here laid on his restless couch !
 His fatal chime prepared at his head,
 His chamber guarded with these sable flights,
 And by him stands that necromantic chair,
 In which he makes his direful invocations,
 And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
 Sit with a pleased eye, until you know
 The comic end of our sad tragic show.

*The chime goes, in which time Fabel is often seen to stare about him
 and hold up his hands.*

Fabel.

What means the trolling of this fatal chime ?
 O what a trembling horror strikes my heart !
 My stiffen'd hair stands upright on my head,
 * As do the bristles of a porcupine.

* *As do the bristles of a porcupine.*] So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 5. :

" And each particular hair to stand on end

" Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Enter

Enter Coreb, a spirit.

Coreb.

Fabel, awake ! or I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell.

Fabel.

Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me ?
Coreb, is it thou ?

Coreb.

'Tis I.

Fabel.

I know thee well, I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach :
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence ;
And this distemper'd and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil.

Coreb.

Come, art thou ready ?

Fabel.

Whither, or to what ?

Coreb.

Why, scholar, this is the hour my date expires ;
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

Fabel.

Hah ! what is thy due ?

Coreb.

Fabel, thyself.

Fabel.

O let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe :
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow, with her bill,
Take but so much as she can bear away ;
That every day thus losing of my load,
I may again, in time, yet hope to rise.

Coreb.

Didst thou not write thy name with thine own blood ?
And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt thee and me ?
And is it not recorded now in hell ?

Fabel.

Why com'st thou in this stern and horid shape ?
Not in familiar fort as thou wast wont ?

Coreb.

Coreb.

Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.

Fabel.

Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I have earnest business for a private friend,
Reserve me, spirit, until some farther time.

Coreb.

I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fabel.

Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world
Dispatch some business that I have to do,
And in mean time repose thee in that chair.

Coreb.

Fabel, I will.

*[Sits down.]**Fabel.*

O that this soul, that cost so dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her redeemer,
Inspir'd with knowledge, should by that alone,
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell;
When men in their own pride strive to know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him; losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,
The farther still he finds himself from land.
Man striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil,

Coreb.

Come, Fabel, hast thou done?

Fabel.

Yes, yes, come hither,

Coreb.

Fabel, I cannot.

Fabel.

Fabel.

Cannot! what ails your hollownest?

Coreb.

Good Fabel, help me.

Fabel.

Alas! where lies your grief?—Some aqua vitæ,
The devil's very sick, I fear he'll die,
For he looks very ill.

Coreb.

Dar'st thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's great name, Coreb conjures thee
To set him free.

Fabel.

I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more, before thou seize on me.

Coreb.

Fabel, I give it thee.

Fabel.

Swear, damned fiend.

Coreb.

Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee
Till seven years, from this hour, be full expir'd.

Fabel.

Enough, come out.

Coreb.

A vengeance take thy art!
Live, and convert all piety to evil;
Never did man thus over-reach the devil.
No time on earth, like Phaetonic flames,
Can have perpetual being. I'll return
To my infernal mansion: but be sure,
Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry.
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabel carry,

Fabel.

Then thus between us two this variance ends;
Thou to thy fellow-fiends, I to my friends.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his lady, Milliscent his daughter, young Harry Clare; the men booted, the gentlewomen in cloaks and safe-guards: Blague the merry host of the George comes in with them.

Host.

Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham; my freehold, my tenements, goods, and chattels. Madam, here's a room is the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four elements in it; I built it out of the center, and I drink ne'er the less sack.—Welcome,—my little waste of maiden-heads: what? I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Clare.

God a mercy, my good host Blague:
Thou hast a good seat here.

Host.

'Tis correspondent, or so: there's not a ⁶ Tartarian,
Nor a carrier, shall breathe upon your geldings;
They have villainous rank feet, the rogues,
And they shall not sweat in my linen:
Knights and lords too have been drunk in my house,
I thank the Destinies.

Harry Clare.

Pr'ythee, good sinful inn-keeper, will that corruption, thine hostler, to look well to my gelding—⁷ Hay! a pox of these rushes.

Host.

⁵ *safe-guards*] *Safe-guards* are outward petticoats, still worn by the wives of farmers, &c. who ride on horseback to market. S.

They are called so, says Minshieu, voce *Save-guard*, because they guard the other cloaths from soiling.

They are mentioned several times in *The Roaring Girl*. See vol. VII. Again, in *Ram-Alley*, A. I. S. 1.:

“On with your cloak and *safe-guard*, you arrant drab.”

⁶ *Tartarian*] *Tartarian* seems to have been a cant word for a thief. In *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, p. 3. the Hangman says, “I pray (Mr. Jew) bestow a cast of your office upon me (a poor member of the Law) by telling me my fortune whether I shall die in my bed or no, or what else shall happen to me; and if any thieving *Tartarian* shall break in upon you, I will with both hands nimbly lend a cast of my office to him.”

⁷ *Hay! a pox of these rushes*] Before the use of carpets was introduced into England, it was customary to strew the floors of rooms with rushes. This practice is often mentioned.

Arden

Host.

You, St. Dennis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake. By the body of Saint George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison: now when wast thou in the forest?

Harry Clare.

Away, you stale mels of white broth. Come hither, sister, let me help you.

Clare.

Mine host, is not fir Richard Mouchenssey come yet, according to our appointment when we last dined here?

Host.

The knight's not yet apparent—marry here's a fore-runner that summons a parley, and faith he'll be here top and top-gallant presently.

Clare.

'Tis well: good mine host, go down and see breakfast be provided.

Host.

Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down; I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foe-man; or like a courtier, that must not shew his prince his posteriors: vanish to know my canvasadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serve the good duke of Norfolk. [Exit.

Clare.

How doth my lady? are you not weary, madam? Come hither, I must talk in private with you; My daughter Millisent must not over-hear.

*Arden of Feversham, 1592:**Alec.* In vaine we strive, for here his blood remains.*Mos.* Why strew rushes on it, can you not?

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 5. "—that all the ladies and gallants lye languishing upon the rushes like so many pounded cattle? the midst of harvest, &c."

Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. B 4: "—the windowes were spread with hearbs, the chimney drest up with greene boughes, and the floore strewed with bulrushes, as if some lasse were that morning to be married."

See Holingshed's *Chronicle*, vol. II. p. 1706.

Millisent.

Ay! whispering! pray God it tend to my good!
Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood.

Clare.

You know, our meeting with the knight Mounchensley
Is to assure our daughter to his heir.

Dorcas.

'Tis without question.

Clare.

Two tedious winters have pass'd o'er, since first
These couple lov'd each other, and in passion
Glew'd first their naked hands with youthful moisture;
Just so long, on my knowledge.

Dorcas.

And what of this?

Clare.

This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchensley's house convey our arms,
Quartered within his 'scutcheon; the affiance made
Twixt him and her, this morning should be seal'd.

Dorcas.

I know it should.

Clare.

But there are crosses, wife; here's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and a third
At Cheston; and it is ominous to pass
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two like spirits walk in night,
About those stony and hard-hearted plots.

Millisent.

O God! what means my father?

[Aside.]

^a But there are crosses, &c.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Stephano says of Portia:

"My mistress will before the break of day

"Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about

"By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays

"For happy wedlock hours.

^b Cheston;] In Hertfordshire, now called Cheshunt.

Clare.

Clare.

For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
 Hath over-run his annual revenue,
 In keeping jolly Christmas all the year;
 The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuff'd
 With smoak, more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
 His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst simple,
 His leanest curs eat his hounds carrion:
 Besides, I heard of late, his younger brother,
 Or Turkey-mercant, hath sure suck'd the knight;
 By means of some great losses on the sea;
 That (you conceive me) before God, all is naught;
 His feat is weak: thus each thing rightly seann'd;
 You'll see a flight, wife, shortly, of his land.

Millisent.

Treason to my heart's truest sovereign:
 How soon is love smothered in foggy gain!

*[Aside.]**Dorcas.*

But how shall we prevent this dangerous match?

Clare.

I have a plot, a trick, and this it is:
 Under this colour I'll break off the match;
 I'll tell the knight, that now my mind is chang'd
 For marrying of my daughter; for I intend
 To send her unto ¹⁰ Cheston nunnery.

Millisent.

O me accurs!

Clare.

There to become a most religious nun.

Millisent.

I'll first be buried quick.

Clare.

To spend her beauty in most private prayers.

¹⁰ *Cheston nunnery.*] At Cheshunt there was a Benedictine nunnery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was founded before the year 1183 and augmented with lands and tenements of the Canons of Cathale, in the twenty-fourth year of King Henry the Third: but yet upon the general dissolution it was valued only at 14 l. 1 s. per Ann. See *England illustrated*, 4to. 1764. vol. i. p. 318.

Millisent.

I'll sooner be a finner, in forsaking
Mother and father.

Clare.

How dost like my plot?

Dorcas.

Exceeding well : but is it your intent
She shall continue there?

Clare.

Continue there ? ha, ha, that were a jest :
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelve-month and a day, only on trial.
There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,
And in mean time I'll compass a fair match
'Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir
Of sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest ;
I think they'll both come hither with Mouchensey.

Dorcas.

Your care argues the love you bear our child ;
I will subscribe to any thing you'll have me.

[*Excunt Sir Arthur and Dorcas.*]*Millisent.*

You will subscribe to it?—good, 'tis well ;
Love hath two chairs of state, heaven and hell.
My dear Mouchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Millisent prove untrue.

[*Exit.*]*Enter Blague.**Host.*

Hostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of
the knights and competitors : your honourable hulks have
put into harborough, they'll take in fresh water here, and I
have provided clean chamber-pots.

¹¹ *Via—they come.**Enter*

¹¹ *Via !*] This cant phrase is common in the old Plays. Mr. Tollet
supposes it taken from the Italian *via*, and to be used on occasions to
quicken or pluck up courage. See Note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,
A. 2. S. 2. It here signifies *away*! So, in *Edward the Third*, A. 2. S. 2 :

“ Then *via* for the spacious bounds of France.”

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 2. S. 1 :

“ — let her go

“ *Via pecunia.*”

Eastward

Enter Sir Richard Mounchensley, Sir Ralph Jerningham, young Frank Jerningham, Raymond Mounchensley, Peter Fabel, and Bilbo.

Host.

The destinies be most neat chamberlains to these swag-
gering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

Sir Richard.

God a mercy, good mine host.

Sir Ralph.

Thanks, good host Blague.

Host.

Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin
bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble
giberalters, and blow wind in your calves to make them swell
bigger. Ha; I'll caper in mine own fee-simple; away with
punctilios and orthography, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Bilbo.

¹² *Tytere, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of
fashion, will be your only blade still; I have a villainous
sharp stomach to slice a breakfast.

Host.

Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, re-
leases, or attournment—what! we know our terms of hunt-
ing, and the sea card.

Bilbo.

And do you serve the good duke of Norfolk still?

Host.

Still, and still, and still, my soldier of Saint Quintin's.
Come follow me, I have ¹³ Charles's-wain below in a butt of
sack, 'twill glister like your crab-fish.

Eastward ho, vol. IV:

"—Avaunt, dull flat cap then!

"*Via*, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!

"There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state."

Marston's What you will, A. 2:

"Come now, *via*, aloune to Celia."

See also *Mons Thomas, A. 2. S. 2.*

¹² *Tytere, &c.*] The first line of Virgil's Eclogues.

¹³ *Charles's-wain*] In Astronomy, seven stars in the Constellation
Ursa Minor.

Bilbo.

You have fine scholar-like terms ; your ¹⁴ Cooper's Dictionary is your only book to study in a cellar, a man shall find very strange words in it : come, my host, let's serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Host.

And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Harry Clare.

Sir Ralph.

Good fir Arthur Clare !

Clare.

What gentleman is that ? I know him not.

Sir Richard.

'Tis Mr. Fabel, fir, a Cambridge scholar,
My son's dear friend.

Clare.

Sir, I entreat you know me.

Fabel.

Command me, fir, I am affected to you
For your Mounchensey's sake.

Clare.

Alas ! for him,
I not respect whether he sink or swim :
A word in private, fir Ralph Jerningham.

Raymond.

Methinks your father looketh strangely on me :
Say, love, why are you sad ?

Millisent.

I am not, sweet ;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet.

Clare.

Shall's in to breakfast ? After, we'll conclude
The cause of this our coming : in and teed,
And let that usher a more serious deed.

[*Exit.*

Millisent.

Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall bleed.

[*Exit.*

¹⁴ *Cooper's Dictionary*] A quibble alluding to Thomas Cooper's *Taurus linguae Latinae*, printed in fol. 1584.

Young Clare.

Raymond Mouchensley, come, be frolick, friend;
This is the day thou hast expected long.

Raymond.

Pray God, dear Harry Clare, it prove so happy!

Young Clare.

There's nought can alter it; be merry, lad.

Fabel.

There's nought shall alter it; be lively, Raymond:
Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.

[*Exeunt.*

Peter Fabel, *solus.*

Fabel.

Good old Mouchensley, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty, and thy roval parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn;
And after all these promises by Clare,
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other,
And the old gray-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the garden. Is't even so?
Raymond Mouchensley, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysicks, magick, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower?
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill, to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We'll first hang Envil in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fenn;
I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge;
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them, like sheep, in every field:

R 3

We

We may perhaps be cross'd ; but if we be,
He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.

Enter Raymond, and Young Jerningham.

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad ;
And here's the gallant that must have the wench.

Jerningham.

I pr'ythee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps,
Revive thy spirits ; thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
As mirth herself.

If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou may'st thyself assure.

Raymond.

Ha ! Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face
Of winter.

From thee, they have some power on my blood ;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear ;
From thee it cannot.

Jerningham.

If I understand thee, I am a villain :
What ! dost thou speak in parables to thy friend ?

Enter Young Clare.

Come, boy, and make me this same groaning love,
Troubled with stitches and the cough o'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at ¹⁵ hudman-blind :
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-tricks.
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove ;
But, in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.

¹⁵ *hudman-blind*] That is, as Mr. Steevens supposes, *blind man's buff*.
See Note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 4. edit. 1778.

Fabel.

Why, how now, madcap? what, my lusty Frank,
So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this gear in ¹⁶ hugger-mugger:
Art thou turn'd miser, rascal, in thy loves?

Jerningham.

Who I? z'blood, what should all you see in me,
That I should look like a married man? ha?
Am I bald? are my legs too little for my hose?
If I feel any thing in my forehead, I am a villain.
Do I wear a night-cap? do I bend in the hams?
What dost thou see in me, that I should be towards marriage? ha?

Young Clare.

What, thou married? let me look upon thee;
Rogue, who has given this out of thee?
How cam'st thou into this ill name? what company
Hast thou been in, rascal?

Fabel.

You are the man, fir, must have Millisent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and the old men,
Your fathers, mean to launch their ¹⁷ busy bags.
But in mean time, to thrust Mouchensley off,
For colour of this new-intended match,
Fair Millisent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.

Jerningham.

Raymond Mouchensley, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to ¹⁸ flubber
Her angel-like perfections. But thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore;

¹⁶ *bugger-mugger*:] See Note to 'Tis pity she's a Whore, vol. VIII. p. 48.

¹⁷ So the Quarto's, Mr. Doddsley reads *pursy*.

¹⁸ *flubber*] See Note 14 to The First Part of Jeronimo, vol. III. p. 89.

Where e'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
 But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
 And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
 How many a sad and weary summer's night,
 My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
 And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
 And from the meadows sprung the early lark
 An hour before she should have list to sing;
 I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
 That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
 To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
 But, dear Mouchenssey, had not my affection
 Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
 Before I'd wrong the chase, and o'ergive love
 Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
 I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
 And will in love become a counterfeit.

Mouchenssey.

Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
 And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
 I feel my spirit rebound against the stars;
 Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
 There time, nor death, can by their power controul.

Fabel.

Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
 And were he not my pupil, I would say,
 He were as fine a metal'd gentleman,
 Of as free spirit, and as fine a temper,
 As is in England; and he is a man
 That very richly may deserve thy love.
 But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
 What may Mouchenssey's honour to thyself
 Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Young Clare.

Raymond Mouchenssey, I would have thee know,
 He does not breathe this air,
 Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love,
 More than Mouchenssey's:
 Nor ever in my life did see the man
 Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
 I think more worthy of my sister's love.

But

But since the matter grows unto this pass,
 I must not seem to cross my father's will;
 But when thou list to visit her by night,
 My horse is saddled, and the stable door
 Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure:
 In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
 And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.

Mounchensy.

Then, care, away! let fate my fall pretend,
 Back'd with the favours of so true a friend.

Fabel.

Let us alone, to bustle for the set;
 For age and craft, with wit and art have met,
 I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jiggs
 Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Cross,
 The carrier's jades shall cast their heavy packs,
 And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in;
 The milk-maids ¹⁹ cuts shall turn the wenches off,
 And lay their ²⁰ dossers tumbling in the dust:
 The frank and merry London 'prentices,
 That come for cream and lusty country chear,
 Shall lose their way; and scrambling in the ditches
 All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
 Yet none to other find the way at all.

Mounchensy.

Pursue the project, scholar, what we can do
 To help endeavour, join our lives thereto.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Banks, Sir John, and Smug.

Banks.

²¹ Take me with you, good sir John ²²; a plague on thee,
 Smug, and thou touchest liquor thou art founder'd straight—
 What!

¹⁹ Cuts] i. e. horses. See Note 62 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

P. 44.

²⁰ dossers] i. e. panniers.

²¹ Take me with you] Let me understand you. So Falstaff says, "I would your grace would take me with you; Whom means your Grace?" First Part of *King Henry IV*, A. 2. S. 2. and Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's Notes.

²² sir John] This is one of the many instances which might be given where a parson is called Sir. "Upon which," says Sir John Hawkins,
 "it

What! are your brains always water-mills? must they ever run round?

Smug.

Banks, your ale is as a Philistine fox;—nouns! there's fire i' th' tail on't;—you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rear-ward;—a plague of this wind, ²³ O it tickles our catastrophe.

Sir John.

Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and good-man Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses; they are good both, smart both;—Hem, grafs and hay,—we are all mortal,—let's live 'till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks.

Well said, fir John, you are of the same humour still; and doth the water run the same way still, boy?

Smug.

Vulcan was a rogue to him;—Sir John, lock, lock, lock fast, fir John;—So, fir John, I'll one of these years, when it shall please the goddesses and the destinies, be drunk in your company; that's all now, and God send us health;—Shall I swear I love you?

Sir John.

No oaths, no oaths, good neighbour Smug,
We'll wet our lips together, and hug;
Carouse in private, and elevate the heart,
And the liver, and the lights, and the lights,
Mark you me, within us for—hem—
Grafs and hay,—we are all mortal,—let's live 'till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

"it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, somewhere in his Church History, says, that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights*; and so lately as temp. William and Mary, in a deposition in the Exchequer in a case of tythes, the witness, speaking of the curate whom he remembered, styles him *Sir Gyles*. Vide Gibson's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. p. 36." Note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1. edit. 1778.

²³ O it tickles our catastrophe] This expression is used by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 1.

Banks.

Banks.

But to our former motion about stealing some venison; whither go we?

Sir John.

Into the forest, neighbour Banks, into Brian's walk, the madkeeper.

Smug.

Blood! I'll tickle your keeper.

Banks.

I'faith thou art always drunk, when we have need of thee.

Smug.

Need of me! heart, you shall have need of me always, while there is iron in an anvil.

Banks.

Mr. Parson, may the Smith go (think you) being in this taking?

Smug.

Go! I'll go, in spite of all the bells in Waltham.

Sir John.

The question is, good neighbour Banks—let me see, the moon shines to-night,—there's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forest,—his brain may be settled ere night,—he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague, of the George at Waltham; if he were here, our consort were full. Look where comes my good host, the duke of Norfolk's man! and how? and how? A hem—grass and hay—we are not yet mortal; let us live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Enter Host.

Host.

Ha! my Castilian dialogues; and art thou in breath still, boy? Miller, doth the march hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading a little Geneva print: but ²⁴ wend we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's deer? I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away, I have knights and colonels at my house, and must tend the ²⁵ Hungarians. If
we

²⁴ wend] See Note 16 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 174.

²⁵ Hungarians] The Host's conversation is almost wholly made up of puns and quibbles. He means here his *hungry guests*. His address to the Smith

we be scared in the forest, we'll meet in the church porch at Enfield; is't correspondent?

Banks.

'Tis well: but how if any of us should be taken?

Smug.

He shall have ransom by my sword.

Hest.

Tush, the knaves keepers are my ²⁶ bona socias, and my pensioners—Nine o'clock—Be valiant, my little Gogmagogs;—I'll fence with all the justices in Hertfordshire—I'll have a buck till I die; I'll slay a doe while I live—Hold your bow straight and steady; I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug.

O rare! who, ho, ho, boy.

Sir John.

Peace, neighbour Smug; you see this boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen of good-fellows. Come, let's provide a hen—grais and hay,—we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end: come, Smug.

Smug.

Good night, Waltham—who, ho, ho, boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Sir Richard Mounchensley, and Gentlemen, from breakfast again.

Old Mounchensley.

Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this:
What! hast thou fed me all this while with ²⁷ shalles?
And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?

Clare.

I do not hold thy offer competent:
Nor do I like the assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Smith before, on reading the *little Geneva print*, was intended to signify that he had been drinking gin.

²⁶ *bona socias*] The Quarto of 1617, reads *bosonians*; that of 1631, *bonasofis*.

²⁷ *shalles*] i. e. shells. The phrase seems to have been proverbial. Churchyard, in his *Challenge*, p. 153, says:

"Thus all with *shall*, or *shalles*, ye *shal* be fed."

Old

Old Mounchensy.

'Too good for thee: and, knight, thou know'st it well,
I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion; that thy wife doth know.

Lady Clare.

Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.

Clare.

Hold thy chat, quean.

Old Mounchensy.

To which I hearkened willingly, and the rather,
Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do:
Nor is my poor distressed state so low
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.

Clare.

Let it suffice, Mounchensy, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.

Mounchensy.

I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins:
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparag'd by thy baseness,
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same.

Clare.

She is the last is left me to bestow;
And her I mean to dedicate to God.

Mounchensy.

You do, sir?

Clare.

Sir, sir, I do; she is mine own.

Mounchensy.

And pity she is so:
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf.

[*Aside.*

Clare.

Not thou, Mounchensy, shalt bestow my child.

Mounchensy.

Mouncbenfey.

Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou meanest.

Clare.

What wilt thou do?

Mouncbenfey.

No matter, let that be ;
 I will do that, perhaps, shall anger thee :
 Thou hast wrong'd my love, and, by God's blessed angel,
 Thou shalt well know it.

Clare.

Tut, brave not me.

Mouncbenfey.

Brave thee, base churl ! were't not for manhood sake—
 I say no more, but that there be some by
 Whose blood is hotter than ours is,
 Which, being stirr'd, might make us both repent
 This foolish meeting. But, Harry Clare,
 Although thy father hath abus'd my friendship,
 Yet I love thee, I do, my noble boy,
 I do i'faith.

Lady Clare.

Ay, do, do, fill all the world with talk of us, man ; man, I
 never look'd for better at your hands.

Fabel.

I hop'd your great experience, and your years,
 Would have prov'd patience rather to your soul,
 Than with this frantick and untamed passion
 To whet their ²⁸ skeens ; and, but for that
 I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,
 And their minds tempered with more kindly heat,
 Than for their froward parent's frowardness,
 That they should break forth into publick brawls :
 Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
 Hath molded your proceedings in this matter,
 Yet I am sure the first intent was love.

²⁸ *Skeens ;*] Knives or daggers. Skein is the Irish word for a knife.
 So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :

“ Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“ And in my skin bear tokens of the *skeins*.” S.

Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
Let it die gently, ne'er kill it with a scorn.

Raymond.

O thou base world! how leprous is that soul
That is once lim'd in that polluted mud!
O sir Arthur! you have startled his free active spirit
With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear.
Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe,
Is, to leave that of force we must forego.

Millisent.

And I must take a twelvemonth's approbation,
That in the mean time this sole and private life,
At the year's end may fashion me a wife.
But, sweet Mounchensy, ere this year be done,
Thou'lt be a friar, if that I be a nun.
And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,
I will turn mad, to spite both him and thee.

[*Aside.*

Clare.

Wife, come to horse; and, hufwife, make you ready:
For if I live, I swear by this good light,
I'll see you lodg'd in Cheston-house to night.

[*Exeunt.*

Mounchensy.

Raymond, away, thou see'st how matters fall.
Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf and all!

Fabel.

Now, Mr. Clare, you see how matters fadge²⁹:
Your Millisent must needs be made a nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must ply the match:
Hold you your peace, and be a looker-on:
And send her unto Cheston, where he will,
I'll send me fellows of a handful high
Into the cloisters where the nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like does about the dale;
And make the lady prioress of the house
To play at leap-frog naked in their smocks,

²⁹ fadge] i. e. go, proceed. The word is used in Nashe's *Leirion Stuff*, 1599: "It would not fadge, for then the market was raised to three hundred."

Again, in *Old Law*, by Massinger, &c. A. 4. S. 4.:

"Now it begins to fadge."

Until

Until the merry wenches at their mase
 Cry teehe, weehee;
 And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,
 Shall sprawl and squeak, and pinch their fellow nuns.
 Be lively, boys, before the wench we lose,
 I'll make the abbess wear the canon's hose.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Harry Clare, Frank Jerningham, Peter Fabel, and
 Millisent.

Harry Clare.

Spite now hath done her worst; sister, be patient.

Jerningham.

Forewarn'd poor Raymond's company! O heaven!
 When the compofure of weak frailty meet
 Upon this mart of dirt, O then weak love
 Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
 And wink on all deformities.

Millisent.

'Tis well:

Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Mouchenssey?
 Would we might weep together, and then part,
 Our fighting parle would much ease my heart.

Fabel.

Sweet beauty, fold your sorrows in the thought
 Of future reconcilement: let your tears
 Shew you a woman, but be no farther spent
 Than from the eyes: for, sweet experience says,
 That love is firm that's flatter'd with delays.

Millisent.

Alas, fir, think you I shall e'er be his?

Fabel.

As sure as parting smiles on future bliss.
 Yond comes my friend; see, he hath doated
 So long upon your beauty, that your want
 Will with a pale retirement waste his blood:
 For in true love musick doth sweetly dwell;
 Sever'd, these less worlds bear within them hell.

Enter

Enter Mouchensfy.

Mouchensfy.

Harry and Frank, you are enjoin'd to wain
Your friendship from me, we must part; the breath
Of all advis'd corruption: pardon me,
Faith, I must say so; you may think I love you,
I breathe not, rougher spite do sever us,
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friend, by stealth you twain;
Kisses are sweetest got by struggling pain.

Ferningham.

Our friendship dies not, Raymond.

Mouchensfy.

Pardon me:

I am busied; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Millisent's clear eyes.

Millisent.

Alas! sweet love, what shall become of me?
I must to Cheston to the nunnery,
I shall ne'er see thee more.

Mouchensfy.

How, sweet!

I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet:
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu—
This be a double charm to keep both true.

Fabel.

Have done, your fathers may chance spy your parting.
Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go into the nunnery, for from hence
Must we beget your loves sweet happiness:
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed
Shall be more soft, when nun and maid are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Mouchensfy.

Now, firrah, what's the matter?

Bilbo.

Marry, you must to horse presently: that villainous old
gouty churl, sir Arthur Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.

Harry Clare.

How, sir?

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Bilbo.

Bilbo.

O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, indeed; but I am sure, that there's less affinity betwixt your two natures, than there is between a broker and a cutpurse.

Mounchensy.

Bring me my gelding, firrah.

Bilbo.

Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; she must now cry *vale* to lobster pies, artichokes, and all such meats of mortality: poor gentlewoman! the sign must not be in *virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieves: farewell.

Poor Millisent

Must pray and repent:

O fatal wonder!

She'll now be no fatter,

Love must not come at her,

Yet she shall be kept under.

[*Exit.**Ferningham.*

Farewel, dear Raymond.

Harry Clare.

Friend, adieu.

Millisent.

Dear sweet,

No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet.

[*Exeunt.**Fabel.*

Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face; but ere's be long, the wind
Shall turn the flood: we must to Waltham-abbey,
And as fair Millisent in Cheston lives
A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardless novice; to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
'Taste thou my sleights, thy love I'll only share.

Mounchensy.

Turn friar? Come, my good counsellor, let's go,
Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe.

[*Exeunt.**Enter*

Enter the Priores of Cheston with a nun or two, Sir Arthur Clare, Sir Ralph Jerningham, Harry and Frank, the Lady and Bilbo, with Millisent.

Lady Clare.

Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.

Priores.

Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them,
For you shall sing a *Requiem*.

Frank.

The wench is gone, Harry, she is no more a woman of this world—Mark her well, she looks like a nun already: what think'st on her?

Harry.

By my faith, her face comes handsomely to't.
But peace, let's hear the rest.

Sir Arthur.

Madam, for a twelve month's approbation,
We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care, and our dear blessing in mean time,
We pray may prosper this intended work.

Priores.

May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Millisent.

Good men and true, stand together,
And hear your charge.

[*Aside.*

Priores.

Priores.

First, a mornings take your book,
 The glass wherein yourself must look;
 Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
 Must be turn'd to motions holy;
 For your busk, attires, and toys,
 Have your thoughts on heavenly joys:
 And for all your follies past,
 You must do penance, pray, and fast.

Bilbo.

Let her take heed of fasting; and if ever she hurt herself
 with praying, I'll ne'er trust beast.

Millisent.

'This goes hard, by'r lady.

[*Aside.*]*Priores.*

You shall ring the ³⁰ sacring bell,
 Keep your hours, and tell your knell,
 Rise at midnight to your matins,
 Read your psalter, sing your latins;
 And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
 Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.

Millisent.

Worse and worse, by saint Mary.

[*Aside.*]*Frank.*

Sirrah, Hal, how does she hold her countenance?—well,
 go thy ways, if ever thou prove a nun, I'll build an abbey.

Harry.

She may be a nun; but if ever she prove an anchoress, I'll
 dig her grave with my nails.

Frank.

To her again, mother.

Harry.

Hold thine own, wench.

³⁰ *sacring bell,*] “The little bell which is rung to give notice of the
 “*Hof* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other
 “offices of the Romish Church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell,
 “from the French word *saerer*.” Mr. Theobald's Note to Henry VIII.
 A. 3. S. 2.

Priores.

Priores.

You must read the morning mass,
 31 You must creep unto the cross,
 Put cold ashes on your head,
 Have a hair-cloth for your bed.

Bilbo.

She had rather have a man in her bed.

Priores.

Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
 Your holy aves, and your creeds:
 Holy maid, this must be done,
 If you mean to live a nun.

Millisent.

The holy maid will be no nun.

[*Aside.*]*Sir Arthur.*

Madam, we have some business of import,
 And must be gone;
 Will't please you take my wife into your closet,
 Who farther will acquaint you with my mind:
 And so, good madam, for this time adieu.

[*Exeunt women, and Sir Arthur.*]*Sir Ralph.*

Well now, Frank Jerningham, how say'st thou?
 To be brief,
 What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
 Her father and myself, can bring about,
 That we convert this nun to be a wife,
 And thou the husband to this pretty nun?
 How then, my lad? ha, Frank; it may be done.

Harry.

Ay, now it works.

[*Aside.*]

31 *You must creep unto the cross,*] This Popish ceremony is particularly described in an antient book of the Ceremonial of the Kings of England, purchased by the late Duchess of Northumberland, at the sale of the MSS. of Mr. Anstis, Garter King at arms. It appears from this curious treatise, that the Bishop and the Dean brought a crucifix out of the vestry, and placed it on a cushion before the altar. A carpet was then laid "for the Kinge to *creepe to the crosse* upon." See Dr. Percy's Note to the *Northumberland Household book*, p. 436. S.

Frank.

O god, fir! you amaze me at your words;
Think with yourself, fir, what a thing it were
To cause a recluse to renounce her vow:
A maimed, contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortify'd with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts even as her eyes are fix'd on heaven;
To draw a virgin thus devout with zeal,
Back to the world; O impious deed!
Nor by the canon-law can it be done,
Without a dispensation from the church:
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As she'll even shrink to hear a husband nam'd.

Bilbo.

³² Ay, a poor innocent she!—well, here's ³³ no knavery;
He flouts the old fools to their teeth. *[Aside.]*

Sir Ralph.

Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience,
And in a man so young as is yourself,
I promise you 'tis very seldom seen.
But, Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself,
To thrust Mounchensley's nose besides the cushion;
That being thus debarr'd of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bilbo.

A plague on you both for a couple of Jews.

[Aside.]

Harry.

How now, Frank, what say you to that?

Frank.

Let me alone, I warrant thee.
Sir, assured that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure:
But for it is a matter of such moment

³² a poor innocent] See Note—to 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, vol. VIII.
p. 24.

³³ here's no knavery] See Note II to The Mayor of Quinborough,
vol. XI. p. 127.

As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Friar Hildersham, here by, at Waltham-abbey,
To be absolv'd of things that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know.

Sir Ralph.

With all my heart, he is a reverend man;
And to-morrow morning we will meet all at the abbey,
Where, by the opinion of that reverend man,
We will proceed; I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy; I think of it, farewell:
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mouchensfey like a friar.

Sir Arthur.

Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolen upon the way,
That we are come unto the abbey-gate;
Because I know Mouchensfey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,
I'll not be seen, not I; tush, I have done,
I had a daughter, but she's now a nun:
Farewel, dear son, farewel. [*Exit.*

Mouchensfey.

Fare you well—Ay, you have done:
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun.
O my rare tutor! never mortal brain
Plotted out such a plot of policy;
And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soul is fall'n in labour with her joy.
O my friends, Frank Jerningham, and Clare!
Did you but know but how this jest takes fire,
That good sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Hath even pour'd himself into my bosom;
O you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth.

But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For fear perhaps some of the nuns look out.

Peace and charity within,
Never touch'd with deadly sin;
I cast holy-water pure
On this wall, and on this door,
That from evil shall defend,
And keep you from the ugly fiend;
Evil sprite, by night nor day,
Shall approach, or come this way;
Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.

Holy maidens—

[Knocks.
Answer within.] Who's that which knocks? ha, who's
there?

Mounchensey.

Gentle nun, here is a friar.

Enter Nun.

Nun.

A friar without? now Christ us save:
Holy man, what would'st thou have?

Mounchensey.

Holy maid, I hither come
From friar and father Hildersham,
By the favour and the grace
Of the Prioress of this place;
Amongst you all to visit one
That's come for approbation;
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of sir Arthur Clare;
But since she now became a nun,
³⁴ Call'd Millisent of Edmonton.

Nun.

Holy man, repose you there,
This news I'll to our abbess bear,

³⁴ *Call'd Millisent of Edmonton.]* Monks and Nuns always changed
their names when they entered into the Religious Houses. S. P.

To tell what a man is sent,
And your message, and intent.

Mounchenfey.

Benedicite.

Nun.

Benedicite.

[*Exit.*

Mounchenfey.

Do, my good plump wench; if all fall right,
I'll make your sister-hood one less by night.
Now, happy fortune, speed this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter Lady and Millisent.

Lady.

Have friars recourse then to the house of nuns?

Millisent.

Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
(Lest that for fear, or such sinister practice,
She should be forc'd to undergo this veil,
Which should proceed from conscience and devotion)
A visitor is sent from Waltham-house,
To take the true confession of the maid.

Lady.

Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your shrift, I'll back unto the cell.

[*Exit.*

Mounchenfey.

Life of my soul! bright angel!

Millisent.

What means the friar?

Mounchenfey.

O Millisent, 'tis I.

Millisent.

My heart misgives me; I should know that voice.
You? who are you? the holy virgin blest me!
Tell me your name: you shall ere you confess me.

Mounchenfey.

Mounchenfey, thy true friend.

Millisent.

My Raymond! my dear heart!
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul

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To wake a little from this swoon of joy.
By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?

Mounchensfy.

By means of Peter Fabel, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel, and myself,
And so delivered to sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.

Millisent.

You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life, I was a dreamed to-night,
That as I was praying in my psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneel'd,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery; and methought
He came in the most glorious angel-shape,
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.

Mounchensfy.

O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!
Thou bright unsetting star, which through this veil,
For very envy, mak'st the sun look pale.

Millisent.

Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I this confess to my sweet ghostly father,
If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
I have offended three years now with thee.

Mounchensfy.

But do you yet repent you of the same?

Millisent.

I faith I cannot.

Mounchensfy.

Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweet sin, though it be venial:
Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses;

And

And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage,
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase:
No more reply if that you yield consent,
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.

Millisent.

Sweet life, farewell, 'tis done, let that suffice;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes.

[*Exit.*

Enter Young Clare, and Jerningham.

Jerningham.

Now, visitor, how does this new-made nun?

Young Clare.

Come, come, how does she, noble capuchin?

Mounchensfey.

She may be poor in spirit, but for the flesh 'tis fat and plump,
boys.

Ah, rogues, there is a company of girls would turn you all
friars.

Fabel.

But how, Mounchensfey, how, lad, for the wench?

Mounchensfey.

Zounds, lads (i'faith I thank my holy habit),
I have confest her, and the lady prioress
Hath given me ghostly counsel, with her blessing.
And how say ye, boys,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Young Clare.

Blood! she'll have ne'er a nun unbag'd to sing mass then.

Jerningham.

The abbot of Waltham will have as many children to put
to nurse, as he has calves in the marsh.

Mounchensfey.

Well, to be brief, the nun will soon at night turn Lippit;
if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, she is
mine own.

Fabel.

Fabel.

But firrah, Raymond, what news of Peter Fabel at the house?

Mounchensley.

Tush, he is the only man, a necromancer, and a conjurer, that works for young Mounchensley altogether; and if it be not for friar Benedict, that he can cross him by his learned skill, the wench is gone, Fabel will fetch her out by very magick.

*Enter Fabel.**Fabel.*

Stands the wind there, boy? keep them in that key, the wench is ours before to-morrow day.

Well, Harry and Frank, as ye are gentlemen, stick to us close this once; you know your fathers have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston, to watch the coast be clear, to scout about, and have an eye unto Mounchensley's walks: therefore you two may hover thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be ready but to take her at our hands, leave us to ³⁵scamble for her getting out.

Jerningham.

Blood! if all Hertfordshire were at our heels, we'll carry her away in spight of them.

Young Clare.

But whither, Raymond?

Mounchensley.

To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase; he is mine honest friend, and a ³⁶tall keeper; I'll send my man unto him presently, to acquaint him with your coming and intent.

Fabel.

Be brief, and secret.

Mounchensley.

Soon at night, remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Jerningham.

'Tis done, no more.

³⁵ —scamble—] Instances of this word, which means almost the same as *scramble*, are given in a note on Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* Sc. 1. edit. 1778. S.

³⁶ *tall keeper*] See Note 28 to *George a Greene*, vol. III. p. 46.

Young Clare.

We will not fail the hour,
My life and fortune now lies in your power.

Fabel.

About our business, Raymond, let's away,
Think of your hour, it draws well off the day. [Exeunt.

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir John.

Blague.

Come, ye ³⁷ Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come under the Zona Torrida of the forest; let's be resolute; let's fly to and again; and the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot: What! foot, I'll put fire into you, ye shall all three serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug.

Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk in thy house twenty times and ten; all's one for that: I was last night in the third heaven, my brain was poor, it had yeast in't, but now I am a man of action; is't not so, lad?

Banks,

Why now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou mayest serve the duke of Europe.

Smug.

I will serve the duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar, than all the plate in his buttery; is't not so, lad?

Sir John.

Mine host, and Smug, stand there; Banks, you and your horse keep together, but lie close, shew no tricks for fear of the keeper: if we be fear'd, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield.

³⁷ Hungarian pilchers] Hungarian was a cant term then frequently in use. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 3. Mr. Tollet observes, that "the Hungarians when infidels over-ran Germany" and France, and would have invaded England if they could have come to it. See Stowe in the year 930, and Holingshead's *Invasions of Ireland*, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness."

Smug.

Smug.

Content, sir John.

Banks.

Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellest out of last night?

Smug.

Tush, and't had been as high as an abbey, I should ne'er have hurt myself; I have fall'n into the river, coming home from Waltham, and 'scaped drowning.

Sir John.

Come, fever, fear no spirits, we'll have a buck presently; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host.

Host.

Thou speakest as true as velvet.

Sir John.

Why then come—grafs and hay, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Young Clare, Jerningham, and Millisent.**Young Clare.*

Frank Jerningham!

Jerningham.

Speak, softly, rogue, how now?

Young Clare.

'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark: whereabouts are we?

*Jerningham.*Why man, at Porter's gate,
The way lies right: hark, the clock strikes at Enfield, what's the hour?*Young Clare.*

Ten, the bell says.

Jerningham.

A lie's in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston; sir John and his sexton are at their ale to night, the clock runs at random.

Young Clare.

Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villainous vicar is abroad in the chase this dark night; the stone priest steals more venison than half the country.

Jerningham.

Millisent, how dost thou?

Millisent.

Sir, very well.

I would to God we were at Brian's lodge.

Young Clare.

We shall anon—now, hark!

What means this noise?

Jerningham.

Stay, I hear horsemen.

Young Clare.

I hear footmen too.

Jerningham.

Nay then I have it, we have been discovered,
And we are followed by our fathers men.

Millisent.

Brother, and friend, alas! what shall we do?

Young Clare.

Sister, speak softly, or we are descry'd,
They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be;
Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern,
We'll get into the wood, and let them pass.

Enter Sir John, Blague, Smug, and Banks; one after another.

Sir John.

Grafs and hay, we are all mortal, the keeper's abroad, and
there's an end.

Banks.

Sir John!

Sir John.

Neighbour Banks, what news?

Banks.

Zounds, fir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by
'em.

Sir John.

Grafs and hay, where's mine host Blague?

Blague.

Here, metropolitan; the Philistines are upon us, be silent:
let us serve the good duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?

Smug.

Sings.

Here : a pox on you all, dogs ; I have killed the greatest buck in Brian's walk :—Shift for yourselves, all the keepers are up ; let's meet in Enfield church-porch :—Away, we are all taken else.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Brian, with his man and his hound.

Brian.

Ralph, hear'it thou any stirring ?

Ralph.

I heard one speak here hard by, in the bottom. Peace master, speak low—nouns, if I did not hear a bow go off and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.

Brian.

When went your fellows into their walks ?

Ralph.

An hour ago.

Brian.

Life ! is there stealers abroad, and we cannot hear of them ? Where the devil are my men to night ? Sirrah, go up and wind toward Buckley's lodge : I'll cast about the bottom with my hound, And I will meet thee under Cony-oak.

Ralph.

I will, sir.

*[Exit.]**Brian.*

How now ! by the mass my hound stays upon something ; hark, hark, Bowman, hark, hark there.

Millisent.

Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare !

Brian.

Peace ; that a woman's voice—Stand ; who's there ? Stand, or I'll shoot.

Millisent.

O lord ! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir.

Brian.

Speak, who are you ?

Millisent.

I am a maid, sir,—who ? master Brian ?

Brian.

Brian.

The very same: sure I should know her voice—Mistress Millisent!

Millisent.

Ay; it is I, sir.

Brian.

God for his passion, what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my lodge an hour ago. What means your company to leave you thus? Who brought you hither?

Millisent.

My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham; who, hearing folks about us in the Chase, feared it had been Sir Arthur my father, who had pursued us, and thus dispers'd ourselves till they were past us.

Brian.

But where be they?

Millisent.

They be not far off, here about the grove.

Enter Young Clare and Jerningham.

Young Clare.

Be not afraid, man; I hear Brian's tongue, that's certain.

Jerningham.

Call softly for your sister.

Young Clare.

Millisent!

Millisent.

Ay, brother, here.

Brian.

Master Clare!

Young Clare.

I told you it was Brian.

Brian.

Who is that, Master Jerningham? You are a couple of hot-shots: does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grafs at this time of night?

Jerningham.

We heard a noise about us in the Chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursu'd us,
Severed ourselves.

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Young

Young Clare.

Brain, how hapdlt thou on her?

Brian.

Seeking for stealers that are abroad to-night,
My hound stay'd on her, and so found her out.

Young Clare.

They were these stealers that affrighted us;
I was hard upon them when they hors'd their deer,
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

Brian.

Which way took they?

Jerningham.

Towards Enfield.

Brian.

A plague upon't, that's the damn'd priest, and Blague of
the George, he that serves the good duke of Norfolk.

A noise within.] Follow, follow, follow.

Young Clare.

Peace; that's my father's voice.

Brian.

Nouns, you suspected them, and now they are here indeed.

Millisent.

Alas! what shall we do?

Brian.

If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken:
Strike down the wood to Enfield presently,
And if Mouchenssey come, I'll fend him to you.
Let me alone to baffle with your fathers;
I warrant you that I will keep them play
Till you have quit the Chase; away, away.
Who's there?

Enter the Knights.

Sir Ralph.

In the king's name pursue the ravisher.

Brian.

Stand, or I'll shoot.

Sir Arthur.

Who's there?

Brian.

I am the keeper, that do charge you stand;
You have stolen my deer.

Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur.

We stolen thy deer? we do pursue a thief.

Brian.

You are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer.

Sir Arthur.

We are knights; fir Arthur Clare, and fir Ralph Jerningham.

Brian.

The more your shame, that knights should be such thieves.

Sir Arthur.

Who, or what art thou?

Brian.

My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.

Sir Arthur.

O Brian, a villain!

Thou hast receiv'd my daughter to thy lodge.

Brian.

You have stolen the best deer in my walk to-night: my deer.

Sir Arthur.

My daughter—
Stop not my way.

Brian.

What make you in my walk? you have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.

Sir Arthur.

My daughter—

Brian.

My deer—

Sir Ralph.

Where is Mouchensfey?

Brian.

Where is my buck?

Sir Arthur.

I will complain me of thee to the king.

Brian.

I'll complain unto the king, you spoil his game: 'tis strange that men of your account and calling will offer it. I tell you true, fir Arthur and fir Ralph, that none but you have only spoil'd my game.

T 2

Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur.

I charge you stop us not.

Brian.

I charge you both get out of my ground: is this a time for such as you, men of place, and of your gravity, to be abroad a thieving? 'tis a shame; and afore God if I had shot at you, I had served you well enough. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Banks the miller, wet on his legs.

Banks.

Foot, here's a dark night indeed; I think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the forest—Soft, here's Enfield church: I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard, for to steal some filberts—Well, here I'll sit in the church-porch, and wait for the rest of my consorts.

Enter Sexton.

Sexton.

Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God blefs us: here was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the best nut-cracker that ever dwelt in Enfield—³⁸ Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew. Lord blefs us, what a white thing is that in the church-porch! O lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too stiff for my night-cap, my heart fails; this is the ghost of Theophilus: O lord, it follows me, I cannot say my prayers and one would give me a thousand pound. Good spirit! I have bowl'd and drunk and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you—O lord!

Enter Priest.

Priest.

Grafs and hay! we are all mortal; who's there?

³⁸ Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew.] Curfew is derived from two French words *couvrir*, i. e. *tegere* and *feu*, i. e. *ignis*. William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight o'clock, and that all people should put out their fire and candle and go to bed. The ringing of a bell in the evening is in many places still called ringing the Curfew Bell.

Sexton.

Sexton.

We are grafs and hay indeed: I know you to be master parson, by your phrafe.

Priest.

Sexton!

Sexton.

Ay, fir.

Priest.

For mortality's fake, what's the matter?

Sexton.

O lord, I am a man of another element; master Theophilus's ghost is in the church-porch; there was an hundred cats, all fire, dancing even now, and they are clomb up to the top of the steeple: I'll not into the belfry for a world.

Priest.

O goodman Solomon, I have been about a deed of darkness to-night: O Lord! I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls; if I lie, I am an errant thief: mortality haunts us—grafs and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parsonage. [*Exeunt.*]

The miller comes out very softly.

Miller.

What noise was that? 'tis the watch; sure that villainous unlucky rogue Smug is ta'en, upon my life, and then all our knavery comes out: I heard one cry, sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host.

If I go steal any more venison, I am a paradox: foot, I can scarce bear the fin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy: if I turn not honest, and serve the good duke of Norfolk as a true mareterraneum³⁹ skinker should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable.

Miller.

By the mass there are some watchmen; I hear them name master constable: I would my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

³⁹ *skinker*] See Note 17 to *Grim the Collier of Croyden*, vol. XI. p. 224.

Host.

Who's there?

Miller.

'Tis the constable, by this light: I'll steal hence, and if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell him how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself. *[Exit.*

Host.

What the devil is that white thing? this same is a church-yard, and I have heard that ghosts and villainous goblins have been seen here.

*Enter Sexton and Priest.**Priest.*

Grass and hay! oh that I could conjure! we saw a spirit here in the church-yard; and in the fallow field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet.

Sexton.

It may be a woman's body, sir John.

Priest.

If she be a woman, the sheets damn her: Lord bless us, what a night of mortality is this!

Host.

Priest!

Priest.

Mine host!

Host.

Did you not see a spirit all in white cross you at the stile?

Sexton.

O no, mine host! but there sat one in the porch; I have not breath enough left to bless me from the devil.

Host.

Who's that?

Priest.

The Sexton, almost frightened out of his wits: Did you see Banks, or Smug?

Host.

No, they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would fain hence; come, let's to my house; I'll ne'er serve the duke of Norfolk in this fashion again whilst I breathe. If the devil be among us, it's time to hoist sail, and cry roomer. Keep together;
Sexton,

Sexton, thou art secret. What! let's be comfortable one to another.

Priest.

We are all mortal, mine host.

Host.

True; and I'll serve God in the night hereafter, afore the duke of Norfolk.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Ralph Jerningham, trussing their points, as newly up.

Sir Ralph.

Good-morrow, gentle knight;
A happy day after your short night's rest.

Sir Arthur.

Ha, ha, sir Ralph, stirring so soon indeed?
By'r lady, sir, rest would have done right well:
Our riding late last night has made me drowly;
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us.

Sir Ralph.

Sir Arthur, sir Arthur, care go with those days,
Let 'em even go together, let 'em go;
'Tis time, i'faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents;
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well, nay it shall not do, it shall not:
No, Mounchenfey, thou'lt hear on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt, i'faith; I'll hang thy son, if there be law in
England.

A man's child ravish'd from a nunnery!
This is rare! well, there's one gone for friar Hildersham.

Sir Arthur.

Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus,
It will but hurt your heat;
You cannot grieve more than I do, but to what end? but
hark you, sir Ralph, I was about to say something; it makes
no matter: but hark you, in your ear; the friar's a knave:
but God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither: s'foot, I am
so out of patience, I know not what to say.

T 4

Sir Ralph.

Sir Ralph.

There's one went for the friar an hour ago,
Comes he not yet? S'foot, if I do find knavery under's cowl,
I'll tickle him, I'll ferk him—Here, here, he's here, he's here.
Good-morrow, friar; good-morrow, gentle friar.

Enter Hilderham.

Sir Arthur.

Good-morrow, father Hilderham, good-morrow.

Hilderham.

Good-morrow, reverend knights, unto you both.

Sir Arthur.

Father, how now? You hear how matters go;
I am undone, my child is cast away;
You did your best, at least I think the best:
But we are all cross'd; flatly, all is dash'd.

Hilderham.

Alas! good knights, how might the matter be?
Let me understand your grief, for charity.

Sir Arthur.

Who does not understand my grief? Alas! alas!
And yet you do not: will the church permit
A nun, in approbation of her habit,
To be ravished?

Hilderham.

A holy woman, benedicite;
Now God ⁴⁰ forefend that any should presume
To touch the filter of a holy house.

Sir Arthur.

Jesus deliver me!

Sir Ralph.

Why, Millisent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken this last night.

Hilderham.

Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

Sir Ralph.

Was she, quoth a? Knavery, knavery, knavery, knavery; I
smell it, I smell it, i'faith; is the wind in that door? Is it
even so? Dost thou ask me that now?

⁴⁰ forefend] See Note 4 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 162.

Hilderham.

Hilderfbam.

It is the first time that e'er I heard of it.

Sir Arthbur.

That's very strange.

Sir Ralph.

Why, tell me friar, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; do not play the hypocrite with me, (nor bear with me) I cannot dissemble; did I aught but by thy own consent? by thy allowance? nay farther, by thy warrant?

Hilderfbam.

Why, reverend knight——

Sir Ralph.

Unreverend friar——

Hilderfbam.

Nay, then give me leave, fir, to depart in quiet: I had hop'd you had sent for me to some other end.

Sir Arthbur.

Nay stay, good friar, if any thing hath hapt About this matter, in thy love to us, That thy strict order cannot justify; Admit it to be so, we will cover it, Take no care, man: Disclaim not yet my counsel and advice, The wisest man that is may be o'er-reach'd.

Hilderfbam.

Sir Arthur, by my order, and my faith, I know not what you mean.

Sir Ralph.

By your order, and by your faith? this is most strange of all: why tell me, friar, are not you confessor to my son Frank;

Hilderfbam.

Yes, that I am.

Sir Ralph.

And did not this good knight here, and myself, Confess with you, being his ghostly father, To deal with him about th' unbanded marriage Betwixt him and that fair young Milliscent?

Hilderfbam.

I never heard of any match intended.

Sir

Sir Arthur.

Did not we break our minds that very time,
That our device in making her a nun
Was but a colour, and a very plot
To put by young Mounchenssey? Is't not true?

Hildersham.

'The more I strive to know what you should mean,
The less I understand you.

Sir Ralph.

Did not you tell us still, how Peter Fabel
At length would cross us, if we took not heed?

Hildersham.

I have heard of one that is a great magician,
But he's about the university.

Sir Ralph.

Did not you send your novice Benedic,
To persuade the girl to leave Mounchenssey's love,
To cross that Peter Fabel in his art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?

Hildersham.

I never sent my novice from my house,
Nor have we made our visitation yet.

Sir Arthur.

Never sent him! nay, did he not go? and did not I direct
him to the house, and confer with him by the way? and did
not he tell me what charge he had received from you, word by
word, as I requested at your hands?

Hildersham.

That you shall know; he came along with me
And stays without:—Come hither, Benedic.

Enter Benedic.

Young Benedic, were you e'er sent by me
To Cheston-nunnery for a visitor?

Benedic.

Never, sir, truly.

Sir Ralph.

Stranger than all the rest!

Sir Arthur.

Did not I direct you to the house,

Confer

Confer with you from Waltham-abbey
Unto Cheston-wall?

Benedic.

I never saw you, fir, before this hour.

Sir Ralph.

The devil thou didst not!—Ho, Chamberlain.

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamberlain.

Anon, anon.

Sir Ralph.

Call mine host Blague hither.

Chamberlain.

I will send one over, fir, to see if he be up, I think he be scarce stirring yet.

Sir Ralph.

Why, knave, didst not thou tell me an hour ago mine host was up?

Chamberlain.

Ay, fir, my master's up.

Sir Ralph.

You knave, is he up, and is he not up?
Dost thou mock me?

Chamberlain.

Ay, fir, my master is up, but I think master Blague indeed be not stirring.

Sir Ralph.

Why, who's thy master? Is not the master of the house thy master?

Chamberlain.

Yes, fir, but master Blague dwells over the way.

Sir Arthur.

Is not this the George? Before Jove there's some villainy in this.

Chamberlain.

Foot, our sign's remov'd; this is strange!

Enter Blague trussing his points.

Host.

Chamberlain, speak up to the new lodgings.
Bid Nell look well to the bak'd meat.

How

⁴¹ How now, my old jenerts bank, my horse,
My castle; lie in Waltham all night, and
Not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?

Sir Arthur.

Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in
Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no,
'tis a question; look upon your sign.

Host.

Body of faint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour
hath done this to seduce my blind customers. I'll tickle his
catastrophe for this; if I do not indict him at the next assizes
for burglary, ⁴² let me die of the yellows; for I see 'tis no
boot in these days to serve the good duke of Norfolk: the
villainous world is turn'd manger, one jade deceives another,
and your hostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share:
have we comedies in hand, you whorson, villainous male
London-letcher?

Sir Arthur.

Mine host, we have had the moilingest night of it, that ever
we had in our lives.

Host.

Is it certain?

Sir Arthur.

We have been in the forest all night almost.

Host.

Foot, how did I miss you? Heart! I was stealing of a buck
there.

⁴¹ How now, my old jenerts bank, my horse,

My castle; &c.] I once suspected this passage of corruption, but
have found reason to change my opinion. The merry Host seems willing
to assemble ideas expressive of *trust* and *confidence*. The old quartos begin
the word *jenert* with a capital letter; and therefore we may suppose
Jenert's bank to have been the shop of some banker in whose possession
money could be deposited with security. The Irish still say—as sure
as *Burton's Bank*; and our own countrymen—as safe as the *Bank of Eng-
lad*.—We might read—my *bouse* instead of my *horse*, as the former agrees
better with *Castle*. The services of a *horse* are of all things the most un-
certain. S.

⁴² —let me die of the yellows;] i. e. of a disease peculiar to horses.
So, in Shakspeare's *Taming of a Shrew*:

“His horse sped with spavins, and raied with the yellows.” S.

Sir

Sir Arthur.

A plague on you; we were itaid for you.

Host.

Were you, my noble Romans? Why you shall share; the venison is a footing, *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*; that is, there is a good breakfast provided for a marriage that is in my house this morning.

Sir Arthur.

A marriage, mine host!

Host.

A conjunction copulative; a gallant match between your daughter and Raymond Mounchensey, young juvenus.

Sir Arthur.

How?

Host.

'Tis firm; 'tis done.

We'll shew you a precedent in the civil law for't.

Sir Ralph.

How! married?

Host.

Leave tricks and admiration, there's a cleanly pair of sheets on the bed in the orchard-chamber, and they shall lie there—what? I'll do it, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir Arthur.

Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Ralph.

If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity.

Host.

I renounce your defiance; if you parly so roughly, I'll baricado my gates against you. Stand fair, bully; priest, come off from the rear-ward; what can you say now? 'Twas done in my house; I have shelter in the court for't. Do you see yon ⁴³ bay window? I serve the good duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his lodging: storm, I care not, serving the good duke of Norfolk: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

⁴³ bay window] See Note 13 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI. P. 397.

Enter

Enter Smug, Mounchensfey, Harry Clare, and Milliscent.

Smug.

Fire! nouns, there's no fire in England like your Trinidado sack. Is any man here humourous? We stole the venison, and we'll justify it; say you now.

Host.

In good sooth, Smug, there's more sack on the fire, Smug.

Smug.

I do not take any exceptions against your sack; but if you'll lend me a pike-staff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand.

Host.

I say thou shalt into the cellar.

Smug.

S'foot, mine host, shall's not grapple?

Pray you, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not serve the duke of Norfolk? [*Exit.*

Host.

In, skipper, in.

Sir Arthur.

Sirrah! hath young Mounchensfey married your sister?

Harry Clare.

'Tis certain, sir; here's the priest that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honest witness that cry'd amen.

Mounchensfey.

Sir Arthur Clare, my new-created father, I beseech you hear me.

Sir Arthur.

Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you have done that you cannot answer: I dare be bold to seize her from you, for she's a profess'd nun.

Milliscent.

With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone;
This true-love knot cancels both maid and nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart.
To Cheston with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet Raymond might find better means
To steal me thence. In brief, disguis'd he came,
Like novice to old father Hildersham;

His

His tutor, here, did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath join'd much wit to art.

Sir Arthur.

Is it even so?

Millisent.

With pardon, therefore, we entreat your smiles?
Love thwarted, turns itself to thousand wiles.

Sir Arthur.

Young master Jerningham, were you an actor
In your own love's abuse?

Jerningham.

My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously unto this end,
To wrong myself, ere I'd abuse my friend.

Host.

He speaks like a batchelor of musick; all in numbers.
Knights, if I had known you would have let this covey of
partridges sit thus long upon their knees under my sign-post, I
would have spread my door with coverlids.

Sir Arthur.

Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

Host.

Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, master Peter
Fabel; and Smug (lord bless us) could never stand upright since.

Sir Arthur.

You, sir, 'twas you was his minister that married them.

Sir John.

Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being that I was last
night in the forest stealing venison; now, sir, to have you
stand my friend, if the matter should be called in question, I
married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Arthur.

I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack
for't.

Sir John.

If you do, I am as resolute as my
Neighbour vicar of Waltham-abbey—a hem—
Grass and hay, we are all mortal;
Let's live till we be hang'd, mine host,
And be merry, and there's an end.

I

Enter

Enter Fabel.

Fabel.

Now, knights, I enter, now my part begins,
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mouchenssey : you, fir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham ; to cross this match
I us'd some pretty sleights, but I protest,
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art ;
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their performancy :
These, for his love who was once my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now, methinks 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match ; since reason fails,
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt ;
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent :
Smile then upon your daughter and kind son,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The devil of Edmonton did good in love.

Sir Arthur.

Well, 'tis in vain to cross the providence :
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart ;
Rise, daughter, this is a kind father's part,

Host.

Why, fir George, send for ⁴⁴ Spindle's noise presently :
Ha ! ere't be night I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir John.

Grafs and hay, mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry,
and there's an end.

Sir Arthur.

What, is breakfast ready, mine host ?

Host.

'Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Arthur.

Sirrah ! ride strait to Cheston nunnery,
Fetch thence my lady ; the house, I know,

⁴⁴ *Spindle's noise*] See Note 76 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X. p. 276.

By this time misses their young votary.
Come, knights, let's in.

Bilbo.

I will to horse presently, sir.—A plague on my lady, I shall miss a good breakfast.—Smug, how chance you cut so plaguely behind, Smug?

Smug.

Stand away, I'll founder you else.

Bilbo.

Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

Smug.

I will be, by and by, I will be Saint George again.

Sir Arthur.

Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself.

Sir Ralph.

Did we not last night find two Saint Georges here?

Fabel.

Yes, knights; this martialist was one of them.

Clare.

Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) The Merry Divel of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banke-side. At London. Printed by G. Eld, for Arthur Johnson, dwelling at the signe of the White Horse in Paule's Church-yard, over-against the great North-doore of Paule's, 1617, 4to.

(2.) The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banke-side. London, printed by A. M. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere unto S. Margarite's-hill in Southwarke, 1626, 4to.

(3.) The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banke-side. London. Printed by T. P. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere unto S. Margarite's-hill in Southwarke, 1631, 4to.

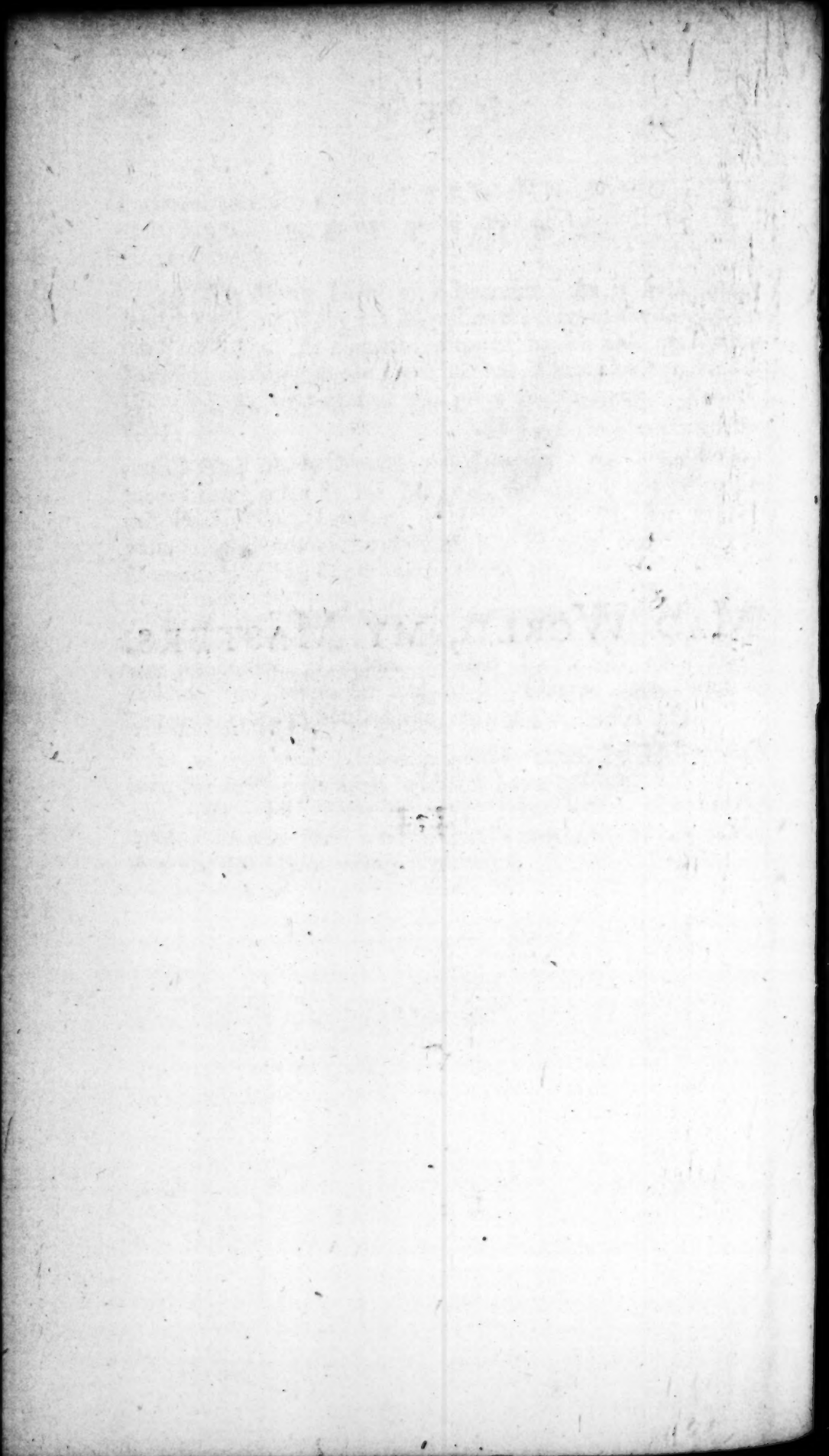
There is also an Edition printed in 1608, by Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnson, which I have not been able to obtain a sight of. That of 1655, from which the former Edition of this Play was printed, is unworthy of any notice from the number of errors it contains.



A

MAD. WORLD, MY MASTERS.

U 2



THOMAS MIDDLETON was a writer in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles the First. Though an Author of considerable reputation, the memory of him is almost lost. No contemporary writer hath transmitted any circumstances concerning him, and, except that we learn he was appointed in the year 1620¹ Chronologer to the City of London, we are totally ignorant of every thing else which relates to him. He is supposed to have died soon after the year 1626², having first written the following dramatic performances:

(1.) Your five Gallants. As it is acted at Black-Friers. 4to. N. D.

(2.) Blurt Master Constable; or, The Spaniard's Night-walke. As it hath been sundry times privately acted by the Children of Paul's. 1602. 4to.

(3.) The Phoenix. As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's, and presented before his Majestie. 1607. 4to. 1630. 4to.

(4.) Michaelmas Term. As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to. 1607. 4to. 1630.

(5.) The Familie of Love. Acted by the Children of his Majestie's Revels. 1608. 4to.

(6.) A Mad World, my masters. As it hath been lately in action by the Children of Paul's. 1608. 4to. 1640. 4to.

(7.) A Tricke to catch the Old-one. As it hath been often in action both at Paul's and Black-fryers. Presented before his Majestie on New-year's-night last. 1603. 4to. 1616-4to.

(8.) The Roaring Girle; or, Mol Cut-purse. As it hath been acted on the Fortune Stage by the Prince his Players. Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar. 1611. 4to.

(9.) A Faire Quarrell. With new Additions of Mr. Chaugh's and Trimtram's Roaring and the Baud's Song. Never before printed. As it was acted before the King by the Prince his Highnesse Servants. Written by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Gent. 1617. 4to.

¹ Oldys's MS Notes to Langbaine, p. 370.

² Malone's Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, p. 324.

(10.) The Inner Temple Masque; or, Masque of Heroes. Presented (as an Entertainment for many worthy Ladies) by Gentlemen of the same ancient and noble House. 1619. 4to.

(11.) A Courtly Masque: The Device, called The World tost at Tennis. As it hath beene divers times presented to the contentment of many noble and worthy Spectators: by the Prince his Servants. Invented and set downe by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Gent. N. D. 4to.

(12.) A Game of Chæss. As it was acted nine days together at the Globe on the Banks-side. N. D. 4to. In a copy of this play, belonging to Thomas Pearson, Esq. in an old hand, is the following memorandum: "After nine days, wherein I have heard some of the actors say, they took fifteen hundred pounds, the Spanish faction being prevalent got it suppressed; and the Author, Mr. Thomas Middleton, committed to prison, where he lay some time, and at last got out upon this petition to King James.

"A harmless Game coyned only for delight,

"Was play'd betwixt the black house and the white.

"The white house won. Yet still the black doth brag,

"They had the power to put me in the bag.

"Use but your royal hand, 'twill set me free,

"'Tis but removing of a man that's me.

"THOMAS MIDDLETON."

(13.) A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side. A pleasant, conceited Comedy, never before printed. As it hath been often acted at the Swan, by the Lady Elizabeth her Servants. 1630. 4to.

(14.) The Widow: A Comedy. Acted at the private house in Black-fryars, with great applause, 4to. 1652. This play was written by Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, and Thomas Middleton.

(15.) The Changeling: A Tragedy. Acted at the private house in Drury-Lane and Salisbury-Court. 4to. 1653. 4to. 1668. Rowley joined in this.

(16.) The Spanish Gipsie. As it was acted (with great applause) at the private house in Drury-Lane and Salisbury-Court. By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley. 4to. 1653. 4to. 1661.

(17.) The Old Law; or, A new Way to please you. By Phil. Massinger, Tho. Middleton, and William Rowley. Acted before

before the King and Queen at Salisbury-House, and several other places, with great applause. 1656. 4to.

(18.) No Wit; No Help like a Woman's: A Comedy. 8vo. 1657.

(19.) More Dissemblers besides Women: A Comedy. 8vo. 1657.

(20.) Women beware Women: A Tragedy. 8vo. 1657.

(21.) The Mayor of Quinborough: A Comedy. Acted at Black-fryars. 4to. 1661. See vol. XI.

(22.) Any Thing for a quiet Life: A Comedy. Formerly acted at Black-fryars. 4to. 1662.

He is also the Author of a Play, called THE WITCH; the MS. of which is in the possession of Thomas Pearson, Esq. A very full account of this play, from which there is reason to believe Shakspeare borrowed the incantations of Macbeth, is given by Mr. Steevens in a Note on Mr. Malone's Attempt to settle the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. See p. 325.

He was also the Author of

(1.) The Triumphs of Truth. A solemnity unparalleled for cost, art, and magnificence, at the confirmation and establishment of that worthy and true nobly-minded gentleman Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight, in the honorable office of his Majesties Lieutenant the Lord Maior of the thrice famous City of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going and proceeding after his return from receiving the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow next after Simon and Jude's Day, October 29, 1613. 4to. 1613.

(2.) The Sunne in Aries. A noble solemnity performed through the Citie at the sole cost and charges of the honourable and ancient Fraternity of Drapers, at the confirmation and establishment of their most worthy Brother the Right Honourable Edward Barkham, in the high office of his Majesties Lieutenant the Lord Maior of the famous Citie of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going and perfecting itself after his returne from receiving the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon and Jude's Day, being the 29th of October, 1621. 4to. 1621.

(3.) The Triumph of Health and Prosperity, at the inauguration of the most worthy Brother the Right Honourable Cuthbert Hasket, Draper. 4to. 1626.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS.

DICK FOLLY-WIT, his Grandson.

HAIRBRAIN.

PENITENT BROTHEL.

LIEUTENANT MAWEWORM.

ANCIENT HAUTOBOY.

INESSE.

POSSIBILITY.

GUM-WATER.

JASPER.

SEMUS.

FOOTMAN.

CONSTABLE.

WOMEN.

HAIRBRAIN'S Wife.

CURTEZAN.

HER MOTHER.

A SUCCUBUS.

A MAD

A

³MAD WORLD, my Masters.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

*Enter Dick Folly-wit, and his consorts, lieutenant Maweworm,
Ancient Hautboy, and others his comrades.*

Lieutenant.

CAPTAIN, regent, principal!
Ancient.

What shall I call thee?
The noble spark of bounty?
The life-blood of society?

Folly-wit.

Call me your forecast, you whore-sons! when you come drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your plots into form still; 'tis I must manage the prank, or I'll not give a louse for the proceeding: I must let fly my civil fortunes, turn wild-brain, lay my wits upon the tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains, whom I love in my very soul and conscience.

Lieutenant.

A ha, our little forecast!

Folly-wit.

Hang you, you have bewitch'd me among you! ⁴I was as well-given, till I fell to be wicked, my grandfire had hope
of

³ In the year 1715, Charles Johnson borrowed part of the plot of this play, and introduced it into a Comedy then brought on the stage by him; entitled, "The Country Lasses, or the Custom of the Manor:" a Play ever since acted with universal applause.

⁴ *I was as well given, &c.*] Imitated from Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. A. 3. S. 3. where Falstaff says, "I was as virtuously
"given,

of me : I went all in black, swore but a fundays ; never came home drunk, but upon fasting-nights to cleanse my stomach ; 'slid, now I am quite altered ! blown into light colours ; let out oaths by the minute ; sit up late, till it be early ; drink drunk, till I am sober ; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop : here's a transformation ! I was wont yet to pity the simple, and leave 'em some money ; 'slid, now I gull 'em without conscience ! I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

Lieutenant.

I deny the last ; for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.

Folly-wit.

How prove you that, sir ?

Lieutenant.

Because the drawers never fill their pots,

Folly-wit.

Mafs, that was well found out, all drunkards may lawfully say, they drink within measure by that trick. And, 'now I'm put i'th' mind of a trick, can you keep your countenance, villains ? yet I am a fool to ask that, for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits ?

Antient.

I warrant you for blushing, captain.

Folly-wit.

I easily believe that, Antient, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all ; 'tis Lent in your cheeks, ⁵ the flag's down. Well, your blushing-face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing-face, unless you had more money in your purses : then thus compendiously now, you all know the

" given, as a gentleman need be ; virtuous enough : swore little, dic'd
" not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy house, not above
" once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrow'd, three or
" four times ; liv'd well, and in good compass ; and now I live out of
" all order, out of all compass."

⁵ *the flag's down.*] On the tops of our ancient theatres were flags, which we may suppose to have been taken down during the season of Lent, when Plays were not suffered to be represented. See Prefaces to the Edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. I. p. 85. S.

possibilities

possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolick grandfire, fir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me. I shall have all, when he has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing: I think one mind runs through a million of them; they love to keep us sober all the while they're alive, that when they are dead we may drink to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their fathers funerals. I know my grandfire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself ere I should get it; there's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor so such thought in his mind,

Lieutenant.

You may build upon that, captain.

Folly-wit.

Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I will do myself good before he dies, and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandfire fir Bounteous Progress is a knight of thousands, and therefore ⁶no knight since one thousand six hundred; next, that he keeps a house like his name, Bounteous, open for all comers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon ⁷the glory of his complement, variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttery, and fecundity of his larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights, to make light his dishes: these being well mix'd together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate. To be short, and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandfire like a lord.

⁶ no knight since one thousand six hundred;] Alluding to the number of necessitous people who were created knights by king James after his accession.

⁷ the glory of his complement,] i. e. the number of his servants. We still say a ship full mann'd, that she has her full complement. See also Note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, edit. 1778, vol. II. p. 384. S.

Lieutenant.

Lieutenant.

How, captain?

Folly-wit.

A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume will do't.
I can hire blue coats for you all by Westminster clock, and
that colour will be soonest believed.

Lieutenant.

But pr'ythee, captain?

Folly-wit.

Push, I reach past your fathoms; you desire crowns?

Lieutenant.

From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, bully.

Folly-wit.

Why carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough
with yourselves.

*Enter Mr. Penitent Brothel.**Antient.*

Why there spoke a Roman captain!—Mr. Penitent
Brothel!

Penitent.

Sweet Mr. Folly-wit!

[Exeunt Folly-wit, &c.]

Here's a mad-brain a'th' first rate, whose pranks scorn to have
presidents, to be second to any, or walk beneath any madcaps
inventions; has play'd more tricks than the cards can allow
a man, and of the last stamp too, hating imitation; a fellow,
whose only glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure
of which he maintains all the rest: he's the carrion, and they
the kites that gorge upon him.

But why in others do I check wild passions,
And retain deadly follies in myself?

I tax his youth of common-receiv'd riot,
Time's comic flashes, and the fruits of blood;
And in myself sooth up adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know damns me,
Yet willingly embrace it; love to Hairbrain's wife,
Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
With a fantastic but deserv'd suspect,
Bestows his serious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'm constrain'd to use the means

Of

Of one that knows no mean, a curtezan,
One poison for another, whom her husband
Without suspicion, innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,
Before his face plotting his own abuse,
To which himself^s gives aim.
Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head
Misses his brow but narrowly; see here she comes,
The close curtezan, whose mother is her baud.

Enter Curtezan.

Curtezan.

Master Penitent Brothel.

Penitent.

My little pretty lady gull-man, the news, the comfort?

Curtezan.

You're the fortunate man, fir knight of the holland skirt;
there wants but opportunity, and she's wax of your own
fashioning: she had wrought herself into the form of your
love before my art set finger to her.

Penitent.

Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time?

Curtezan.

So it should seem by the musick, the only jar is in the
grumbling bass-viol her husband.

Penitent.

Oh his waking suspicion!

Curtezan.

Sigh not, Mr. Penitent; trust the managing of the busi-
ness with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finish'd: if
I do you no good, fir, you shall give me no money, fir.

Penitent.

I am arriv'd at the court of conscience; a curtezan! O
admirable times! honesty is remov'd to the common place.
Farewel, lady.

[*Exit Penitent.*]

Enter Mother.

Mother.

How now, daughter?

^s gives aim.] See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 277.

Curtezan.

Curtezan.

What news, mother?

Mother.

A token from thy keeper.

Curtezan.

Oh, from sir Bounteous Progress; he's my keeper indeed, but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily, but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

Mother.

Hold thee there, girl.

Curtezan.

Fear not me, mother.

Mother.

Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtlety; the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to intrap the fly.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now

'Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.

Your base mechanic fellow can spy out

A weakness in a lord, and learns to flout.

How do'st behove us then that live by flight,

To have our wits wound up to their stretch'd height?

Fifteen times thou know'st I have sold thy maidenhead

To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet

There's maidenhead enough for old sir Bounteous still.

He'll be all his life-time about it yet, and be as far to seek when he has done.

The fums that I have told upon thy pillow!

I shall once see those golden days again:

Tho' fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone;

The Italian is not served yet, nor the French:

The British men come for a dozen at once,

They engross all the market, tut my girl,

'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,

A sincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,

That throws their charms over the worldlings senses;

And

And when thou spyest a fool that truly pities
The false springs of thine eyes,
And honourably doats upon thy love ;
If he be rich, set him by for a husband ;
Be wisely temper'd, and learn this, my wench,
Who gets th'⁹ opinion for a virtuous name,
May sin at pleasure; and ne'er think of shame.

Curtezan.

Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
To learn my first rules now.

Mother.

'Twill be thy own, I say no more ; peace, hark,
remove thyself ; oh, the two elder brothers. [*Exit Curtezan.*]

Enter Inesse and Possibility.

Possibility.

A fair hour, sweet lady.

Mother.

Good morrow, gentlemen, Mr. Inesse and Mr. Possibility:

Inesse.

Where's the little sweet lady your daughter ?

Mother.

Even at her book, sir.

Possibility.

So religious ?

Mother.

'Tis no new motion, sir, she has took it from an infant.

Possibility.

May we deserve a sight of her, lady ?

Mother.

Upon that condition you will promise me, gentlemen, to
avoid all prophane talk, wanton compliments, indecent phrases,
and lascivious courtings (which I know my daughter will
sooner die than endure), I am contented your suits shall be
granted.

Possibility.

Not a bawdy syllable I protest.

⁹ opinion] i. e. reputation. See Note 4 to *The Gamester*, vol. IX.
p. 16.

Inesse.

Inesse.

Syllable was well plac'd there ; for indeed your one syllables
are your baudiest words, prick that down. [Exeunt.]

Enter Master Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

She may make night-work on't, 'twas well recover'd,
He-cats and curtizans stroll most i'th' night,
Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth nightly ;
I'll be at charge for ¹⁰ watch and ward, for watch and ward
I'faith, and here they come,

Enter two or thres.

First.

Give your worship good even.

Hairbrain.

Welcome, my friends ; I must deserve your diligence in an
employment serious. The truth is, there is a cunning plot laid,
but happily discovered, to rob my house ; the night uncertain
when, but fix'd within the circle of this month ; nor does this
villainy consist in numbers,
Or many partners, only some one
Shall, in the form of my familiar friend,
Be receiv'd privately into my house
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Address'd fit for the practice.

First.

O abominable !

Hairbrain.

If you be faithful watchmen, shew your goodness,
And with these angels shore up your eye-lids :
Let me not be purloin'd, purloin'd indeed ; the merry
Greeks conceive me : there is a jem I would not lose, kept
by the Italian under lock and key : we Englishmen are careless
creatures : well, I have said enough.

Second.

And we will do enough, fir.

[Exeunt.]

¹⁰ watch and ward] See Note 145 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.
p. 167.

Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

Why well said, watch me a good turn now, so, so, so,
 Rise villainy with the lark, why 'tis prevented,
 Or steal't by with the leather winged bar,
 The evening cannot save it; peace.

Enter Curtezan.

Oh, lady Gulman, my wife's only company, welcome! and how does the virtuous matron, that good old gentlewoman, thy mother? I persuade myself, if modesty be in the world, she has part on't; a woman of an excellent carriage all her life-time in court, city, and country.

Curtezan.

She has always carried it well in those places, fir; witness three bastards a-piece. [*Aside.*] How does your sweet bed-fellow, fir? you see I am her boldest visitant.

Hairbrain.

And welcome, sweet virgin; the only companion my soul wishes for her; I left her within at her lute; pr'ythee give her good counsel.

Curtezan.

Alas! she needs none, fir.

Hairbrain.

Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not come amiss to her.

Curtezan.

I'll bestow my labour, fir.

Hairbrain.

Do, labour her pr'ythee; I have convey'd away all her wanton pamphlets, as ¹¹ *Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis*; oh two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife! here, here, pr'ythee take the resolution, and read to her a little.

Curtezan.

She has set up her resolution already, fir.

Hairbrain.

True, true, and this will confirm it the more; there's a chapter of Hell, 'tis good to read, this cold weather; terrify her, terrify her; go, read to her the horrible punishments for itching wantons, the pains allotted for adultery; tell her her

¹¹ *Hero and Leander*] By Christopher Marlow.

Venus and Adonis] By Shakspeare.

thoughts, her very dreams are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a curtezan, and shew how lothsome 'tis.

Curtezan.

The gentleman would persuade me in time to disgrace myself, and speak ill of mine own function. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Hairbrain.

This is the course I take; I'll teach the married man
A new selected strain, I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company;
Puh, that's enough; I'll keep her to her flint,
I'll put her to her pension;
She gets but her allowance, that's bare one,
Few women but have that beside their own,
Ha, ha, ha, nay, I'll put her hard to't.

Enter Wife and Curtezan.

Wife.

Fain would I meet the gentleman.

Curtezan.

Pish, fain would you meet him; why, you do not take the course?

Hairbrain.

How earnestly she labours her, like a good wholesome sister of the family, she will prevail I hope.

Curtezan.

Is that the means?

Wife.

What is the means? I would as gladly, to enjoy his sight, embrace it as the——

Curtezan.

Shall I have hearing? listen.

Hairbrain.

²¹ She's round with her i'faith.

Curtezan.

When husbands in their rank't suspensions dwell,
Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well;

²² *She's round with her i'faith*] i. e. she speaks plainly, in earnest to her. So Polonius in *Hamlet*:

Pray you be round with him. S,

Put

Put but these notes in use that I'll direct you,
 He'll curse himself that e'er he did suspect you;
 Perhaps he will solicit you, as in trial,
 To visit such and such, still give denial:
 Let no persuasions sway you, they are but fetches
 Set to betray you, jealousies, flights and reaches.
 Seem in his sight to endure the sight of no man;
 Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common;
 Neglect all entertainment, if he bring in
 Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen;
 If he chance steal upon you, let him find
 Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind,
 And quoted scriptures, tho' for your own pleasure
 You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
 Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
 This is the course, my wench, to enjoy thy wishes;
 Here you perform best, when you most neglect,
 The way to daunt, is to outvy suspect;
 Manage these principles with art and life,
 Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Hairbrain.

She puts it home i'faith, e'en to the quick,
 From her elaborate action I reach that.
 I must requite this maid, faith I'm forgetful.

Wife.

Here, lady, convey my heart unto him in this jewel,
 Against you see me next you shall perceive
 I have profited; in the mean season tell him
 I am a prisoner yet i'th' master's side,
 My husband's jealousy, that masters him, as he doth master me;
 And as a keeper that locks prisoners up,
 Is himself prison'd under his own key;
 Even so my husband in restraining me,
 With the same ward bars his own liberty.

Curtezan.

I'll tell him how you wish it, and ¹³ I'll wear
 My wits to the third pile, but all shall clear.

¹³

— I'll wear

*My wits to the third pile, &c.] The allusion is to velvet. Autoly-
 cus in The Winter's Tale, says, he has wore three pile. See Note on this
 passage, edit. 1778, vol. IV. p. 367. S.*

X 2

Wife

Wife.

I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

Curtezan.

Think you so, lady? he has small reason for't.

Hairbrain.

What, done so soon? away, to't again, to't again, good
wench, to't again, leave her not so; where left you? come.

Curtezan.

Faith I am weary, fir,
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion
With all the arguments that sense can frame.

Hairbrain.

No; let me come, fie wife, you must consent; what opi-
nion is't? let's hear.

Curtezan.

Fondly and wilfully she retains that thought,
That every sin is damn'd.

Hairbrain.

Oh fie, fie, wife! pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost
your time? for shame be converted; there's a diabolical opi-
nion indeed! then you may think that usury were damn'd:
you're a fine merchant i'faith; or bribery? you know the law
well; or sloth? would some of the clergy heard you, i'faith;
or pride? you come at court! or gluttony? you're not worthy
to dine at an alderman's table;

Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villainous ring-worm, woman's worst requital,
'Tis only lechery that's damn'd to th' pit-hole;
Ah, that's an arch offence, believe it squal,
All sins are venial but venereal.

Curtezan.

I've said enough to her.

Hairbrain.

And she will be rul'd by you.

Curtezan.

Fah.

Hairbrain.

I'll pawn my credit on't; come hither lady,
I will not altogether rest ingrateful,
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and counsel.

MY MASTERS.

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Curtezan.

It is not so much worth, fir; I am a very ill counsellor, truly.

Hairbrain.

Go to, I say.

Curtezan.

Y'are to blame i'faith, fir, I shall ne'er deserve it.

Hairbrain.

Thou hast don't already: farewell, sweet virgin; pr'ythee let's see thee oft'ner.

Curtezan.

Such gifts will soon intreat me.

[*Exit.*]

Hairbrain.

Wife, as thou lov'it the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices;
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end;
Thou'lt feel an alteration, pr'ythee think on't:
Mine eyes can scarce refrain.

Wife.

Keep in your dew, fir, lest when you would, you want it.

Hairbrain.

I've pawn'd my credit on't; ah, didst thou know
The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go.

Wife.

'Tis that I strive to get.

Hairbrain.

And still do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Sir Bounteous, with two Knights.

Sir Andrew.

YOU have been too much like your name, fir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, not so, good knights, not so, you know my humour;
most welcome, good fir Andrew Pelcut; fir Aquitain Colewort,
most welcome.

X 3

Both,

Both.

Thanks, good fir Bounteous.

*[Exeunt at one door.]**At the other, enter in haste a Footman.**Footman.*

Oh, cry your worship, heartily mercy, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

How now, linen stocking, and threescore mile a-day; whose footman art thou?

Footman.

Pray, can your worship tell me, ho, ho, ho, if my lord be come in yet.

Sir Bounteous.

Thy lord! what lord?

Footman.

My lord Owe-much, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

My lord Owe-much! I have heard much speech of that lord, he has great acquaintance i'th' city; that lord has been much followed.

Footman.

And is still, fir; he wants no company when he's in London: he's free of the mercers, and there's none of them all dare cross him.

Sir Bounteous.

And they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with 'em; he would make 'em all weary on't i'th'end: much fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him; art sure he will alight here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.

Footman.

Thinks your worship so, fir? by your leave, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Puh; passion of me, footman, why pumps, I say, come back.

Footman.

Does your worship call?

Sir Bounteous.

Come hither, I say, I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well, how do'st know? did he name the house with the great turret o'th' top?

Footman.

Footman.

No faith did he not, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Come hither, I say, did he speak of a cloth, a gold chamber?

Footman.

Not one word by my troth, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Come again, you lousy seven mile an hour.

Footman.

I beseech your worship detain me not.

Sir Bounteous.

Was there no talk of a fair pair of organs, a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?

Footman.

'Twere sin to bely my lord; I heard no such words, fir,

Sir Bounteous.

A pox confine thee, come again, puh.

Footman.

Your worship will undo me, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Was there no speech of a long dining room, a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser board?

Footman.

I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.

Sir Bounteous.

Whom did he name?

Footman.

Why, one fir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, a, a, I am that fir Bounteous, you progressive round-about rascal.

Footman.

Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Bounteous.

I knew I should have him i'th' end, there's not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours, 'tis a fortune laid upon me, they can scent out their best entertainment. I have a kind of complemental gift given me above ordinary country knights, and how soon 'tis smelt out! I warrant ye, there's

not one knight i'th' shire able to entertain a lord i'th' cue, or a lady i'th' nick like me; like me! there's a kind of grace belongs to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me, I know not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't; cuds me, I forget myself, where—

Footman.

Does your worship call?

Sir Bounteous.

Run firrah, ¹⁴ call in my chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, expedite; and how does my good lord? I never saw him before in my life. ¹⁵ A cup of bastard, for this footman!

Footman.

My lord has travell'd this five year, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Travell'd this five year? how many children has he? some bastard, I say!

Footman.

No bastard, an't please your worship.

Sir Bounteous.

A cup of sack to strengthen his wit, the footman's a fool.

Enter Gum-water.

Oh, come hither master Gum-water, come hither. I send presently to Mr. Pheasant for one of his hens, there's partridge i'th' house.

Gum-water.

And wild-duck an't please your worship,

Sir Bounteous.

And woodcock an't please thy worship.

¹⁴ *Call in my chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold,*] Stewards of Noblemen and Gentlemen of property used formerly to wear a gold chain. So, in Massinger's *New way to Pay old Debts*, A. 1. S. 1. Order the Steward says;

“Set all things right, or as my name is Order,

“And by this staff of office that commands you

“*This chain and double ruff, symbols of power!*”

Again, in *The Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 1. S. 1:

“*This chain, which my lord's peasants worship flouted.*”

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

¹⁵ *A cup of bastard,*] See Note 38 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Gum-water.

And woodcock an't please your worship, I had thought to have spoke before you.

Sir Bounteous.

Remember the pheasant, down with some plover, clap down fix wood-cocks, ¹⁶ my love's coming; now, fir.

Gum-water.

An't please your worship there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir Bounteous.

Dispatch, I say, dispatch, why, where's my music? he's come indeed.

Enter Folly-wit like a lord, with his comrades in ¹⁷ blue coats.

Folly-wit.

Footman,

Footman.

My lord.

Folly-wit.

Run swiftly with my commendations to fir Jasper Topas. We'll ride and visit him i'th' morning, say,

Footman.

Your lordship's charge shall be effected.

[*Exit.*

Folly-wit.

That courtly comely form should present to me fir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Bounteous.

Y'ave found me out, my lord; I cannot hide myself: Your honour is most spaciouly welcome.

Folly-wit.

In this forgive me, fir, that being a stranger to your ¹⁸ house And you, I make my way so bold; and presume Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge; Only your bounteous disposition Fame hath divulg'd, and is to me well known.

¹⁶ my love's] So both the Editions. Probably we should read my lord's. S.

¹⁷ blue coats] See Note 8 to *The Second Part of the Henst W'ore*, vol. III. p. 389.

¹⁸ house] Both the Quartos read houses.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

Nay, and your lordship knows my disposition, you know me better than they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

Folly-wit.

Thanks, good fir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous.

Pray pardon me, it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness, To have with'd your lordship, where your lordship is, A noble guest in this unworthy seat:
Your lordship ne'er heard my organs?

Folly-wit.

Heard of 'em, fir Bounteous; but never heard 'em.

Sir Bounteous.

They're but double gilt, my lord, some hundred and fifty pounds will fit your lordship with such another pair.

Folly-wit.

Indeed, fir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous.

O, my lord, I have a present suit to you.

Folly-wit.

To me, fir Bounteous? and you could ne'er speak at fitter time; for I'm here present to grant you.

Sir Bounteous.

Your lordship has been a traveller?

Folly-wit.

Some five year, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

I have a grandchild, my lord, I love him; and when I die I'll do somewhat for him: I'll tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has been.

Folly-wit.

So have we been all, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

So have we been all indeed, my lord, I thank your lordship's assistance; some comic pranks he has been guilty of; but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest trusty bosom.

Folly-wit.

And that's worth all, fir.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for he's like to have all when I die; *imberbis juvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's: there's great hope of his wit, his hair's so long a-coming; shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this aforefaid Ganimede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup?

Folly-wit.

You wrong both his worth and your bounty, and you call that boldness; sir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman.

Sir Bounteous.

Nay, he has a good wit i'faith, my lord.

Folly-wit.

He has carried himself always generously.

Sir Bounteous.

Are you advised of that, my lord? he has carried many things cleanly: I'll shew your lordship my will, I keep it above in an out-landish box; the whoreson boy must have all: I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.

Folly-wit.

Well, sir, for your sake, and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.

Sir Bounteous.

I understand your good lordship, you'll make him your secretary: my music, give my lord a taste of his welcome.

[*A strain play'd by the consort, Sir Bounteous makes a courtly honour to that lord, and seems to foot the tune.*]

Sir Bounteous.

So, how like you our airs, my lord? are they choice?

Folly-wit.

They're seldom match'd, believe it.

Sir Bounteous.

The consort of mine own household.

Folly-wit.

Yea, sir!

Sir Bounteous.

The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary musicians: your lordship shall hear my organs now.

Folly-wit.

Oh I beseech you, sir Bounteous.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

My Organist.

[The organs play, and covered dishes march over the stage.]
Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ?

Folly-wit.

A very proud air i'faith, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, how can't chuse, a Walloon plays upon them, and a Welchman blows wind in their breech.

[Exeunt]

[A song to the organs.]

Enter Sir Bounteous, with Folly-wit, and his consorts, towards his lodging.

Sir Bounteous.

You must pardon us, my lord, hasty cates, your honour has had ev'n a hunting meal on't; and now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging, a hard down-bed i'faith, my lord, poor cambric sheets, and a cloth of tissue-canopy; the curtains indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the prodigal child in silk and gold; only the swine are left out, my lord, for spoiling the curtains.

Folly-wit.

'Twas well prevented, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venereal dreams to your lordship.

Folly-wit.

The like to kind fir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous.

Fie, not to me, my lord, I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Folly-wit.

Old men should dream best.

Sir Bounteous.

Their dreams! indeed, my lord, y'ave gi'nt us: to-morrow your lordship shall see my cocks, my fish-ponds, my park, my champain grounds; I keep champerers in my house can shew your lordship some pleasure.

Folly-wit.

Sir Bounteous, you ev'n whelm me with delights.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

Once again a musical night to your honour; I'll trouble your lordship no more. [Exit.]

Folly-wit.

Good rest, fir Bounteous: so, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits?

Lieutenant.

In your lordship's portmanteau.

Folly-wit.

Peace, lieutenant.

Lieutenant.

I'd rather have war, captain.

Folly-wit.

Puh, the plot's ripe; come, to our business, lad, Tho' guilt condemns, 'tis ¹⁸ gilt must make us glad.

Lieutenant.

Nay, and you be at your distinctions, captain, I'll follow behind no longer.

Folly-wit.

Get you before then, and whelm your nose with your vizard, go.

Now grandfire, you that hold me at hard meat,

And keep me out at the ¹⁹ dag's end, I'll fit you;

Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine

He and his will confesses; what I take then

Is but a borrowing of so much before hand;

I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many ²⁰ blacks,

I'll have the church hung round with a noble a yard,

Or requite him in 'scutcheons, let him trap me

In gold, and I'll lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*: I

Must look none of his angels in the face, forsooth,

Until his face be not worth looking on; tut, lads,

Let fires and grandfires keep us low, we must

Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust. [Exit.]

¹⁸ *gilt*] i. e. money; *geld*, Dutch. See Notes on *King Henry V*, vol. VI. p. 33. and on *Macbeth*, vol. IV. p. 505. edit. 1778. S.

¹⁹ *dag's end*] i. e. at a distance, as by a sword or pistol advanced against me. *Dag* is an ancient word, signifying either the one or the other. S. See also Note 148 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 168.

²⁰ *blacks*] The common term formerly for mourning. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. IV, p. 300. edit. 1778.

Enter

Enter Curtezan with her man.

Curtezan.

Go, firrah, run presently to Mr. Penitent Brothel; you know his lodging, knock him up; I know he cannot sleep for fighting; tell him, I've happily bethought a mean, To make his purpose prosper in each limb, Which only rests to be approv'd by him; Make haste, I know he thirsts for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter in a masking suit, with a vizard in his hand, Folly-wit.

Within. Oh.

Folly-wit.

Hark, they're at their business.

First Servant.

Thieves, Thieves.

Folly-wit.

Gag that gaping rascal, though he be my grandfire's ²¹ chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, I'll have no pity of him; how now, lads?

Enter the rest vizarded.

Lieutenant.

All's sure, and safe, on with your vizard, sir; the servants are all bound.

Folly-wit.

There's one care past then; come follow me, lads! I'll lead you now to the point and top of all your fortunes: yon lodging is my grandfire's.

Lieutenant.

So, so, lead on, on!

[*Exeunt.*]

Antient.

Here's a captain worth the following, and a wit worth a man's love and admiring!

Re-enter with Sir Bounteous in his night-gown.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what countrymen are you?

²¹ chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold] See p. 328.

Folly-

Folly-wit.

Lincolnshire-men, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

I am glad of that i'faith.

Folly-wit.

And why should you be glad of that?

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire; the kindest natur'd gentlemen; they'll rob a man with conscience: they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes: ah, pitiful gentlemen!

Folly-wit.

Pish, money, money, we come for money.

Sir Bounteous.

Is that all you come for? Ah, what a beast was I to put out my money t'other day: alas, good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray come again another time.

Folly-wit.

Tut, tut, fir, money.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh not so loud, fir, you're too shrill a gentleman; I have a lord lies in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Folly-wit.

Who, my lord Owe-much? we have took order with him before hand, he lies bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir Bounteous.

Who, my lord? bound, my lord! Alas, what did you mean to bind my lord? he could keep his bed well enough without binding; y'ave undone me in't already, you need rob me no farther.

Folly-wit.

Which is the key? come!

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, I perceive now, y'are no true Lincolnshire spirits; you come rather out of Bedfordshire, we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you: so, take enough, my masters; spur a free horse, my name's sir Bounteous, a merry world i'faith; what knight but I keep open house at midnight? well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

Folly-wit.

Away now, seize upon him, bind him.

Sir Bounteous.

Is this your court of equity? why should I be bound for mine own money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have been too liberal to-night, keep in my hands: nay, as hard as you list; I am too good to bear my lord company; you have watch'd your time, my masters; I was knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me ²² a knight of Windsor; you've deserv'd so well, my masters, I bid you all to dinner to-morrow, I would I might have your companies i'faith, I desire no more.

Folly-wit.

Oh, ho, fir!

Sir Bounteous.

Pray meddle not with my organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Folly-wit.

Oh no, here's better music, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, pox feast you.

[Exit.

Folly-wit.

Dispatch with him, away; so, thank you, good grandfire; this was bounteously done of him i'faith; it came somewhat hard from him at first; for indeed nothing comes stiff from an old man but money; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon: where's our portmanteau?

Lieutenant.

Here, bully captain.

Folly-wit.

In with the ²³ purchase, 'twill lie safe enough there under's nose, I warrant you: what, is all sure?

*Enter Antient.**Antient.*

All's sure, Captain.

Folly-wit.

You know what follows now, one villain binds his fellows; go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals.

²² a knight of Windsor] i. e. one of the poor Knights of Windsor.

²³ purchase] See Note 33 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 443.

There's

There's no dallying upon the points ; you conceit me : there is a lord to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers, can you pick out that lord now ?

Lieutenant.

O admirable spirit !

Folly-wit.

You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be satisfied.

Arriant.

But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound ?

Folly-wit.

Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.

Footman.

That's I ; I thank you, sir.

Folly-wit.

The footman of all other will be supposed to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night ; but lies in's clothes, to be first ready in the morning : the horse and he lies in litter together ; that's the right fashion of your bonny footman : and his freedom will make the better for our purpose ; for we must have one in the morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport within ourselves : we now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease ; to be thieves and lie by't ; look to't, lads, it concerns every man's gullet ; I'll not have the jest spoil'd, that's certain, though it hazard a wind-pipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hang'd like a thief as I am ; and that's my resolution.

Lieutenant.

Troth, a match captain, of all hands.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Curtezan, *with* Mr. Penitent Brothel.

Curtezan.

Oh, Mr. Penitent Brothel !

Penitent Brothel.

What is't, sweet lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration ?

Curtezan.

A thought, a trick, to make you, sir, especially happy, and yet I myself a savor by it.

Penitent Brothel.

I would embrace that, lady, with such courage, I would not leave you on the losing hand.

Curtezan.

I will give trust to you, sir; the cause then why I raised you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep, thus understand it:

You love that woman, Mr. Hairbrain's wife,
Which no invented means can crown with freedom,
For your desires and her own wish but this,
Which in my slumbers did present itself.

Penitent Brothel.

I'm covetous, lady.

Curtezan.

You know her husband ling'ring in suspect,
Locks her from all society, but mine.

Penitent Brothel.

Most true.

Curtezan.

I only am admitted, yet hitherto
That has done you no real happiness; by my admittance
I cannot perform that deed, that should please you,
You know; wherefore thus I have convey'd it,
I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.

Penitent Brothel.

Good.

Curtezan.

Nay, 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do you good.

Penitent Brothel.

And in that sense I call'd it; but ²⁴ take me with you, lady:
would it be probable enough to have a sickness so suddenly
violent?

Curtezan.

Puh, all the world knows women are soon down: we can
be sick when we have a mind to't, catch an ague with the
wind of our fans, surfeit upon the rump of a lark, and bestow
ten pound in physic upon't; we're likest ourselves when we're

²⁴ take me with you, lady] See p. 265.

down: 'tis the easiest art and cunning for our ²⁵ sect to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well; for since we were made for a weak imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for: I thus translated, and yourself flipp'd into the form of a physician.

Penitent Brother.

I a physician, lady! talk not on't I beseech you: I shall shame the whole college.

Curtezan.

Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve for this purpose; for I am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfum'd in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my palate, and restoring of my health; lay on load enough upon them, and spare them not, for they are good plump fleshly asses, and may well enough bear it: let gold, amber, and dissolved pearl, be common ingredients; and that you cannot compose a cullice without them. Put but this cunningly in practice, it shall be both a sufficient recompence for all my pains in your love; and the ready means to make Mistress Hairbrain's way, by the visiting of me, to your mutual desired company.

Penitent Brother.

I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will instantly embrace it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Voices within.

Sir Bounteous.

Ho, Gum-water!

Folly-wit.

Singlestone!

Within.

Jenkin, wa, ha, ho.

Within.

Ewen!

Within.

Simcod!

Folly-wit.

Footman! whew——

Footman.

Oh good your worship, let me help your good old worship.

²⁵ [et] i. e. sex. See Note 15 to *The Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII. p. 322.

Enter Sir Bounteous with a cord half unbound, footman with him.

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, poor honest footman. how didst thou 'scape this massacre?

Footman.

E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

I think so; I would I had lain in my clothes too, footman, so I had 'scap'd them; I could have but risen like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces; so, so, 'tis well! I thank thee, run to thy fellows; undo them, undo them, undo them!

Footman.

Alas, if my lord should miscarry! they're unbound already, fir; they have no occupation but sleep, feed, and fart. *[Exit.]*

Sir Bounteous.

If I be not agham'd to look my lord in the face, I'm a Saracen. My lord!

Folly-wit.

Who's that?

Sir Bounteous.

One may see he has been scar'd, a pox on them for their labours.

Folly-wit.

Singlestone!

Sir Bounteous.

Singlestone? I'll never answer to that i'faith.

Folly-wit.

Suchman!

Sir Bounteous.

Suchman? nor that neither i'faith; I am not brought so low, though I be old.

Folly-wit.

Who's that in the chamber?

Sir Bounteous.

Good morrow, my lord, 'tis I.

Folly-wit.

Sir Bounteous, good morrow; I would give you my hand, fir, but I cannot come at it; is this the courtesy of the country, fir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous.

Your lordship grieves me more than all my loss;
'Tis the unnatural'st fight that can be found
To see a noble gentleman hard bound.

Folly-wit.

Trust me, I thought you had been better belov'd, fir Bounteous; but I see you have enemies, fir, and your friends fare the worse for them: I like your talk better than your lodging; I ne'er lay harder in a bed of down; I have had a mad night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should be, fir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous.

Faith! Lincolnshire-men, my lord.

Folly-wit.

How? fie, fie, believe it not, fir, these lie not far off I warrant you.

Sir Bounteous.

Think you so, my lord?

Folly-wit.

I'll be burnt if they do; some that are used to your house, fir, and are familiar with all the conveyances.

Sir Bounteous.

This is the commodity of keeping open house, my lord, that makes so many shut their doors about dinner-time.

Folly-wit.

They were resolute villains, I made myself known to them, told them what I was, gave them my honourable word not to disclose them.

Sir Bounteous.

O saucy, unmannerly villains!

Folly-wit.

And think you the slaves would trust me upon my word?

Sir Bounteous.

They would not?

Folly-wit.

Forsooth no, I must pardon them; they told me lords promises were mortal, and commonly die within half an hour after they are spoken; they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full growth or perfection; and therefore, though I were a lord, I must enter into bond.

Sir Bounteous.

Insupportable rascals!

Folly-wit.

Troth I'm of that mind. Sir Bounteous, you far'd the worse for my coming hither.

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, good my lord, but I'm sure your lordship far'd the worse.

Folly-wit.

Pray pity not me, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Is not your honour sore about the brawn of the arm? a murren meet them, I feel it.

Folly-wit.

About this place, sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous.

You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?

Folly-wit.

Ay e'en a twinge, you say right.

Sir Bounteous.

A pox discover them, that twinge I feel too.

Folly-wit.

But that which disturbs the most, Sir Bounteous, lies here.

Sir Bounteous.

True, about the wrist a kind of tumid numbness.

Folly-wit.

You say true, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

The reason of that, my lord, is, the pulses had no play.

Folly-wit.

Mass, so I guess'd it.

Sir Bounteous.

A mischief swell them! for I feel that too.

Lieutenant.

'Slid here's a house haunted indeed.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

A word with ycu, fir.

Folly-wit.

How now, Singlestone?

Lieutenant.

I'm sorry, my lord, your lordship has lost—

Sir Bounteous.

Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

Folly-wit.

What have I lost? speak.

Sir Bounteous.

A good night's sleep say.

Folly-wit.

Speak, what have I lost I say?

Lieutenant.

A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.

Folly-wit.

That's true; my clothes, come.

[*Curtains drawn.*]

Lieutenant.

My lord's clothes, his honour's rising.

Sir Bounteous.

Hift, well said, come hither; what has my lord lost? tell me, speak softly.

Lieutenant.

His lordship must know that, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Hush, pr'ythee tell me,

Lieutenant.

'Twill do you no pleasure to know it, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Yet again, I desire it I say.

Lieutenant.

Since your worship will needs know it, they have stolen away a jewel in a blue silk ribband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in fair ²⁶ Spur Royals.

Sir Bounteous.

That's some two hundred i'th' total.

²⁶ *Spur Royals*] See Note 17 to *The City Match*, vol. IX. p. 299.

Lieutenant.

Your worship's much about it, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Come, follow me; I'll make that whole again in so much money, let not my lord know on't.

Lieutenant.

Oh pardon me, fir Bounteous, that were a dishonour to my lord; should it come to his ear, I should hazard my undoing by it.

Sir Bounteous.

How should it come to his ear? if you be my lord's chief man about him, I hope you do not use to speak unless you be paid for it; and I had rather give you a counsellor's double fee to hold your peace; come, go to, follow me, I say.

Lieutenant.

There will be scarce time to tell it, fir, my lord will away instantly.

*Sir Bounteous.*His honour shall stay dinner by his leave; I'll prevail with him so far; and now I remember a jest, I bade the whoreson thieves to dinner last night; I would I might have their companies; a pox poison them. [Exit.]*Lieutenant.*Faith, and you are like to have no other guests, fir Bounteous, if you have none but us; I'll give you that gift i'faith. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

*Enter Master Hairbrain with two elder brothers, Master Inesse, and Master Possibility.**Possibility.*

YOU see, bold guests, Mr. Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

You're kindly welcome to my house, good Mr. Inesse and Mr. Possibility.

Inesse.

That's our presumption, fir.

Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

Ralph?

Ralph.

Here, sir.

Hairbrain.

Call down your mistress to welcome these two gentlemen,
my friends.

Ralph.

I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*

Hairbrain.

I will observe her carriage, and watch
The slippery revolutions of her eye;
I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives,
And poise her words i'th' balance of ²⁷ suspect:
If she but swag, she's gone; either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectful;
It does behove her carry herself even.

[*Afide.*

Possibility.

But, Mr. Hairbrain——

Hairbrain.

True, I hear you, sir; was't you said?——

Possibility.

I have not spoke it yet, sir.

Hairbrain.

Right, so I say.

Possibility.

Is it not strange, that in so short a time my little lady Gul-
man should be so violently handled?

Hairbrain.

Oh sickness has no mercy, sir;
It neither pities lady's lip, nor eye:
It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,
²⁸ And so deflow'rs her that was ne'er deflow'rd.

²⁷ *suspect*] i. e. suspicion. See Note 45 to *Edward II.* vol. II. p. 385.

²⁸ *And so deflow'rs her that was ne'er deflow'rd*] The same play upon words we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 4. S. 5.:

“— See where she lies

“ Flower as she was deflowered now by him,

“ Death is my Son-in-law, &c.”

See Mr. Collins's Note on this passage.

Fools then are maids, to lock from men that treasure
Which death will pluck, and never yield them pleasure.

Ah, gentlemen, tho' I shadow it, that sweet virgin's sickness grieves me not lightly, she was my wife's only delight and company. Did you not hear her, gentlemen, i'th' midst of her extremest fit, still how she call'd upon my wife, remember'd still my wife, sweet mistress Hairbrain. When she sent for me, on one side of her bed stood the physician, the scrivener on the other; two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course of their lives; for the scrivener binds folks, and the physician makes them loose.

Possibility.

But not loose of their bonds, fir,

Hairbrain.

No, by my faith, fir, I say not so; if the physician could make them loose of their bonds, there's many a one would take phyfic, that dares not now for poisoning; but, as I was telling of you, her will was fashioning, wherein I found her best and richest jewel given as a legacy unto my wife. When I read that, I could not restrain weeping; well, of all other my wife has most reason to visit her, if she have any good nature in her, she'll shew it there; now, fir, where's your mistress?

Enter Ralph.

Ralph.

She desires you, and the gentlemen, your friends, to hold her excused; she has a fit of an ague now upon her, which begins to shake her.

Hairbrain.

Where does it shake her most?

Ralph.

All over her body, fir.

Hairbrain.

Shake all her body? 'tis a saucy fit, I'm jealous of that ague; pray walk in, gentlemen, I'll see you instantly.

[Exeunt Inesse and Possibility.]

Ralph.

Ralph.

Now they are absent, fir, 'tis no such thing.

Hairbrain.

What!

Ralph.

My mistress has her health, fir;
But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
From the sight of all men but your own dear self, fir:
For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
Her only company, she delights in none.

Hairbrain.

No; visit her again, commend me to her,
Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
Walk here to exchange a word or two with her,

Ralph.

I'll tell her so, fir.

[Exit.

Hairbrain.

Fool that I am, and madman, beast, what worse!
Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
The best opinion, and the purest thought;
Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself;
To doubt her ways, that looks too narrowly
Into her own defects; I, foolish fearful,
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
Barr'd her those objects which she shuns herself.
Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper;
Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
I find her circled in with divine writs
Of heavenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaves tuck'd up, which when I see,
They either tax pride or adultery;
Ah let me curse myself, that could be jealous
Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious,
And here the unmatch'd comes;

Enter Wife.

Now, wife, i'faith they're gone,
Pish, see how fearful 'tis, will you not credit me?
They're gone i'faith; why, think you I'll betray you? come,
come, thy delight and mine, thy only virtuous friend, thy
sweet

sweet instructress is violently taken, grievous sick, and, which is worse, she mends not.

Wife.

Her friends are sorry for that, fir.

Hairbrain.

She calls upon thee, poor soul, remembers thee still; thy name whirls in her breath; where's mistress Hairbrain, says she?

Wife.

Alas, good soul!

Hairbrain.

She made me weep thrice; she has put thee in a jewel in her will.

Wife.

Even to the last gasp a kind soul.

Hairbrain.

Take my man, go, visit her.

Wife.

Pray pardon me, fir; alas, my visitation cannot help her.

Hairbrain.

Oh, yet the kindness of a thing, wife; still she holds the same rare temper; take my man, I say.

Wife.

I would not take your man, fir, tho' I did purpose going.

Hairbrain.

No? thy reason.

Wife.

The world's condition is itself so wild, fir,
 'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not:
 'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
 All to the form of its own luxury;
 This censure flies from one, that, from another;
 That man's her squire, says he; her pimp, the other;
 She's of the stamp, a third; fourth, I ha' known her:
 I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
 Then our attires are tax'd; our very gait
 Is call'd in question; where a husband's presence
 Scatters such thoughts, or makes them sink for fear
 Into the hearts that breed them; nay, surely
 If I went, fir, I would entreat your company.

Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

Mine? pr'ythee, wife, I have been there already.

Wife.

That's all one; although you bring me but to the door, fir, I would intreat no farther.

Hairbrain.

Thou'rt such a wife! why I will bring thee thither then, but not go up, I swear.

Wife.

I'faith you shall not, I do not desire it, fir.

Hairbrain.

Why then content.

Wife.

Give me your hand; you will do so, fir?

Hairbrain.

Why there's my lip I will.

Wife.

Why then I go, fir.

Hairbrain.

With me, or no man; incomparable! such a woman!

[*Exeunt.*]

Viols, Gallipots, Plate, and an hour-glass by her. The Curtezan on a bed for her counterfeit fit.

Enter Mr. Penitent Brothel, like a Doctor of Physic.

Penitent Botbel.

Lady!

Curtezan.

Ha, what news?

Penitent Brothel.

There's one fir Bounteous Progress newly alighted from his foot-cloth²⁹, and his mare waits at door, as the fashion is.

Curtezan.

'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains me; a little, short, old, spiny gentleman, in a great doublet.

Penitent Brothel.

The same, I know him.

²⁹ foot-cloth] It is observed by Mr. Steevens, that anciently the housings of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were denominated a foot-cloth. See Note on King Richard III. A. 3. S. 4.

Curtezan.

Curtezan.

He's my sole revenue, meat, drink and rayment; my good
phyfician work upon him, I'm weak.

Penitent Brothel.

Enough.

*Enter Sir Bounteous.**Sir Bounteous.*

Why, where be these ladies? these plump soft delicate
creatures? ha?

Penitent Brothel.

Who would you visit, fir?

Sir Bounteous.

Visit, who? what are you with the plague in your mouth?

Penitent Brothel.

A phyfician, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Then you are a loose-liver, fir; I have put you to your
purgation.

Penitent Brothel.

But you need none, you're purg'd in a worse fashion.

Curtezan.

Ah, fir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous.

How now? what art thou?

Curtezan.

Sweet fir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous.

Passion of me, what an alteration's here! Rosamond sick,
old Harry? here's a sight able to make an old man shrink!
I was lusty when I came in, but I am down now i'faith;
mortality! yea this puts me in mind of a hole seven foot
deep; my grave, my grave, my grave; hift, master doctor, a
word, fir; hark, 'tis not the plague, is't?

Penitent Brothel.

The plague, fir? no.

Sir Bounteous.

Good.

Penitent Brothel.

He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no; and of the
twain that had been more likely.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

How now, my wench? how do'st?

Curtezan.

Huh, weak knight, huh.

Penitent Brothel.

She says true, he's a weak knight indeed.

Sir Bounteous.

Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Curtezan.

All parts alike, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

She says true still, for it holds her in none.

Sir Bounteous.

Hark in thine ear, thou'rt breeding of young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child, i'faith.

Curtezan.

I fear that much, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, oh, if it should be a young Progreſs when all's done.

Curtezan.

You have done your good-will, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

I ſee by her 'tis nothing but a ſurfeit of Venus i'faith; and tho' I be old, I have giv'nt her: but ſince I had the power to make thee ſick, I'll have the purſe to make thee whole, that's certain; maſter doctor?

Penitent Brothel.

Sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Let's hear, I pray, what is't you miniſter to her.

Penitent Brothel.

Marry, fir, ſome precious cordial, ſome coſtly ³⁰ refocillation, a compoſure comfortable and reſtorative.

Sir Bounteous.

Ay, ay, that, that, that.

Penitent Brothel.

No poorer ingredients than the liquor of coral, clear amber, or ſuccinum; unicorn's horn, fix grains; magiſterium perlarum, one ſcruple.

³⁰ refocillation,] i. e. reſtoration of ſtrength by reſreſhment. S.

Sir Bounteous.

Ah!

Penitent Brothel.

Offis de corde cerui, half a scruple; *aarum potabile*, or his tincture.

Sir Bounteous.

Very precious, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

All which being finely contunded, and mix'd in a stone or glass mortar, with the spirit of diamber—

Sir Bounteous.

Nay, pray be patient, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

That's impossible; I cannot be patient and a physician too, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, cry-you-mercy, that's true, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

All which afore said—

Sir Bounteous.

Ay, there you left, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I add thereto *olei succini*, *olei mafi*, & *sinamoni*.

Sir Bounteous.

So, fir, *olei mafi*, ³¹ that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.

Penitent Brothel.

And has been of a long time, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Well, be of good cheer, wench, there's gold for thee! huh, let her want for nothing, master doctor; a poor kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her—There I gull'd you, Mr. doctor. Gather up a good spirit, wench! the fit will away; 'tis but a surfeit of gristles: ha, ha, I have fitted her; an old knight and a cock a'th' game still; I have not spurs for nothing, I see.

³¹ that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.] A pun alluding to the maces which were carried by the serjeants or varlets when they arrested people.

Penitent

Penitent Brothel.

No, by my faith, they're hatch'd; they cost you an angel, sir.

Sir Bayateons.

Look to her, good Mr. doctor; let her want nothing; I have given her enough already, ha, ha, ha. [Exit.

Curtizan.

So, is he gone?

Penitent Brothel.

He's like himself, gone.

Curtizan.

Here's somewhat to set up with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own slattery, soothing his own defects! He only fears he has done that deed, which I ne'er fear'd to come from him in my life; this purchase came unlook'd for.

Penitent Brothel.

Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.

Curtizan.

Oh, they're welcome, they bring money.

Enter M. Inesse and Possibility.

Possibility.

Mr. Doctor,

Penitent Brothel.

I come to you, gentleman.

Possibility.

How does she now?

Penitent Brothel.

Faith, much after one fashion, sir.

Inesse.

There's hope of life, sir?

Penitent Brothel.

I see no signs of death of her.

Possibility.

That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

Penitent Brothel.

Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still; she has a kind of facility in taking. How comes your band bloody, sir?

Inesse.

You may see I met with a scab, sir.

Penitent Brothel.

Diversa genera scabierum, as Pliny reports, there are divers kind of scabs.

Inesse.

Pray let's hear 'em, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running, your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a pandar: but, to speak truth, the only scabs we are now-a-days troubled withal are new officers.

Inesse.

Why now you come to mine, fir; for I'll be sworn one of them was very busy about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that; for they are ambitious, and cover the head.

Penitent Brothel.

Why you saw I deriv'd him, fir?

Inesse.

You physicians are mad gentlemen.

Penitent Brothel.

We physicians see the most fights of any men living. Your astronomers look upward into the air; we look downward into the body; and, indeed, we have power upward and downward.

Inesse.

That you have i'faith, fir.

Possibility.

Lady, how cheer you now?

Curtezan.

The same woman still, huh.

Possibility.

That's not good.

Curtezan.

Little alteration. Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.

Inesse.

Puh, talk not of that, lady; thy health's worth a million—Here, Mr. Doctor, spare for no cost.

Possibility.

Possibility.

Look what you find there, fir—

Curtizan.

What do you mean, gentlemen? put up, put up, you see I'm down and cannot strive with you, I would rule you else; you have me at advantage, but if ever I live, I will requite it deeply.

Inesse.

Tut, an't come to that once we'll requite ourselves well enough.

Possibility.

Mrs. Hairbrain, lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Curtizan.

Hah, huh.

Penitent Brothel.

There struck the munit that brings forth the birth of all my joys and wishes; but see the jar now, how shall I rid these from her? *[Aside.]*

Curtizan.

Pray, gentlemen, stay not above an hour from my sight.

Inesse.

S'foot! we are not going, lady.

Penitent Brothel.

Subtly brought about! yet 'twill not do, they'll stick by't. A word with you, gentlemen.

Both.

What says Mr. doctor?

Penitent Brothel.

She wants but settling of her sense with rest; one hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune.

Possibility.

He says true, i'faith.

Inesse.

Get her to sleep, Mr. Doctor; we'll both sit here, and watch by her.

Penitent Brothel.

Hell's angels watch you; no art can prevail with 'them! what with the thoughts of joys, and sight of crosses, my wits are at Hercules's pillars; *non plus ultra.* *[Aside.]*

Z 2

Curtizan.

Curtezan.

Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor?

Penitent Brothel.

Here, lady.

Curtezan.

Your physio works; lend me your hand.

Possibility.

Farewell, sweet lady.

Ineffe.

Adieu, Mr. doctor.

[*Exeunt Possibility and Ineffe.*]*Curtezan.*

So,

Penitent Brothel.

Let me admire thee!

The wit of man wains and decreases soon;

But women's wit is ever at full moon.

Enter Mistress Hairbrain.

There shot a star from heaven!

I dare not yet behold my happiness,

The splendor is so glorious and so piercing.

Curtezan.

Mistress, Hairbrain, give my wit thanks hereafter; your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

Wife.

Will you but hear a word from me?

Curtezan.

Puh—

Wife.

My husband himself brought me to the door, walks below for my return; jealousy is prick-ear'd, and will hear the wagging of a hair.

Curtezan.

Pish, you are a faint liver! trust yourself with your pleasure, and me with your security, go.

Penitent Brothel.

The fulness of my wish.

Wife.

Of my desire.

Penitent

Penitent Bratbel.

Beyond this sphere I never will aspire.

[*Exeunt Penitent and Wife.*]

Enter Mr. Hairbrain listening.

Hairbrain.

I'll listen, now the flesh draws nigh her end,
At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ransack the close corners of their hearts:
What many years hath whelm'd, this hour imparts.

Curtezian.

Pray sit down, there's a low stool; good mistress Hairbrain, this was kindly done; huh, give me your hand; huh, alas, how cold you are; even so is your husband, that worthy, wife gentleman; as comfortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—huh—shoe-leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him; he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman; and, to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

Hairbrain.

And so I do, i'faith; 'tis right my humour.

Curtezian.

You live a lady's life with him; go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

Hairbrain.

Not so, not so neither; she's better look'd to.

Curtezian.

I know you do, you need not tell me that; it were even pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, Mrs. Hairbrain, what do you meah? come you to discomfort me? nothing but weeping with you?

Hairbrain.

She's weeping! it has made her weep! my wife shews her good-nature already.

Curtezian.

Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff, why how now, woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame leave; fuh, fuh, she cannot answer me for sobbing.

Z 3

Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

All this does her good; beshrew my heart, and I pity her; let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't, by my good will; I'll not be her hind'rance.

Curtezan.

O no, lay your hand here, Mrs. Hairbrain: ay there! oh there, there lies my pain, good gentlewoman! fore! oh I, I can scarce endure your hand upon't—

Hairbrain.

Poor soul, how she's tormented!

Curtezan.

Yes, yes, I eat a cullis an hour since.

Hairbrain.

There's some comfort in that yet, she may escape it.

Curtezan.

Oh, it lies about my heart much.

Hairbrain.

I am sorry for that, i'faith, she'll hardly escape it.

Curtezan.

Bound? no; I had a very comfortable stool this morning.

Hairbrain.

I am glad of that, i'faith, that's a good sign; I smell she'll escape it now.

Curtezan.

Will you be going then?

Hairbrain.

Fall back, she's coming.

Curtezan.

Thanks, good Mrs. Hairbrain, welcome, sweet Mrs. Hairbrain! pray commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

Hairbrain.

I could do that myself now.

Curtezan.

And to my uncle Winchcomb, and to my aunt Lipsalve, and to my cousin Falsctop, and to my cousin Lickit, and to my cousin Horseman; and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and St. Johns's,

Enter

Enter Wife with Mr. Penitent.

Wife.

At three days end my husband takes a journey.

Penitent Brotbel.

O thence I derive a second meeting.

Wife.

May it prosper still!

Till then I rest a captive to his will:

Once again, health, rest, and strength to thee, sweet lady:
farewell, you witty squall; good Mr. Doctor, have a care to
her body; if you stand her friend, I know you can do her
good.

Curtizan.

Take pity of your waiter, go: farewell, sweet Mrs. Hair-
brain.

Hairbrain.

Welcome, sweet wife; alight upon my lip; never was
hour spent better.

Wife.

Why, were you within the hearing, fir?

Hairbrain.

Ay that I was i'faith, to my great comfort; I deceived you
there, wife, ha, ha;

I do intreat thee, nay conjure thee, wife,
Upon my love, or what can more be said,
Oitner to visit this sick virtuous maid.

Wife.

Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd,

Hairbrain.

Why then I see thou lov'st me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Penitent Brotbel.

Art of ladies!

When plots are e'en past hope, and hang their head;

Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Folly-wit, with Lieutenant Mawworm, Ancient Haut-
boy, and the rest of his consorts.*

Folly-wit.

Was't not well manag'd, you necessary mischiefs? did the
plot want either life or art?

Z 4

Lieutenant.

Lieutenant.

'Twas so well, captain, I would you could make such another ³² mufs at all adventures;

Folly-wit.

Do'st call't a mufs? I am sure my grandfire ne'er got his money worse in his life, than I got it from him. If ever he did cozen the simple; why, I was born to revenge their quarrel. If ever oppress the widow; I, a fatherless child, have done as much for him. And so 'tis, through the world, either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look for't; for trait recoils in the end, like an overcharg'd musket, and maims the very hand that puts fire to't. There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike him from hence to hell; 'twill set him forward with a vengeance. But here lay the jest, wherefores; my grandfire, thinking in his conscience that we had not robbed him enough o'er night, must needs pity me i'th' morning, and give me the rest.

Folly-wit.

Two hundred pounds in fair ³³ Rose-Nobles, I protest.

Folly-wit.

Pish, I knew he could not sleep quietly till he had paid me for robbing of him too; 'tis his humour, and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives; for, you know, they always feast those mouths that are least needy; and give them more that have too much already; and what call you that, but robbing of themselves a courtier way? Oh!

Lieutenant.

Cuds me, how slow, captain?

Folly-wit.

A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shrewd pull at my fortunes,

Lieutenant.

What's that, sir?

³² mufs] i. e. scramble. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 11.

³³ Rose-Nobles] A Rose-Noble was an ancient English gold coin, first struck in the reign of Edward III, and then called the penny of gold; since called Rose-Noble, because stamped with a Rose. It was current at 6 s. 8 d.

Folly.

Folly-wit.

Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandfire keeps an uncertain creature, a queen?

Lieutenant.

Ay, that's too true, sir.

Folly-wit.

So much the more preposterous for me; I shall hop shorter, by that trick: she carries away the thirds, at least. 'Twill prove entail'd land, I am afraid, when all's done. Faith, Nay, I have known a vicious-old-thought-acting father Damn'd only in his dreams, thirsting for game, (When his best parts hung down their heads for shame) ³⁴ For his blanch'd harlot dispossess his son, And make the pox his heir; 'twas gravely done! How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant?

Lieutenant.

Faith from discourse; yet, all the policy That I could use, I could not get her name.

Folly-wit.

Dull slave, that ne'er could't spy it!

Lieutenant.

But the manner of her coming was describ'd to me.

Folly-wit.

How is the manner, pr'ythee?

Lieutenant.

Marry, sir, she comes most commonly coach'd.

Folly-wit.

Most commonly coach'd, indeed; for coaches are as common now-a-days, as some that ride in 'em; she comes most commonly coach'd?

Lieutenant.

True, there I left, sir: guarded with some leash of pimps.

Folly-wit.

Beside the coachman?

Lieutenant.

Right, sir; then alighting, she's privately received by Mr. Gum-water.

³⁴ For his blanch'd harlot] i. e. his harlot, whose skin is made white by the use of cosmetics. S.

Folly-wit.

That's my grandfire's chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold.
That he should live to be a pandar, and yet look upon his
chain and his velvet jacket!

Lieutenant.

Then is your grandfire ³⁵ rounded i'th' ear; the key given
after the Italian fashion, backward; she closely convey'd into
his closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon
his credit; or he send down some hot caudle, to take order in
his performance.

Folly-wit.

Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith; I ha't!

Lieutenant.

How now, sir?

Folly-wit.

Thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions?

Antient.

Why, Mr. Folly-wit!

All.

Captain!

Folly-wit.

Give me scope, and hear me.
I have begot that means, which will both furnish me,
And make that quean walk under his conceit.

Lieutenant.

That were double happiness; to put thyself into money,
and her out of favour.

Folly-wit.

And all at one dealing.

Antient.

'Sfoot, I long to see that hand play'd!

Folly-wit.

And thou shalt see't quickly, i'faith. Nay, 'tis in grain;
I warrant it hold colour. Lieutenant step behind yon hang-
ing: If I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower
part of a gentlewoman's gown; with a mask and a chinclout:

³⁵ rounded i'th' ear] See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.
p. 121.

bring all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly now, 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so; there's a taste for you.

Antient.

But, pr'ythee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?

Folly-wit.

Why, use it.

Antient.

Y've answered me indeed in that; I can demand no farther.

Folly-wit.

Well said, lieutenant.

Lieutenant.

What will you do now, fir?

Folly-wit.

Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

Lieutenant.

But that's against kind, captain; for they are always long a making ready.

Folly-wit.

And is not most they do against kind, I pr'ythee? to lie with their Horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to wear half moons made of another's hair, is not that against kind? to drink down a man, she that should set him up, pray is not that monstrously against kind now? nay over with it, lieutenant, over with it; ever while you live put a woman's cloaths over her head: Cupid plays best at blindman's buff.

Lieutenant.

You shall have your will, maintenance; I love mad tricks as well as you for your heart, fir; but what shift will you make for upper bodies, captain?

Folly-wit.

I see now thou'rt an ass; why, I'm ready.

Lieutenant.

Ready?

Folly-wit.

Why, the doublet serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion; we're all male, to the middle; mankind; from the beaver to the bum. 'Tis an Amazonian time; you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind; pr'ythee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me, and
wind

Wind 'em about my husband; nay, you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair, and become all with probability: the most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

Lieutenant.

Nay, I'll give thee thy due, behind thy back, thou art as mad a piece of clay—

Folly-wit.

Clay! dost call thy captain clay? indeed, clay was made to stop holes; he says true. Did not I tell you, rascals, you should see a woman quickly made up?

Antient.

I'll swear for't, captain.

Folly-wit.

Come, come, my mask, and my chinclout—
Come into the court.

Lieutenant.

Nay, they were both i'th' court long ago, sir.

Folly-wit.

Let me see; where shall I chuse two or three for pimps now; but I cannot chuse amiss amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me; and guard me sure. I give you warning before hand; 'tis a monkey-tail'd age. Lise, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blyth fellows surprize me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney.

Lieutenant.

We should laugh at that i'th' faith.

Folly-wit.

Or shoot in upon the coast of ³⁶ Cue.

Lieutenant.

Two notable fit landing places for lechers, P and C, Putney, and Cue.

Folly-wit.

Well, say you have fair warning on't; the hair about the hat is as good as ³⁷ a flag upon the pole at a common play-house,

³⁶ Cue] i. e. Kew.

³⁷ a flag upon the pole of a common play-house] That it was the custom formerly to have flags on the tops of the play-houses may be seen in the South View of the City of London as it appeared in 1599, where are representations of the Globe and Swan Play-houses. See also the Preface to

house, to waft company; and a chinclout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linen to't.

Lieutenant.

Fear not us, captain; there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Inns o' court man.

Folly-wit.

Why then set forward;
And as you scorn two shilling brothels,
Twelvepenny pandarism, and such base bribes,
Guard me from bonny scribs and bony scribes.

Lieutenant.

Hang 'em, pensions, and allowances! fourpence half-penny
a meal, hang 'em! *[Exeunt.]*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter in his chamber out of his study Mr. Penitent Brothel, a book in his hand reading.

Penitent Brothel.

HA? read that place again!—adultery
Draws the divorce 'twixt heaven and the soul.
Accursed man, that stands divorc'd from heaven!
Thou wretched unthrift, that hast play'd away
Thy eternal portion at a minute's game;
To please the flesh, hast blotted out thy name!
Where were thy nobler meditations busied,
That they durst trust this body with itself?
This natural drunkard that undoes us all,
And makes our shame apparent in our fall.
Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil!
My soul, I know, would never grieve to th' death
Th' eternal spirit, that feeds her with his breath:

to the Edition of Shakspere 1778. So, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 47. "Each play-house advanceth his flagge in the aire, "whither quickly at the waving thereof are summoned whole troopes of "men, women, and children."

Nay

Nay I, that knew the price of life and sin,
 What crown is kept for continence, what for lust,
 The end of man, and glory of that end
 As endless as the giver;
 To doat on weakness, slime, corruption, woman!
 What is she, took asunder from her cloaths?
 Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
³⁸ Much like your German clock, and near ally'd;
 Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride.
 Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
 They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.
 Within these three days the next meeting's fix'd,
 If I meet then, hell and my soul be mix'd!
 My lodging I know constantly, she not knows;
 Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows:
 I'll ne'er embrace her more,—never—bear witness, never.

Enter The Devil in her shape, claps him on the shoulder.

Succubus.

What at a stand? the fitter for my company.

Penitent Brothel.

Celestial soldiers, guard me!

Succubus.

How now, man? 'lafs, did the quickness of my presence
 fright thee?

Penitent Brothel.

³⁹ Shield me, you ministers of faith and grace!

Succubus.

Leave, leave; are you not asham'd to use such words to a
 woman?

Penitent Brothel.

Th'art a devil.

Succubus.

A devil! feel, feel man, has a devil flesh and bone?

³⁸ Much like your German clock,] Tom Otter, in Ben Jonson's *Epicene, or the Silent Woman*, A. 4. S. 2. speaking of his wife, says, "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock."

³⁹ Shield me, &c.] See *Hamlet*. S.

Penitent

MY MASTERS.

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Penitent Brotbel.

I do conjure thee, by that dreadful power—

Succubus.

The man has a delight to make me tremble!
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous love?
Was I entic'd for this, to be so soon rejected?
Come, what has chang'd thee so, Delight?

Penitent Brotbel.

Away!

Succubus.

Remember—

Penitent Brotbel.

Leave my fight!

Succubus.

Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which when I come I find thee shunning?
Rouze thy amorous thoughts, and twine me;
All my interest I resign thee:
Shall we let slip this mutual hour,
Comes so seldom in her power?
Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fathom?
Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?
Art a man? or dost abuse one?
A love! and know'st not how to use one?
Come, I'll teach thee!

Penitent Brotbel.

Do not follow—

Succubus.

Once so firm and now so hollow?
When was place and season sweeter?
Thy bliss in sight, and dar'st not meet her?
Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour?
Love's best pleas'd, when't's ⁴⁰ seiz'd with rigour:
Seize me then with veins most chearful;
Women love no flesh that's fearful:
'Tis but a fit, come drink't away,
And dance and sing, and kiss and play! fa la

⁴⁰ *Seiz'd*] Both the Quartos read *seard*; and again, *fears* in the next line. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

La,

La, le la, fa le la, le la la; fa le la, fa la le
La le la.

Penitent Brotbel.

Torment me not,

Succubus.

Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Penitent Brotbel.

Fury!

Succubus.

Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Penitent Brotbel.

Devil! I do conjure thee once again,
By that soul-quaking thunder to depart,
And leave this chamber, freed from thy damn'd art.

[Succubus stamps, and exits.]

Penitent Brotbel.

It has prevail'd—Oh my sin-shaking finews!
What should I think? Jasper, why Jasper—

Enter Jasper.

Jasper.

Sir! how now? what has disturb'd you, sir?

Penitent Brotbel.

A fit, a qualm, is mistress Hairbrain gone?

Jasper.

Who sir? Mrs. Hairbrain?

Penitent Brotbel.

Is she gone, I say?

Jasper.

Gone? why she was never here yet,

Penitent Brotbel.

No!

Jasper.

Why no, sir.

Penitent Brotbel.

Art sure on't?

Jasper.

Sure on't. If I be sure I breathe, and am myself.

Penitent Brotbel.

I like it not;—where kep'st thou?

Jasper.

Jasper.

I'th' next room, fir.

Penitent Brotbel.

Why she struck by thee, man.

Jasper.

You'd make one mad, fir; that a gentlewoman should steal by me, and I not hear her! 'sfoot, one may hear the ruffling of their bums almost an hour before we see 'em.

Penitent Brotbel.

I will be satisfied,—altho' to hazard.

What tho' her husband meet me? I am honest.

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em;

But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing daunts 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Jasper.

What strange humour call you this? he dreams of women; and both his eyes broad open!

[*Exit.*]

Enter at one door Sir Bounteous, at another Gum-water.

Sir Bounteous.

Why, how now, master Gum-water? what's the news with your haste?

Gum-water.

I have a thing to tell your worship—

Sir Bounteous.

Why, pr'ythee tell me; speak, man.

Gum-water.

Your worship shall pardon me, I have better bringing-up than so.

Sir Bounteous.

How, fir?

Gum-water.

'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, fir—

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, oh, oh, cry-you-mercy, now I begin to taste you; is she come?

Gum-water.

She's come, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Recover'd? well and sound again?

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A a

Gum-water.

Gum-water.

That's to be fear'd, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Why, fir?

Gum-water.

She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.

*Sir Bounteous.*Ha, ha, haw,—why that's the fashion, you whorefon
Gum-water.*Gum-water.*The fashion, fir? live I so long time to see that a fashion,
Which rather was an emblem of dispraise!⁴¹ It was suspected much in monsieur's days.*Sir Bounteous.*Ay, ay, in those days; that was a queasy time: our age is
better hardened now, and put oftener in the fire. We are
tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as natural now as an
ague in the spring time; we seldom take physick without it.
Here, take this key; you know what duties belong to't. Go,
—give order for a cullice. Let there be a good fire made in
the matted chamber; do you hear, fir?—*Gum-water.*

I know my office, fir.

[Exit.

*Sir Bounteous.*An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters;
there's much cookery belongs to't.

[Exit.

⁴¹ *It was suspected much in monsieur's days.*] By *monsieur's days*, I apprehend, the author means the time when the duke of Anjou resided in England. That Prince, brother to Charles the Ninth, King of France, on the encouragement he had received from Queen Elizabeth, visited the English Court in the year 1581, and expected to have been united to her Majesty in marriage. The Queen, however, after many affected delays, broke off the treaty, and the duke was obliged to return to his own country, with the disgrace of a direct refusal.

Monsieur's days are mentioned again in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604. Sign. C. "—let Meeters then have conscionable thumbs, when they measure
"out that smooth glittering divell Sattin, and that old Reveller Velvet,
"in the daies of mounseur, both which have devoured many an honest
"field of wheate and barley."

Enter

Enter Gum-water with Folly-wit, in Curtezan's disguise, and mask'd.

Gum-water.

Come, lady, you know where you are now?

Folly-wit.

Yes, good master Gum-water.

Gum-water.

This is the old closet, you know.

Folly-wit.

I remember it well, fir.

Gum-water.

There stands a casket; I would my yearly revenue were but worth the wealth that's lock'd in it, lady; yet I have fifty pound a year, wench.

Folly-wit.

Besides your apparel, fir?

Gum-water.

Yes, faith, have I.

Folly-wit.

But then you reckon your chain, fir.

Gum-water.

No, by my troth, do I not, neither: faith, and you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit a choice gentleman into your service.

Folly-wit.

Oh, pray away, fir.

Gum-water.

Pusha, come, come; you do but hinder your fortunes, i'faith; I have the command of all the house, I can tell you: nothing comes into the kitchen, but comes through my hands.

Folly-wit.

Pray do not handle me, fir.

Gum-water.

Faith you're too nice, lady; and as for my secrecy, you know I have vow'd it often to you.

Folly-wit.

Vow'd it? no, no, you men are fickle—

Gum-water.

Fickle?—'sfoot! bind me, lady—

A a 2

Folly-wit.

Folly-wit.

Why I bind you by virtue of this chain to meet me to-morrow at the Flower-de-luce yonder, between nine and ten.

Gum-water.

And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love, and my best fortunes!

Folly-wit.

Why now I'll try you; go-to.

Gum-water.

Farewel, sweet lady! [*Kisses her.*]

[*Exit.*]*Folly-wit.*

Farewel, sweet coxcomb! by my faith, a good induction! I perceive by his over-worn phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has been some saucy nibbling motion; and no doubt the cunning quean waited but for her prey: and I think 'tis better bestowed upon me, for his soul's health, and his body's too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to offer to vault into his master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket, by your leave; I have seen your outside oft, but that's no proof. Some have fair outsides, that are nothing worth: ha!—now, by my faith, a gentlewoman of very good parts; diamond, ruby, sapphire: ⁴² *Onyx cum prole, Silexque!* if I do not wonder how the quean escap'd tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite! sure she could lack nothing, but the devil to point to't; and I wonder that he should be missing. Well, 'tis better as it is; this is the fruit of old grunting venery. Grandfire, you may thank your drab for this. Oh fie, in your crinkling days, grandfire, keep a curtezan, to hinder your grandchild! 'tis against nature, i'faith, and I hope you'll be weary on't. Now to my villains that lurk close below:

Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs not thief, disease, nor enemy.

[*Exit.*]*Enter Sir Bounteous.**Sir Bounteous.*

Ah, firrah! methinks I feel myself well toasted, bombasted, rubb'd and refresh'd; but i'faith I cannot forget to think how

⁴² *Onyx cum prole, Silexque!* A line from *Propria quæ maribus*. S. soon

fool sickness has altered her—to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom of the stairs; and, by the mass, methought her breath had much ado to be sweet; like a thing compounded, methought, of wine, beer, and tobacco; I smelt much pudding in't. It may be but my fancy, or her physick: For this I know, her health gave such content, The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent. How dost thou now, sweet girl? what, well recovered? sickness quite gone, ha? speak—ha? wench? Frank Gulman! why, body of me, what's here? my casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen—why, Gum-water—

Enter Gum-water.

Gum-water.

Anon, anon, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Come hither, Gum-water.

Gum-water.

That were small manners, fir, i'faith! I'll find a time anon; your worship's busy yet.

Sir Bounteous.

Why, Gum-water!

Gum-water.

Foh, nay then you'll make me blush, i'faith, fir—

Sir Bounteous.

Where's this creature?

Gum-water.

What creature is it you would have, fir?

Sir Bounteous.

The worst that ever breathes.

Gum-water.

That's a wild boar, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

That's a vile whore, fir;—where didst thou leave her, rascal?

Gum-water.

Who? your recreation, fir?

Sir Bounteous.

My execration, fir!

Gum-water.

Where I was wont; in your worship's closet.

A a 3

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

A pox engross her! it appears too true;
See you this casket, sir?

Gum-water.

My chain, my chain, my chain! my one, and only chain!
[Exit,

Sir Bounteous.

Thou run'st to much purpose now, Gum-water. Is not a quean enough to answer for, but she must join a thief to it? a thieving quean! Nay, I have done with her, i'faith, 'tis a sign she has been sick a late, for she is a great deal worse than she was! by my troth, I would have pawn'd my life upon't. Did she want any thing? was she not supply'd?

Nay, and liberally; for that's an old man's sin;

We'll feast our lechery, tho' we starve our kin.

Is not my name sir Bounteous? am I not express'd there?

Ah, fie, fie, fie; fie, fie! but I perceive,

Tho' she have never so compleat a friend,

A strumpet's love will have a waft i'th' end,

And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this;

But say, I should complain; perhaps she has pawn'd 'em—

'Sfoot the judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for his lechery; that's all the mends I get. I have seen the same case tried at Newbury the last 'sises.

Well, things must slip and sleep; I will dissemble it,

Because my credit shall not lose her lustre:

But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her.

I've done, I've done, I've done with her, i'faith! [Exit.

Master Penitent Brothel knocking within; enter a Servant.

Servant.

Who's that knocks?

Penitent Brothel.

A friend.

Servant.

What's your will, sir.

Penitent Brothel.

Is master Hairbrain at home?

Servant.

Servant.

No, newly gone from it, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

Where's the gentlewoman his wife?

Servant.

My mistress is within, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

When came she in, I pray?

Servant.

Who, my mistress? she was not out these two days, to my knowledge.

Penitent Brothel.

No? trust me, I thought I had seen her; I would request a word with her.

Servant.

I'll tell her, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

I thank you—⁴³ It likes me worse and worse.

Enter ⁴⁴ *Mistress Hairbrain.*

Wife.

Why, how now, fir? 'twas desperately adventured;
I little look'd for you until the morrow.

Penitent Brothel.

No! why what made you at my chamber then even now?

Wife.

I, at your chamber!

Penitent Brothel.

Puh—dissemble not; come, come, you were there.

Wife.

By my life you wrong me, fir.

Penitent Brothel.

What?

Wife.

First you are not ignorant what watch is kept over me;
And for your chamber, as I live, I know it not.

⁴³ *It likes me*] i. e. *It pleases me*. See Note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 243.

⁴⁴ *Mrs. Hairbrain*] Both the Quartos read *Mrs. Hargrave*, which was probably the name of the performer of this character.

Penitent Brother.

Burst into sorrow then, and griefs extreme,
Whilst I beat on this flesh.

Wife.

What is it disturbs you, sir?

Penitent Brother.

Then was the devil in your likeness there.

Wife.

Ha!

Penitent Brother.

The very devil ⁴⁵ assum'd thee formally;
That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire,
E'en as it sits on thee, not a plait alter'd,
That beaver band, the colour of ⁴⁶ that periwig,
The farthingal above the navel, all, all;
As if the fashion were his own invention.

Wife.

Mercy, defend me!

Penitent Brother.

To beguile me more,
The cunning Succubus told me, that meeting
Was wrought a purpose by much wit and art;
Wept to me; laid my vows before me; urg'd me;
Gave me the private marks of all our love;
Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rhymes;
And sung and danc'd about me like a Fairy:
And, had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy form, and his enchantments, had possess'd me.

Wife.

What shall become of me! my own thoughts doom me?

⁴⁵ *assum'd thee formally*] i. e. assum'd thy form. See Mr. Malone's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 2. S. 5. edit. 1778.

⁴⁶ *that periwig*] "About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the Article of *Dress*.—Stowe informs us, that women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." Mr. Steevens's Note on *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

Penitent

Penitent Brothel.

Be honest, then the devil will ne'er assume thee:
 He has no pleasure in that shape to abide,
 Where these two sisters reign, hot lust or pride.
 He as much trembles at a constant mind
 As looser flesh at him;—be not dismay'd;
 Spring souls for joy! his policies are betray'd!
 Forgive me, Mrs. Hairbrain, on whose soul
 The guilt hangs double;
 My lust, and thy enticement. Both I challenge;
 And therefore of due vengeance it appear'd
 To none but me, to whom both sins inher'd.
 What knows the lecher, when he ⁴⁷ clips his whore,
 Whether it be the devil his parts adore?
 They're both so like, that, in our natural sense,
 I could discern no change nor difference.
 No marvel then times should so stretch and turn;
 None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
 Hot zeal into hot lust is now transform'd;
 Grace into painting, charity into cloaths;
 Faith into false hair, and put off as often;
 There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean:
 He that kept open house, now keeps a quean.
 He will keep open still, that he commends;
 And there he keeps a table for his friends:
 And she consumes more than her fire could hoard,
 Being more common than his house or board:

Enter Hairbrain.

Live honest, and live happy, keep thy vows,
 She's part a virgin whom but one man knows;
 Embrace thy husband, and beside him none,
 Having but one heart, give it but to one.

Wife.

I vow it on my knees, with tears true bred,
 No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed.

Penitent Brothel.

Rise, I'm thy friend for ever.

⁴⁷ clips] i. e. embraces.

Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

And I thine!

For ever and ever!—Let me embrace thee, fir, whom
 I will love even next unto my soul, and that's my wife.
 Two dear rare gems this hour presents me with,
 A wife that's modest, and a friend that's right;
 Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight.

Penitent Brothel.

A happy inward peace crown both your joys.

Hairbrain.

Thanks above utterance to you,—now the news?

*Enter Servant.**Servant.*

Sir Bounteous Progress, fir,
 Invites you and my mistress to a feast
 On Tuesday next; his man attends without—

Hairbrain.

Return both with our willingness and thanks.
 I will intreat you, fir, to be my guest.

Penitent Brothel.

Who I, fir?

Hairbrain.

Faith you shall.

Penitent Brothel.

Well, I'll break strife.

Hairbrain.

A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from life.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Folly-wit, the Curtezan striving from him.**Folly-wit.*

What so coy, so strict, come, come.

Curtezan.

Pray change your opinion, fir, I am not for that use.

Folly-wit.

Will you but hear me?

Curtezan.

I shall hear that I would not.

[*Exit.*]*Folly-*

Folly-wit.

'Sfoot, this is strange! I've seldom seen a wench stand upon stricter point; life! she will not endure to be courted, does she ever think to prosper? I'll ne'er believe that tree can bring forth fruit, that never bears a blossom. Courtship is a blossom, and often brings forth fruit in forty weeks: it were a mad part in me now to turn over: if ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant. Shall I be madder now than ever I have been? I'm in the way, i'faith.

Man's never at high height of madness full,
Until he love, and prove a woman's gull;
I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew
At which end to begin to affect a woman;
Till this bewitching minute, I ne'er saw
Face worth my object, till mine eye met her's; I should laugh
if I were caught, i'faith; I'll see her again, that is certain,
whate'er comes on't; ⁴³ by your favour, ladies.

Enter the Mother.

You're welcome, fir.

Folly-wit.

Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

Mother.

I have best cause to know her, I am her mother, fir.

Folly-wit.

Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well, a pretty contrived beauty.

Mother.

Ay, nature has done her part, fir.

Folly-wit.

But she has one uncomely quality.

Mother.

What is that, fir?

Folly-wit.

'Sfoot, she is afraid of a man.

⁴³ by your favour, ladies.] The players of James the First's time seem to have been as censurable for addressing the audience as any of their successors since. This speech is evidently not intended for the bawd who now enters alone. In the same manner Sir Bounteous speaks to the auditors; when he says, "An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to it."

Mother.

Mother.

Alas, impute that to her bashful spirit, she is fearful of her honour.

Folly-wit.

Of her honour? 'tisid, I am sure I cannot get her maiden-head with breathing upon her, nor can she lose her honour in her tongue.

Mother.

True, and I have often told her so; but what would you have of a foolish virgin, sir, a wilful virgin? I tell you, sir, I need not have been in that solitary state that I am, had she had grace and boldness to have put herself forward; always timorous, always backward! ah, that same peevish honour of hers has undone her and me both, good gentleman! the suitors, the jewels, the jointures, that have been offered her! we had been ⁴⁹made women for ever; but what was her fashion? she could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but ran and hid herself presently. So choice of her honour, I am persuaded, whene'er she has a husband, she will even
Be a precedent for all married wives
How to direct their actions and their lives.

Folly-wit.

Have you not so much power with her to command her presence?

Mother.

You shall see strait what I can do, sir.

[Exit.]

Folly-wit.

Would I might be hang'd, if my love do not stretch to her deeper and deeper. Those bashful maiden humours take me prisoner. When there comes a restraint upon flesh, we are always most greedy upon it; and that makes your merchant's wite oftentimes pay so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was made at first; simple of herself, without sophistication, like this wench; I cannot abide them when they have

⁴⁹ made women] i. e. made our fortunes. So, in Massinger's *A Very Woman*, A. 5. S. 1.:

"For which if you desire to be *made men*,

"And by one undertaking, and that easy,

"You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings."

Again, Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2. says, "there would this monster *make a man*."

See the Notes of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens on this last passage.
tricks,

tricks, set speeches, and artful entertainments. You shall have some so impudently aspected, they will outcry the forehead of a man, make him blush first, and talk him into silence; and this is counted manly in a woman; it may hold so; sure womanly it is not. No,

If e'er I love, or any thing move me,
'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Enter Mother, bringing in strivingly the Curtezan.

Curtezan.

Pray let me go; why, mother, what do you mean? I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now? great glory 'tis to overcome a poor and silly virgin.

Folly-wit.

The wonder of our time sits in that brow,
I ne'er beheld a perfect maid till now.

Mother.

Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wife,
Why dost thou turn aside, and drown thine eyes?
Look, fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee;
Art not ashamed that any flesh should ^{so} fear thee?
Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman means no other but
honest and pure love to thee; how say you, sir?

Folly-wit.

By my faith not I, lady.

Mother.

Hark you there? what think you now,
Forsooth? what grieves your honour now?
Or what lascivious breath intends to rear,
Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
Are you resolv'd now better of mens' hearts,
Their faiths and their affections? With you none,
Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men love as purely as you can be chaste.
To her yourself, sir; the way is broke before you; you have
the easier passage.

^{so fear thee}] i. e. affright thee. See Note 136 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 161.

Folly-

Folly-wit.

Fear not, come, erect thy happy graces in thy look;
 I am no ⁵¹ furious wooer, but in faith
 I love thee honourably,

Curtizan.

How mean you that, sir?

Folly-wit.

'Sfoot, as one loves a woman for a wife.

Mother.

Has the gentleman answered you, trow?

Folly-wit.

I do confess it truly to you both,
 My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a grandfire
 Will make me lord of thousands at his death.

Mother.

I know your grandfire well; she knows him better.

Folly-wit.

Why, then, you know no fiction; my estate then will be a
 long day's journey above the waste, wench.

Mother.

Nay, daughter, he says true.

Folly-wit.

And thou shalt often measure it in thy coach,
 And with the wheels track make a girdle for't.

Mother.

Ah, it will be a merry journey.

Folly-wit.

What, is't a match? if it be, clap hands and lips.

Mother.

'Tis done, there is witness on't.

Folly-wit.

Why then, mother, I salute you,

Mother.

Thanks, sweet son;—son Follywit, come hither; if I might
 counsel thee, we'll even take her while the good mood is upon
 her, fend for a priest, and clap it up within this hour.

Folly-wit.

By my troth agreed, mother.

⁵¹ *furious*.] Both Editions have *curious*. The alteration by Mr.
 Doddsley. *Curious*, however, is probably the genuine reading; it may
 mean *inquisitive*, *prying*.

Mother.

Mother.

Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh;
Tho' beauty be enough wealth for a woman,
She brings a dowry of three hundred pound with her.

Folly-wit.

'Sfoot, that will serve till my grandfire dies; I warrant you
he'll drop away at fall of the leaf; if ever he reach to All
Hollantide, I'll be hang'd.

Mother.

O yes, son, he is a lusty old gentleman.

Folly-wit.

Ah pox, he is given to women; he keeps a quean at this
present.

Mother.

Fie!

Folly-wit.

Do not tell my wife on't.

Mother.

That were needless, i'faith.

Folly-wit.

He makes a great feast upon the eleventh of this month,
Tuesday next, and you shall see players there—I have one
trick more to put upon him; my wife and yourself shall go
thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainment.
I'll meet you there at night. The jest will be here; that
feast which he makes will, unknown to him, serve fitly for
our wedding-dinner; we shall be royally furnish'd, and get
some charges by it.

Mother.

An excellent course i'faith, and a thrifty; why, son, me-
thinks you begin to thrive before you are married.

Folly-wit.

We shall thrive one day, wench, and clip enough,
Between our hopes there's but a grandfire's puff. [Exit.

Mother.

So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

Cartezan.

If ever, here: but what for his grandfire? it will scarce
please him well.

Mother.

Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell,
Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall;
Lest, thou'rt made honest.

Curtizan.

And that's worth them all.

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter busily Sir Bounteous Progress for the feast.

Sir Bounteous.

HAVE a care, ⁴⁹ blue coats; bestir yourself, Mr. Gum-water; cast an eye into the kitchen; overlook the knaves a little; every Jack has his friend to-day. This cousin, and that cousin, puts in for a dish of meat. A man knows not, till he make a feast, how many varlets he feeds. Acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at Bartholomewtide, that come up with drovers; 'sfoot, I think they smell my kitchen seven mile about. ⁵⁰ Mr. Hairbrain, and his sweet bedfellow, you are very copiously welcome.

Enter Hairbrain and Wife, and Mr. Penitent Brothel.

Hairbrain.

Sir, here is an especial dear friend of ours; we were bold to make his way to your table.

Sir Bounteous.

Thanks for that boldness ever, good Mr. Hairbrain; is this your friend, sir?

Hairbrain.

Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Why then compendiously, sir,—you are welcome.

⁴⁹ blue coats] See Note 8 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III p. 389.

⁵⁰ Mr. Hairbrain] The Quartos read *Mr. Shortrod*, which was probably the name of the person who performed the part of *Hairbrain*.

Penitent Brothel.

In octavo I thank you, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Excellently retorted, i'faith, he's welcome for his wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place them courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in; there is a good fire in the hall; you shall have my sweet company instantly.

Hairbrain.

Ay, good fir Bounteous.

[*Exeunt Hairbrain and Wife, and Penitent.*

Enter Semus.

Sir Bounteous.

You shall indeed, gentlemen; how now, what news brings thee in stumbling now?

Semus.

There are certain players come to town, fir, and desire to interlude before your worship.

Sir Bounteous.

Players! By the mass they are welcome, they will grace my entertainment well; but for certain players, there thou liest, boy; they were never more uncertain in their lives; now up, and now down; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play; not when to play, for fearful fools; where to play, for puritan fools; nor what to play, for critical fools.—Go, call them in;—how fitly the whoresons come upon the feast! troth I was even wishing for them;—oh, welcome, welcome, my friends,

Enter Folly-wit and his Companions.

Folly-wit.

The month of May delights not in her flowers
More than we joy in that sweet sight of yours.

Sir Bounteous.

Well acted on my credit; I perceive he is your best actor.

Semus.

He has greatest share, fir, and may live of himself, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

What! what! put on your hat, fir, pray put on; go to, wealth must be respected; let those that have least feathers

stand bare; and whose men are you I pray? nay, keep on your hat still.

Folly-wit.

We serve my lord Owemuch, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

My lord Owemuch? by my troth the welcomest men alive! Give me all your hands at once; that honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and took all quietly, went away chearfully. I made a very good feast for him; I never saw a man of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my lord Owemuch? welcome, i'faith. Some Bastard for my lord's players,—where be you, boys?

Folly-wit.

They come along with the waggon, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Good, good; and which is your politician amongst you? now, i'faith, he that works out restraints, makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose for the company's business, which is he? come, be not afraid of him.

Folly-wit.

I am he, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Art thou he? give me thy hand, hark in thine ear! thou rowlest too fast to gather so much moss as thy fellow there; champ upon that. Ah, and what play shall we have, my masters?

Folly-wit.

A pleasant, witty comedy, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Ay, ay, ay, a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little; what's the name on't?

Folly-wit.

'Tis call'd the Slip.

Sir Bounteous.

The Slip? by my troth a pretty name, and a glib one; go all, and slip into it, as fast as you can; cover a table for the players. First take heed of a lurcher, he cuts deep, he will eat up all from you. Some Sherry for my lord's players there; firrah, why this will be a true feast, a right ⁵¹ Mitre supper, a

⁵¹ Mitre] First Edition nitre. The Mitre was a Tavern in Cheape.
See Note 32 to *The City Match*, vol. IX. p. 334.

play and all, more lights.—I call'd for light; here come in two, are light enough for a whole house i'faith. Dare the thief look me in the face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it.

Enter Mother and Curtezan.

Mother.

Bless you, fir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous.

O welcome, welcome! thief, quean, and bawd, welcome all three!

Mother.

Nay, here's but two of us, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

O' my troth I took her for a couple; I'd have sworn there had been two faces there.

Mother.

Not all under one hood, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Yes, faith would I, to see mine eyes bear double.

Mother.

I'll make it hold; my daughter is a couple,
She was married yesterday.

Sir Bounteous.

Buz!

Mother.

Nay, to no buzzard neither; a right hawk,
Whene'er you know him.

Sir Bounteous.

Away, he cannot be but a rascal. Walk in, walk in, bold
guests, that come unsent for;—pox, I perceive how my jewels
went now, to grace her marriage.

Curtezan.

Would you with me, fir?

Sir Bounteous.

Ay, how hapt it, wench, you put the slip upon me,
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you;
I term it neither pilfer, cheat, nor sharp.

Curtezan.

You are past my reach.

B b 2

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

I am old, and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this, I trust.

Curtezan.

With a safe conscience, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

You? give me thy hand, fare thee well; I have done with her.

Curtezan.

Give me your hand, sir; you ne'er yet began with me. [*Exit.*

Sir Bounteous.

Whew, whew! O audacious age!
She denies me, and all! When on her fingers
I spy'd the ruby fit, that does betray her,
And blushes for her fact! Well, there's a time for't,
For all's too little now for entertainment.
Feast, mirth, ay harmony, and the play to boot,
A jovial season! How now! are you ready?

*Enter Folly-wit.**Folly-wit.*

Even upon readiness, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Keep you your hat on?

*[Takes it off.]**Folly-wit.*

I have a suit to your worship.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, cry you mercy; then you must stand bare.

Folly-wit.

We could do all to the life of action, sir, both for the credit
of your worship's house, and the grace of our comedy.

Sir Bounteous.

Cuds me! what else, sir?

Folly-wit.

But for some defects (as the custom is) we would be bold to
require your worship's assistance.

Sir Bounteous.

Why, with all my heart; what is it you want? speak.

Folly-wit.

One's a chain for a justice's hat, sir.

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

Why here, here, here, here, whoreson, will this serve your turn? what else lack you?

Folly-wit.

We should use a ring with a stone in it.

Sir Bounteous.

Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings already; talk no more of rings, I pray you; here, here, here, make this jewel serve for once.

Folly-wit.

Oh this will serve, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

What, have you all now?

Folly-wit.

All now, fir,—only time is brought in the middle of the play, and I would desire your Lordship's watch, time.

Sir Bounteous.

My watch? with all my heart; only give Time a charge, that he be not fiddling with it.

Folly-wit.

You shall ne'er see that, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Well, now you are furnish'd, fir, make haste away.

[*Exit Sir Bounteous.*]

Folly-wit.

Even as fast as I can, fir,—I'll set my fellows going first; they must have time and leisure, or they're dull else. I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'ertake 'em. I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go away, and speak never a word to them. My grandfire has given me three shares here; sure I'll do somewhat for them.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Bounteous, and all the guests.

Sir Bounteous.

More lights, more stools! sit, sit! the play begins.

Hairbrain.

Have you players here, fir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous.

We have 'em for you, fir, fine nimble comedians, proper actors most of them.

Penitent Brotbel.

Whose men I pray you, fir?

B b 3

Sir

Sir Bounteous.

Oh there's their credit, fir, they serve an honourable popular gentleman, ⁵² eclipsed me lord Owemuch.

Hairbrain.

My lord Owemuch! he was in Ireland lately.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh, you ne'er knew any of the name but were great travelers.

Hairbrain.

How is the comedy call'd, Sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous.

Marry, fir, the Slip.

Hairbrain.

The Slip?

Sir Bounteous.

Ay, and here the prologue begins to slip in upon us.

Hairbrain.

'Tis so indeed, fir Bounteous.

Enter for a Prologue Folly-wit.

PROLOGUE.

Folly-wit.

We sing of wandering knights, what them betide,
Who nor in one place, nor one shape, abide;
They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,
Being every man well hors'd like a ⁵³ bold Beacham.
The play, which we present, no fault shall meet
But one; you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet:
'Tis given much to dumb shews, which some praise;
And, like the term, delights much in delays.
So to conclude, and give the name her due,
The play being call'd the Slip, I vanish too.

[Exit.]

Sir Bounteous.

Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit.

Hairbrain.

The prologue's pretty, i'faith.

⁵² eclipsed] See Note 5 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. II. p. 190.

⁵³ bold Beacham] See Note 19 to *The Goblins*, vol. X. p. 172.

Penitent Brothel.

And went off well.

Sir Bounteous.

Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go away well, ah——

Curtezian.

A' my troth, and I were not married, I could find in my heart to fall in love with that player now, and send for him to a supper; I know some in the town that have done as much, and there took such a good conceit of their parts into the two-penny room, that the actors have been found in the morning in a less compass than their stage, though 'twere ne'er so full of gentlemen.

Sir Bounteous.

But, passion of me! where be these knaves, will they not come away? methinks they stay very long.

Penitent Brothel.

Oh you must bear a little, fir; they have many shifts to run into.

Sir Bounteous.

Shifts call you them? they're horrible long things!

Enter Folly-wit in a fury.

Folly-wit.

A pox of such fortune, the plot's betray'd! All will come out! yonder they come, taken upon suspicion, and brought back by a constable. I was accurs'd to hold society with such coxcombs! what's to be done? I shall be asham'd for ever! my wife here, and all! ah pox—by light, happily thought upon! the chain. Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter: so, so—

Sir Bounteous.

Life I say, where be these players? oh, are you come! troth 'tis time, I was e'en sending for you.

Hairbrain.

How moodily he walks, what plays he trow?

Sir Bounteous.

A justice, upon my credit; I know by the chain there.

Folly-wit.

Unfortunate justice!

Sir Bounteous.

Ah—a—a—

B b 4

Folly.

Folly-wit.

In thy kin unfortunate!
 Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion;
 Brought by a constable before thee; his vile associates with
 him;
 But so disguis'd, none knows him but myself.
 Twice have I set him free from officers fangs,
 And for his sake, his fellows: let him look to't;
 My conscience will permit but one wink more.

Sir Bounteous.

Yea, shall we take justice winking?

Folly-wit.

For this time I have bethought a means to work thy freedom,
 though hazarding myself; should the law seize him,
 Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name;
 No; I'd rather lean to danger, than to shame.

Enter a Constable with Folly-wit's Companions.

Sir Bounteous.

A very explete justice.

Constable.

Thank you, good neighbours; let me alone with them now.

Lieutenant.

'Sfoot, who's yonder?

Antient.

Dare he sit there?

Second Companion.

Folly-wit!

Third Companion.

Captain! puh——

Folly wit.

How now, constable; what news with thee?

Constable.

May it please your worship, sir,—here are a company of
 auspicious fellows.

Sir Bounteous.

To me? puh—turn to the justice, you whoreson hobby
 horse! this is some new player now; they put all their fools to
 the constable's part still.

Folly-

Folly-wit.

What's the matter, constable, what's the matter?

Constable.

I have nothing to say to your worship—they were all riding on horseback, an't please your worship.

Sir Bounteous.

Yet again; a pox of all asses still! they could not ride a foot, unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.

Constable.

The ostler told me they were all unstable fellows, fir.

Folly-wit.

Why sure the fellow's drunk?

Lieutenant.

We spy'd that weakness in him long ago, fir; your worship must bear with him, the man's much overseen; only in respect of his office we obeyed him, both to appear conformable to law, and clear of all offence: for I protest, fir, he found us but a horseback.

Folly-wit.

What! he did?

Lieutenant.

As I have a soul, that's all, and all he can lay to us.

Constable.

I'faith, you were not all riding away then?

Lieutenant.

'Sfoot, being a horseback, fir, that must needs follow.

Folly-wit.

Why true, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Well said, justice, he helps his kinsman well.

Folly-wit.

Why, firrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away? what, will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like Smug upon the white horse yonder? are your wits sleep'd? I'll make you an example for all dizzy constables, how they abuse justice; here bind him to this chair.

Constable.

Ha, bind him, hoe?

Folly-wit.

If you want cords, use garters.

Constable.

Constable.

Help, help, gentlemen.

Lieutenant.

As fast as we can, fir.

Constable.

Thieves! thieves!

Folly-wit.

A gag will help all this; keep less noise, you knave.

Constable.

Oh help! rescue the constable—oh, O!

Sir Bounteous.

Ho, ho, ho, ho.

*Folly-wit.*Why la you, who ⁵⁴ lets you now?

You may ride quietly, I'll see you to—

Take horse myself; I have nothing else to do.

[Exeunt,

Constable.

Oh,—oh—oh—

Sir Bounteous.

Ha, ha, ha, by my troth the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Hairbrain.

I'll be sworn for the madness on't, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

I am deceiv'd, if this prove not a merry Comedy and a witty.

Penitent Brotbel.

Alas, poor constable, his mouth's open, and ne'er a wise word.

Sir Bounteous.

Faith he speaks now, e'en as many, as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha—he turns, and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whore-son coxcomb, thou! nay, thou art well enough serv'd i' faith.

Penitent Brotbel.

But what follows all this while, fir? methinks some should pass by before this time, and pity the constable.

⁵⁴ lets you] i. e. hinders you.

Sir Bounteous.

By the mass and you say true, fir,—go, firrah, step in, I think they have forgot themselves, call the knaves away, they're in a wood, I believe——

Constable.

Ay, ay, ay.

Sir Bounteous.

Hark, the constable says Ay, they're in a wood,—ha, ha—

Hairbrain.

He thinks long of the time, fir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous.

How now? when come they?

Enter Servant.

Servant.

Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

How?

Hairbrain.

What says the fellow?

Servant.

Neither horse, nor man, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Body of me! thou liest.

Servant.

Not a hair of either, fir.

Hairbrain.

How now, fir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous.

Cheated and defeated, ungag that rascal, I'll hang him for's fellows. I'll make him bring 'em out.

Constable.

Did not I tell your worship this before? brought 'em before you for suspected persons? stay'd 'em at town's end upon warning given? made signs that my very jaw-bone aches? your worship would not hear me; call'd me ass; saving your worship's presence, laugh'd at me.

Sir Bounteous.

Ha?

Hairbrain.

Hairbrain.

I begin to misse it.

Sir Bounteous.

Give me leave, give me leave; why, art not thou the constable i'th' comedy?

Constable.

I'th' comedy? why, I am the constable i'th' commonwealth, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

I am gull'd i'faith, I am gull'd! when wast thou chose?

Constable.

On Thursday last, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

A pox go with't! there't goes.

Penitent Brothel.

I seldom heard Jest match it.

Hairbrain.

Nor I i'faith.

Sir Bounteous.

Gentlemen, shall I intreat a courtesy?

Hairbrain.

What is't, fir;

Sir Bounteous.

Do not laugh at me seven years hence.

Penitent Brothel.

We should betray and laugh at our own folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceiv'd in't.

Sir Bounteous.

Faith that's some comfort yet; ha, ha, it was featly carried; troth I commend their wits; before our faces make us asses, while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves.

Penitent Brothel.

55 Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, fir.

Sir Bounteous.

Why they confesse so much themselves; they said they'd play the slip; they should be men of their words; I hope the justice

55 Faith they are some counterfeit rogues.

— they said they'd play the slip] We have here a play upon words very common in our ancient writers, and which will be totally unintelligible, unless it is remembered that a slip was formerly the name of a piece

justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark of that fashion.

Hairbrain.

What, sir?

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, by my troth, sir; besides a jewel, and a jewel's fellow, a good fair watch, that hung about my neck, sir.

Hairbrain.

'Sfoot, what did you mean, sir?

Sir Bounteous.

Methinks my lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so i'faith; they will come, and bring all again, I know; pish, they will, i'faith; but a jest, certainly.

Enter Folly-wit in his own shape, and all the rest.

Folly-wit.

Pray, grandfire, give me your blessing?

Sir Bounteous.

Who? son Folly-wit?

piece of counterfeit money. This will appear from the following instances:

Robert Green's *Thieves falling out*, *True men come by their own*: "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*."

The Bankrouts Banquet, by Dekkar: "How shall I pay my Sugar-marchante? How my Grocer? &c. if you pay me thus with *slips*?"

Marston's *Second Part of Antonio and Mellida*, A. 1. S. 3: "—and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd up for a *slip*."

So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 5. is the same quibble as in the text: "It's no-matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

Again, *Magnetick Lady*, A. 3. S. 6:

"—I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me

"A counterfeit."

So again, Mercutio says to Romeo, A. 1. S. 4:

"You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

"*Rom.* — What counterfeit did I give you?

"*Mur.* The *slip*, sir, the *slip*; can you not conceive?"

Folly-

Folly-wit.

⁵⁶ This shows like kneeling after the play ; I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good Countess, our honourable lady and mistress.

Sir Bounteous.

Rise richer by a blessing ; thou art welcome.

Folly-wit.

Thanks, good grandfire ; I was bold to bring those gentlemen, my friends.

Sir Bounteous.

They're all welcome ! salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side. Sir, to begin with you.

Hairbrain.

Mr. Folly-wit.

Folly-wit.

I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Nay, then you know me not, sir.

Folly-wit.

Sweet Mrs. Hairbrain.

Sir Bounteous.

You cannot be too bold, sir.

Folly-wit.

Our marriage known ?

Curtizan.

Not a word yet.

Folly-wit.

The better.

Sir Bounteous.

Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen !

Folly-wit.

Why, grandfire ?

Sir Bounteous.

We had a play here.

Folly-wit.

A play, sir ? no.

⁵⁶ This shows like &c.] It was formerly the custom for the players, after the performance was ended, to kneel down and pray for their patrons. Many instances of this are produced by Mr. Steevens in a Note to the Epilogue to the *Second Part of Henry IV.*

Sir Bounteous.

Yes, faith! a pox o'th'author!

Folly-wit.

Bless us all! why, were they such vile ones, sir?

Sir Bounteous.

I am sure villainous ones, sir.

Folly-wit.

Some raw simple fools!

Sir Bounteous.

Nay, by th' mass, these were enough for thievish knaves.

Folly-wit.

What, sir?

Sir Bounteous.

Which way came you, gentlemen? you could not choose but meet 'em.

Folly-wit.

We met a company with hampers after 'em.

Sir Bounteous.

Oh those were they, those were they; a pox hamper 'em!

Folly-wit.

Bless us all again.

Sir Bounteous.

They have hamper'd me finely, firrah.

Folly-wit.

How, sir?

Sir Bounteous.

How, sir! I lent the rascals properties to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch; and they watch'd their time, and rid quite away with 'em.

Folly-wit.

Are they such creatures?

Sir Bounteous.

Harkee, harkee, gentlemen! by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket,—there's my watch come again, or the very cousin german to't, whose is't, whose is't? by th' mass 'tis he, hast thou one, son? prythee bestow it upon thy grandfire; I now look for mine again, i'faith, nay, come with a good will or not at all; I'll give thee a better thing, a peace, a peace, gentlemen.

Hairbrain,

Great or small.

Sir

A MAD WORLD.

Sir Bounteous.

At once I have drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all.

Penitent Brotbel.

By my faith, you have a fortunate hand, fir.

Hairbrain.

Nay, all to come at once!

Lieutenant.

A vengeance of this foolery!

Folly-wit.

Have I 'scap'd the constable to be brought-in by the watch?

Curtizan.

O destiny! have I married a thief, mother?

Mother.

Comfort thyself; thou art before-hand with him, daughter.

Sir Bounteous.

Why son, why gentlemen, how long have you been my lord
Owemuch's servants, i'faith?

Folly-wit.

Faith, grandfire, shall I be true to you?

Sir Bounteous.

I think 'tis time; thou'lt been a thief already.

Folly-wit.

I knowing the day of your feast, and the natural inclination
you have to pleasure and pastime, presum'd upon your patience
for a jest, as well to prolong your days as——

Sir Bounteous.

Whoop, why then you took my chain along with you to
prolong my days, did you?

Folly-wit.

Not so neither, fir; and, that you may be seriously assured of
my hereafter stableness of life, I have took another course.

Sir Bounteous.

What!

Folly-wit.

Took a wife.

Sir Bounteous.

A wife! 'sfoot, what is she for a fool would marry thee, a
madman? where was the wedding kept? in Bedlam?

Folly-wit.

She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir Bounteous.

Stop there, stop there; would I might see her!

Folly-wit.

You have your wish, she's here.

Sir Bounteous.

Ah, ha, ha, ha, this makes amends for all.

Folly-wit.

How now?

Lieutenant.

Captain do you hear? is she your wife in earnest?

Folly-wit.

How then?

Lieutenant.

Nothing but I pity you, sir.

Sir Bounteous.

Speak, son, is't true?

Can you gull us, and let a quean gull you?

Folly-wit.

Ha!

Curtezan.

What I have been, is past; be that forgiven;
I have a soul true both to thee and heaven.

Folly-wit.

Is't come about? Tricks are repaid, I see.

Sir Bounteous.

The best is, firrah, you pledge none but me;
And since I drink the top, take her: and, hark!
I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.

Folly-wit.

By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar
As any batchelor needs to sip at.
Tut, give me gold, it makes amends for vice;
Maids without coin, are caudles without spice.

Sir Bounteous.

Come, gentlemen, to th' feast; let not time waste;
We have pleas'd our ear, now let us please our taste:
Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast:
When he has gull'd all, then is himself the last.

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) " A Mad World, my Masters. As it hath bin lately in
 " Action by the Children of Paule's. Composed by T. M.
 " London, Printed by H. B. for Walter Burre; and are to be
 " sold in Paule's Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane.
 " 1608. 4to."

(2.) A Mad World, my Masters: A Comedy. As it hath
 " bin often acted at the private House in Salisbury-Court by
 " her Majesties Servants. Composed by T. M. Gent.
 " London, Printed for J. S. and are to be sold by James
 " Becket, at his Shop in the Inner-Temple-Gate. 1640.
 " 4to."

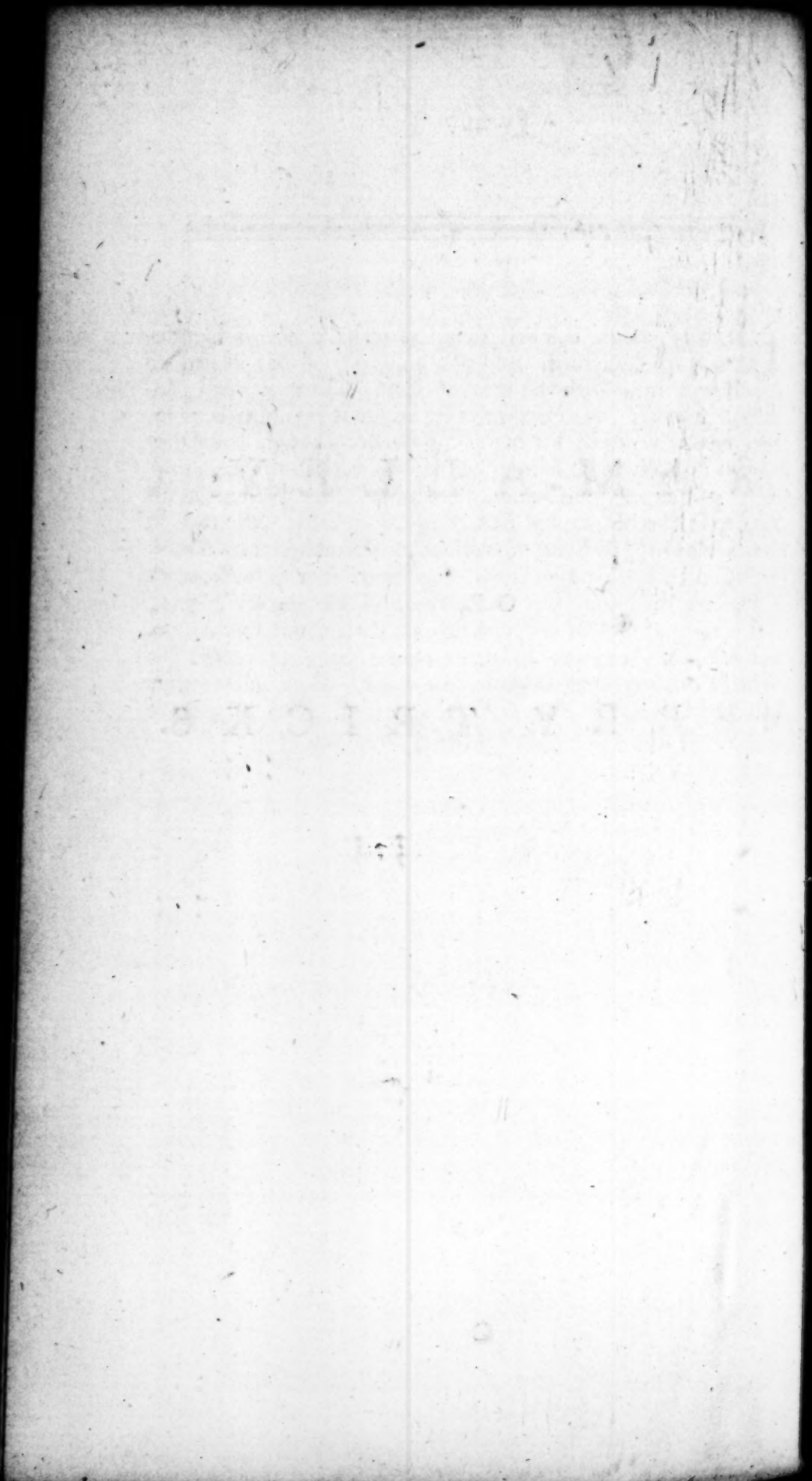


R A M - A L L E Y :

O R,

M E R R Y T R I C K S.

C c 2



LODOWICK BARRY is said to have been a Gentleman of Irish birth, and Anthony Wood is pleased to compliment him with the title of Lord, which is very probably a mistake. No circumstances concerning him remain, not even the times of his birth and death; though the latter was not unlikely to be soon after the publication of the following play, the only one which he wrote. The Writer of his Article, in the *Biographia Britannica*, says, that "the plot in this play of William Smallshanks decoying the Widow Taffeta into marriage, is the same with that in Killebrew's *Parson's Wedding*, and both taken from the *English Rogue*." The latter part of this assertion is entirely without foundation, and the least attention to dates would have prevented the Writer's falling into so gross an error. Both plays were published before *The English Rogue* appeared; *Ram-Alley* above fifty years; and *The Parson's Wedding* about ten or twelve.

P R O L O G U E.

HOME-BRED mirth our Muse doth sing,
 The Satyr's tooth, and Wasplish sting,
 Which most do hurt when least suspected,
 By this Play are not affected;
 But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Scenes,
 Observing all those ancient streams,
¹ Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,
 As Time, Place, Person, and to show
 Things never done with that true life,
 That thoughts and wits should stand at strife;
 Whether the things now shown be true,
 Or whether we ourselves now do
 The things we but present; if these,
 Free from the loathsome stage disease,
 (So over-worn, so tir'd, and stale,
 Not satyrizing but to rail)
 May win your favours, and inherit
 But calm acceptance for his merit:
 He vows by Paper, Pen, and Ink,
 And by the learned Sisters' drink,
 To spend his Time, his Lamps, his Oil,
 And never cease his brain to toil;
 Till from the silent hours of nights,
 He doth produce, for your delight;

¹ Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,] See Note 26 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X. p. 57.

*Conceits so new, so harmless free,
 That Puritans themselves may see
 A Play, yet not in publick preach,
 That Players such lewd doctrine teach
 That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
 When they do see a man resemble
 The picture of a villain: this,
 As he a friend to Muses is,
 To you by me he gives his word,
 Is all his Play doth now afford.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS.

Justice TUTCHIN.

THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

BOUTCHER.

Lieutenant BEARD.

THROATE.

Captain FACE.

DASH.

Three Gentlemen.

A Drawer.

Constable, and Officers.

W O M E N.

Lady SOMMERFIELD.

CONSTANTIA SOMMERFIELD.

FRANCES.

TAFFATA.

ADRIANA.

Chamber-maid.

RAM.

'R A M - A L L E Y:

O R,

M E R R Y T R I C K S.

A C T U S I. S C E N A I.

Enter Constantia sola, with a letter in her hand.

Constantia.

IN this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes
 Could have a general note, I have forsook
 My shape, my mother, and those rich demesns,
 Of which I am sole heir: and now resolve,
 In this disguise of Page to follow him,
 Whose love first caus'd me to assume this shape.
 Lord how my feminine blood stirs at the sight
 Of these same breeches! methinks this ² cod-piece
 Should betray me: well, I will try the worst.
 Hither they say he usually doth come,
 Whom I so much affect: what makes he here?
 In the skirts of Holborn, so near the field,
 And at a garden-house? he has some punk
 Upon my life: no more, here he comes.

Enter Boutcher.

God save you, fir: your name, unless I err,
 Is Master Thomas Boutcher.

¹ *Ram-Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet-street. It formerly among other places claimed to be exempt from the Process of the Courts of Law. A privilege which was taken from it by the Stat. of 9 and 10 William III. C. 27. S. 15.

² *cod-piece*] See Note 60 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 327.

Boutcher.

'Tis sweet, boy.

Constantia.

I have a letter for you.

[Const. delivers the letter; he reads it, Boutcher.]

From whom is't?

*Constantia.*The inside, sir, will tell you; I shall see
What love he bears me now.*Boutcher.*Th'art welcome, boy.
How does the fair Constantia Sommerfield,
My noble mistress?*Constantia.*

I left her in health.

*Boutcher.*She gives thee here good words; and for her sake,
Thou shalt not want a master, be mine for ever.*Constantia.*

I thank you, sir: now shall I see the Punk.

*[He knocks.]**Enter William Small-shanks.**William Small-shanks.*

Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you; what news?

Boutcher.

You know my business well; I sing one song.

William Small-shanks.

'Sfoot, what would you have me do? my land is gone,
 My credit of less trust than Courtiers' words,
 To men of judgment, and for my debts
 I might deserve a Knighthood; what's to be done?
 The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe
 To call me son; that little land he gave,
 Throate the Lawyer swallowed at one gob
 For less than half the worth; and for the City
 There be so many rascals, and tall yeomen,
 Would hang upon me for their maintenance,
 Should I but peep or step within the gates,

³ *I might deserve a Knighthood*] See p. 315 of this volume.

That I am forc'd, only to ease my charge,
To live here in the suburbs ; or in the town
To walk in Tenebris. I tell you, fir,
Your best retired life is an honest Punk
In a thatcht-house with garlick ; tell not me,
My Punk's my Punk ; and noble litchery
Sticks by a man, when all his friends forsake him.

Boutcher.

The pox it will ; art thou so senseless grown,
So much indeared to thy bestial lust,
That thy original worth should lie extinct
And buried in thy shame ? Far be such thoughts
From spirits free and noble : begin to live.
Know thyself, and whence thou art deriv'd ;
I know that competent state thy father gave
Cannot be yet consum'd.

William Small-shanks.

'Tis gone by heaven !
Not a denier is left.

Boutcher.

'Tis impossible.

William Small-shanks.

Impossible ! 'heart ! I have had two suckers,
Able to spend the wealthy Cræsus store.

Enter Frances.

Boutcher.

What are they ?

William Small-shanks.

Why, a lawyer, and a whore :
See here comes one, do'st think this petticoat,
A perfum'd smock, and twice a week a bath,
Can be maintain'd with half a year's revenues ?
No, by heaven ! we Annual younger brothers
Must go to't-by wholesale ; by wholesale-men
These creatures are maintained : her very face
Has cost a hundred pounds.

Frances.

Sir, thank yourself.

Constantia.

Constantia.

They keep this whore betwixt them.

Frances.

You know, sir,

I did enjoy a quiet country life,
 Spotless and free; till you corrupted me,
 And brought me to the Court, I never knew,
 What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant;
 Till you prefer'd me to your aunt the lady,
 I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
 No Mercury water, ⁴ fucus, or perfumes,
 To help a lady's breath, until your aunt
 Learnt me the common trick.

William Small-banks.

The common trick!

Say you; a pox upon such common tricks!
 They will undo us all.

Butcher.

And knowing this,
 Art thou so wilful blind, still to persist
 In ruin and defame?

William Small-banks.

What should I do?

I 'ave past my word to keep this gentlewoman,
 Till I can place her to her own content.
 And what is a gentleman but his word?

Butcher.

Why, let her go to service.

William Small-banks.

To service!

Why so she does, she is my landress,

⁴ fucus] Is a paint or composition used by the ladies to beautify the face and heighten the complexion. It is mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, A. 2. S. 1.

“ — to-morrow morning

“ I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve

“ And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath

“ To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when

“ I'll have an excellent new *fucus* made,

“ Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,

“ Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil,

“ As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.”

And

And by this light, no puny Inn-a-Court
But keeps a landress at his command,
To do him service; and shall not I? ha?

Frances.

Sir, you are his friend (I love him too);
Propound a course which may advantage him,
And you shall find such real worth in me,
That rather than I'll live his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state
The City yields, to give me means of life.

William Small-banks.

Why there's it, you hear her what she says;
Would not he be damn'd that should forsake her?
Says she not well, can you propound a course,
To get my forfeit land from yonder rogue,
Parcel lawyer, parcel devil, all knave,
Throate, Throate?

Boutcher.

Not I.

William Small-banks.

Why so, I thought as much;
You are like our citizens to men in need,
Which cry, 'tis pity a proper gentleman
Should want money; yet not an usuring slave
Will lend him a denier, to help his wants:
Will you lend me forty shillings?

Boutcher.

I will.

William Small-banks.

Why god-a-mercy, there's some goodness in thee:
You'll not repent?

Boutcher.

I will not.

William Small-banks.

With that money
I will redeem my forfeit land, and wed
My cockatrice to a man of worship,
To a man of worship, by this light.

Boutcher.

But how?

William

William Small-shanks.

Thus: in Ram-Alley lies a fellow, by name
Throate: one that professeth law, but indeed
Has neither law nor conscience; a fellow
That never saw the bar, but when his life
Was call'd in question for a cozenage;
The rogue is rich: to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir John Sommerfield——

Constantia.

How's that?

William Small-shanks.

Is lately dead, and that my hopes stand fair
To get his only daughter. If I spend,
And have but means to steal away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefest friend,
To entertain us till our nuptial rites
May be accomplish'd; and could you but procure
My elder brother meet me on the way,
And but associate me unto his house,
'Twere hit i'faith; I'd give my cunning Throate
An honest flit for all his tricks in law.

Butcher.

Why this shall be perform'd, take: there's my store,
To friends all things are common.

William Small-shanks.

Then at the Court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.

Butcher.

I will as carefully perform thy wish,
As if my fortunes lay upon th'attempt.

William Small-shanks.

When shall I hear from you?

Butcher.

Within this hour.

William Small-shanks.

Let me alone for the rest; if I gull not
And go beyond my open throated lawyer,
For all his book-cases of *Tricesimo nono*
And *Quadragesimo octavo*; let me
Like waiting gentlewomen be ever bound,

To

To sit upon my heels, and pick ^s rushes.
Will you about this geer?

Boutcher.

With my best speed.

William Small-banks.

Then fare you well; you'll meet me?

Boutcher.

Without fail.

[*Exeunt Boutcher and Constantia.*]

William Small-banks.

Adieu: now you pernicious ^s cockatrice,
You see how I must skelder for your good,
I'll bring you where you shall have means to cheat,
If you have grace enough to apprehend it.

Frances.

Believe me, love, howe'er some stricter wits
Condemn all women which are prone to love,
And think that if their favour fall on any,
By consequence they must be naught with many,
And hold a false position, that a woman
False to herself, can trusty be to no man.
Yet know I say, howe'er my life hath lost
The fame which my virginity aspir'd,
I will be true to thee, my deed shall move,
To win from all men pity, if not love.

William Small-banks.

Tut, I know thee a good rascal, lets in,
And on with all your neat, and finest rags.
On with your cloak and ^s save-guard, you arrant drab,
You must cheat without all conscience, filch for thee, and me.
Do but thou act what I shall well contrive,
We'll teach my lawyer a new way to thrive.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mistress Taffata, and Adriana her maid above.

Taffata.

Come, lov'd Adriana, here let us sit,
And mark who passes; now for a wager,
What colour'd beard comes next by the window?

^s *rushes.*] See p. 254 of this volume.

^s *cockatrice,*] See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X. p. 87.

^s *save-guard,*] See p. 254 of this volume.

Adriana.

A black man's I think.

Taffata.

I think not so,
I think a red, for that is most in fashion :
Lord ! how scarce is the world of proper men
And gallants ! sure we never more shall see
A good leg worn in a long silk stocking,
With a long cod-piece ; of all fashions
That carried it i'faith ; what's he goes by ?

Enter a Citizen.

Adriana.

A sniveling Citizen, he is carrying ware
Unto some lady's chamber : but who's this ?

[*Exit.*

Enter Thomas Small-shanks reading a letter.

Taffata.

I know him not, he looks just like a fool.

Adriana.

He's very brave, he may be a courtier ;
What's that he reads ?

Taffata.

Ah, how light he treads,
For dirting his silk stockings ! I'll tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish,
All men by their noses, as thus : your nose
Tuscan is lovely, large, and broad,
Much like a goose ; your valiant generous nose,
A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose ;
Your schollers nose is very fresh, and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
His chops of mutton, in his dish of porrage.
Your puritan nose is very sharp, and long,
And much like your widows, and with ease can smell
An edifying capon some five streets off.

Enter Boutcher, and Constantia.

Adriana.

O mistress ! a very proper gentleman.

Taffata.

Taffata.

And trust me so he is ; I never saw
A man that sooner could captive my thoughts
(Since I writ widow) than this gentleman.
I would he would look up !

Adriana.

I'll laugh so loud
That he may hear me.

Taffata.

That's not so good.

Boutcher.

And spake you with master Small-shanks ?

Constantia.

I did.

Boutcher.

Will he meet his brother ?

Constantia.

He said he would,
And I believed him ; I tell you, master,
I have done that for many of these gallants
That no man in this town would do but I.

Boutcher.

What is that, boy ?

Constantia.

Why trust them on their words.
But will you hear the news which now supplies
The city with discourse ?

Boutcher.

What is it, wag ?

Constantia.

This, sir ; they say some of our city dames
Were much desirous to see the baboons
Do their newest tricks, went, saw them, came home ;
Went to bed, slept ; next morning one of them,
Being to shift a smock, sends down her maid,
To warm her one ; mean while, she gins to think
On the baboon's tricks, and naked in her bed
Begins to practise some, at last she strove,
To get her right leg over her head ; thus :
And by her activity she got it

VOL V.

D d

Cross

Cross her shoulder : but not with all her power,
 Could she reduce it ; at last much struggling
 Tumbles quite from the bed upon the floor :
 The maid by this return'd with the warm smock,
 And seeing her mistress thrown on the ground,
 Trust up like a foot-ball, exclaims, calls help,
 Runs down amaz'd, swears that her mistress neck
 Is broke ; up comes her husband, and neighbours,
 And finding her thus trus'd, some flatly said
 She was bewicht, others she was posselt,
 A third said for her pride the devil had set
 Her face where her rump should stand, but at last
 Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
 Helps her ; she ashamed, her husband amazed,
 The neighbours laughing, as none forbear,
 She tells them of the fatal accident.
 To which one answers, that if her husband
 Would leave his trade, and carry his wife about
 To do this trick in publick, she'd get more gold
 Than all the baboons, calves with two tails,
 Or 7 motions whatsoever.

Boutcher.

You are a wag.

Taffata.

He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.

Adriana.

Shall I cough or sneeze ?

Taffata.

No, I ha't ; stand a side :

Ah me, my handkerchief, Adrian, Fabian.

Adriana.

Mistress.

Taffata.

Run, run, I have let my handkerchief fall :
 Gentleman shall I intreat a curtesy ?

Boutcher.

Within my power your beauty shall command.
 What curtesy is't ?

7 motions] i. e. puppet shews. See Note to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.
 P. 7.

Taffata.

To stoop, and take up,
My handkerchief.

Boutcher.

Your desire is performed.

Taffata.

Sir, most hearty thanks ; please you come in,
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.

Boutcher.

I accept your curtesy : ha ! what's this ?
Affail'd by fear and hope in a moment !
Boutcher, this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedom : shall smiles, and eyes
With their lascivious glances, conquer him,
Hath still been lord of his affections ?
Shall simp'ring niceness, load-stones but to fools,
Attract a knowing spirit ? it shall, it does.
Not Phœbus, rising from Aurora's lap,
Spreads his bright rays with more majestick grace
Than came the glances from her quick'ning eye :
And what of this ?

Constantia.

By my troth I know not.

Boutcher.

I will not enter : continued flames burn strong.
I yet am free, and reason keeps her seat
Above all fond affections, yet is she fair.

Enter Adriana.

Adriana.

Sir, I bring you thanks for this great curtesy ;
And if you please to enter I dare presume,
My mistress will afford you gracious welcome.

Boutcher.

How do men call your mistress ?

Constantia.

The man's in love.

Adriana.

Her name, sir, is mistress Changeable, late wife
To master Taffata, mercer, deceas'd.

D d 2

Boutcher.

Boutcher.

I have heard she is both rich, and beautiful.

*Adriana.*In th' eyes of such as love her; judge yourself,
Please you but prick forward, and enter. [*Exit Boutcher.*]*Constantia.*

Now will I fall aboard the waiting maid.

Adriana.

Fall aboard of me! dost take me for a ship?

Constantia.

Ay, and will shoot you betwixt wind, and water.

Adriana.

Blurt, master gunner, your lin stock's too short.

*Constantia.*Foot! how did she know that? dost hear, sweet-heart,
Should not the page be doing with the maid,
Whilst the master is busy with the mistress?
Please you prick forwards, thou art a wench
Likely to go the way of all flesh shortly.*Adriana.*

Whose witty knave art thou?

Constantia.

At your service.

Adriana.

At mine faith! I should breech thee.

Constantia.

How breech me?

*Adriana.*Ay, ^s breech thee; I have breech'd a taller man,
Than you in my time; come in, and welcome. [*Exit.*]*Constantia.*Well, I see now a rich well-practis'd bawd
May purse more fees in a summer's progress
Than a well-traded lawyer in a whole term.
Pandarism! why 'tis grown a liberal science,
Or a new sect, and the good professors,
Will like the ⁹ Brownist frequent gravel pits shortly,
For they use woods, and obscure holes already. [*Exit.*]^s breech thee,] i. e. whip thee. See Note 48 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

P. 403.

⁹ Brownist] See a Note to *The Wits*, vol. VIII.

1

Enter

MERRY TRICKS.

421

Enter Taffata, and Boutcher.

Taffata.

Not marry a widow?

Boutcher.

No.

Taffata.

And why?

Belike you think it base, and servant-like,
To feed upon reversion; you hold us widows,
But as a pie thrust to the lower end
That hath had many fingers in't before,
And is reserv'd for gross and hungry stomachs.

Boutcher.

You much mistake me.

Taffata.

Come, in faith you do:

And let me tell you that's but ceremony,
For though the pie be broken up before,
Yet says the proverb, the deeper is the sweeter.
And though a capon's wings and legs be carv'd,
The flesh left with the rump I hope is sweet.
I tell you, sir, I have been woo'd, and sued too,
By worthy knights of fair demeanors: nay more,
They have been out of debt; yet till this hour
I neither could endure to be in love,
Or be beloved; but profer'd ware is cheap.
What's lawful that's loath'd, and things denied,
Are with more stronger appetite pursu'd:
I am too yeilding.

Boutcher.

You mistake my thoughts:

But know, thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skil'd in unknown fate, than was
¹⁰The blind Achaian Prophet, it was foretold,
A widow should endanger both my life,
My soul, my lands, and reputation.

¹⁰ The blind Achaian Prophet,] Tereſias, the blind Prophet of Thebes.
See the Oedipus of Sophocles, and that of Dryden and Lee.

This checks my thoughts, and cools th' essential fire,
Of sacred love, more ardent in my breast
Than speech can utter.

Taffata.

A trivial idle jest,
'Tis for a man of your repute and note,
To credit fortune-tellers; a petty rogue,
That never saw five shillings in a heap,
Will take upon him to divine men's fate,
Yet never knows himself shall die a beggar,
Or be hanged up for pilfering table-cloths,
Shirts, and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges;
'Tis ¹¹merely base to trust them: or if there be,
A man in whom the Delphick god hath breath'd
His true divining fire, that can foretel
The fixt decree of fate, he likewise knows
What is within the everlasting book
Of destiny decreed, cannot by wit,
Or man's invention, be dissolved, or shun'd.
Then give thy love free scope, embrace, and kiss,
And to the distaff sisters leave th' event.

Boutcher.

How powerful are their words whom we affect!
Small force shall need to win the strongest fort,
If to his state the captain be perfidious;
I must intreat you, licence my depart
For some few hours.

Taffata

Choose what you will of time,
There lies your way.

Boutcher.

I will intreat her stay.

Taffata.

Did you call, sir?

Boutcher.

No.

¹¹ merely] *Absolutely.* So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"— I am as happy

"In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine."

Taffata.

Taffata.

Then fare you well.

Boutcher.

Who gins to love, need's not a second hell. [*Exit Boutcher.*]

Enter Adriana.

Taffata.

Adriana, makes he no stay?

Adriana.

Mistress!

Taffata.

I pray thee see if he have left the house;
Peep close, see, but be not seen: is he gone?

Adriana.

No; he has made a stand.

Taffata.

I pr'ythee keep close.

Adriana.

Nay, keep you close, y'ad best.

Taffata.

What does he now?

Adriana.

Now he retires.

Re-enter Boutcher.

Boutcher.

O you much partial gods!

Why gave you men affections, and not a power
To govern them? what I by fate should shun,
I most affect, a widow, a widow.

Taffata.

Blows the wind there?

Adriana.

A ha, he's in i'faith,
Yo've drawn him now within your purlues, mistress.

Boutcher.

Tut, I will not love; my rational
And better parts shall conquer blind affections;
Let passion, children, or weak women sway,
My love shall to my judgment still obey.

D d 4

[*Exit.*]

[*Taffata.*]

What does he now ? *Taffata.*

He's gone. *Adriana.*

Gone ! Adriana ? *Taffata.*

He went his way, and never look'd behind him, *Adriana.*
Taffata.

Sure he's taken ? *Adriana.*

A little fing'd or so,
Each thing must have beginning ; men must prepare
Before they can come on, and shew their loves
In pleasing sorts : the man must do in time,
For love, good mistress, is much like to wax,
The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster too ;
Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
The more he labours, still the deeper in.

Taffata.
Come, thou must help me now, I have a trick
To second this beginning, and in the nick
To strike it dead i' faith ; women must woo,
When men forget what nature leads them to. [Exit.]

Enter Throat the Lawyer from his study ; books and bags of money on a table, a chair and cushion.

Throat.
Chaste Phœbe, *splende* ; there's that left yet,
Next to my book, *Claro micante Auro.*
Aye, that's the soul of law : that's it, that's it,
For which the buckram-bag must trudge all weathers,
Tho' scarcely fill'd with one poor replication.
How happy are we that we joy the law
So freely as we do ; not bought, and sold,
But clearly given, without all base extorting,
Taking but bare ten angels for a fee,
Or upward : to this renown'd estate,
Have I by indirect and cunning means
In-woven myself, and now can scratch it out,
Thrust at a bar, and cry my Lord as loud,

As

As e'er a list'd gown-man of them all.
 I never plead before the honour'd bench:
 But bench right-worshipful of peaceful Justices
 And Country-gentlemen; and yet I've found
 Good gettings by the Mass; besides odd cheats,
 Will Small-shanks's lands, and many garboiles more,
 Dash!

Enter Dash.

Dash.

Sir.

Throate.

Is that rejoinder done?

Dash.

Done, fir.

Throate.

Have you drawn't at length, have you dash'd it out,
 According to your name?

Dash.

Some seven score sheets.

Throate.

Is the demurrer drawn 'twixt Snipe and Woodcock;
 And what do you say to Peacock's pitiful bill?

Dash.

I have drawn his answer negative to all.

Throate.

Negative to all! The plaintive says,
 That William Goose was son to Thomas Goose;
 And will he swear the general bill is false?

Dash.

He will.

Throate.

Then he forswears his father; 'tis well,
 Some of our clients will go prig to hell
 Before ourselves; has he paid all his fees?

Dash.

He left them all with me.

Throate.

Then trufs my points;
 And how think'it thou of law?

Dash.

Most reverently,

Law

Law is the world's great light, a second sun,
 To this terrestrial globe, by which all things
 Have life, and being ; and without which
 Confusion and disorder soon would seize
 The general state of men ; wars, outrages,
 The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbs, and cures.
 It is the kingdom's eye, by which she sees
 The acts and thoughts of men.

Throate.

The kingdom's eye !

I tell thee, fool, it is the kingdom's nose,
 By which she smells out all these rich transgressors ;
 Nor is't of flesh, but merely made of wax,
 And 'tis within the power of us lawyers
 To wrest this nose of wax which way we please :
 Or it may be as thou say'st an eye indeed ;
 But, if it be, 'tis sure a woman's eye [Knocks within,
 That's ever rolling.

Dash.

One knocks.

Throate.

Go see who 'tis ;
 Stay, my chair and gown ; and then go see who knocks.
 Thus must I seem a lawyer, which am, indeed,
 But merely dregs and off-scum of the law.

Enter Boutcher, Dash, and Constantia.

Ay, *tricesimo primo Alberti Magni*,
 'Tis very clear.

Boutcher.

God save you, sir.

Throate.

The place is very pregnant :—master Boutcher,
 Most hearty welcome, sir.

Boutcher.

You ply this geer,
 You are no truant in the law, I see.

Throate.

Faith some hundred books in folio I have
 Turn'd over to better my own knowledge ;
 But that is nothing for a student.

Boutcher.

Boutcher.

Or a Stationer, they turn them over too,
But not as you do, gentle master Throate.
And what? the Law speaks profit, does it not?

Throate.

Faith some bad angels haunt us now and then;
But what brought you hither?

Boutcher.

Why these small legs.

Throate.

You are conceited, fir.

Boutcher.

I am in law,
But let that go, and tell me how you do;
How does Will Small-shanks, and his lovely bride?

Throate.

In troth you make me blush; I should have ask'd,
His health of you, but 'tis not yet too late.

Boutcher.

Nay, good fir *Throate*, forbear your ¹² quillets now.

Throate.

By heaven I deal most plain! I saw him not,
Since last I took his mortgage.

Boutcher.

Sir, be not nice,
(Yet I must needs herein commend your love)
To let me see him; for know I know him wed,
And that he stole away Sommerfield's heir,
Therefore suspect me not, I am his friend.

Throate.

How! wed to rich Sommertfield's only heir!
Is old Sommerfield dead?

Boutcher.

Do you make it strange?

¹² quillets] i. e. subtilties. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1603, Sign. H 4: "— he has his pols and his œdypols, his times and his tricks, his quirks, and his quilits, &c." *Euphues*, 1581, p. 56.: "— not only the quirks and quiddities of the Logicians, but also, &c."

See also Mr. Streevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 5. S. 1.

Throate.

Throate.

By heaven I know it not!

Boutcher.

Then am I grieved

I spake so much; but that I know you love him,
I should intreat your secrecy, fir; fare you well.*Throate.*Nay, good fir, stay; if aught you can disclose
Of master Small-shanks good, let me partake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.*Boutcher.*You much indear him, fir; and from your love,
I dare presume you make yourself a fortune,
If his fair hopes proceed.*Throate.*

Say on, good fir.

Boutcher.

You will be secret?

Throate.

Or be my tongue torn out!

*Boutcher.*Measure for a lawyer; but to the point.
He has stole Sommerfield's heir, hither brings her,
As to a man on whom he may rely
His life and fortunes: you hath he named
Already for the Steward of his lands,
To keep his courts, and to collect his rent;
To let out leases, and to raise his fines,
Nothing that may, or love, or profit bring,
But you are named the man.*Throate.*I am his slave,
And bound unto his noble curtesy,
Even with my life; I ever said he would thrive;
And I protest I kept his forfeit mortgage,
To let him know what 'tis to live in want.*Boutcher.*

I think no less, one word more in private.

Constantia.

Good master Dash, shall I put you now a case?

Dash.

Dasb.

Speak on, good master Page.

Constantia.

Then thus it is :

Suppose I am a Page, he is my master,
My master goes to bed, and cannot tell
What money's in his hose, I ere next day
Have filch'd out some ; what action lies for this ?

Dasb.

An action, boy, call'd firking the Posteriors.
With us your action seldom comes in question :
For that 'tis known, that most of your gallants
Are seldom so well stor'd, that they forget
What money's in their hose ; but if they have,
There is no other help than swear the Page,
And put him to his oath.

Constantia.

Then fecks-law ;
Dost think he that has conscience to steal,
Has not a conscience likewise to deny ?
Then hang him up i'faith.

Boutcher.

I must meet him.

Throate.

Commend me to them ; come when they will,
My doors stand open, and all within is theirs ;
And though Ram-Alley stinks with cooks, and ale,
Yet say there's many a worthy Lawyer's chamber,
Buts upon Ram-Alley. I have still an open throat,
If aught I have which may procure his good,
Bid him command, aye, though it be my blood,

[Exeunt.]

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Oliver Small-shanks, Thomas Small-shanks.

Oliver Small-shanks.

Is this the place you were appointed to meet him ?

Thomas

Thomas Small-shanks.

So Boutcher sent me word.

Oliver Small-shanks.

I find it true,

That wine, good news, and a young wholesome wench,
Cheer up an old man's blood; I tell thee, boy,
I am right hearty glad to hear thy brother
Hath got so great an heir; now were myself
So well bestow'd, I should rejoice i' faith.

Thomas Small-shanks.

I hope you shall do well.

Oliver Small-shanks.

No doubt, no doubt;

Ah, firrah! has he borne the wench away!
My son i' faith, my very son i' faith!
When I was young, and had an able back,
And wore the brissel on my upper lip,
In good Decorum I had as good conveyance,
And could have ferk'd, and ferk'd y'away a wench,
As soon as e'er a man alive; tut, boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, smiles, and other quirks,
No courtier like me; your courtiers all are fools,
To that which I could do. I could have done it, boy,
Even to a hair, and that some ladies know.

Thomas Small-shanks.

Sir, I am glad this match may reconcile
Your love unto my brother.

Oliver Small-shanks.

'Tis more than so.

I'll seem offended still, though I am glad

Enter William Small-shanks, Frances, Beard booted.

He's got rich Sommerfield's heir.

William Small-shanks.

Come, wench of gold,

For thou shalt get me gold, besides odd ends
Of silver: we'll purchase house and land
By thy bare gettings, wench, by thy bare gettings.
How say'st, lieutenant Beard; does she not look
Like a wench newly stole from a window?

Beard.

Beard.

Exceeding well she carries it, by Jove :
 And if she can forbear her rampant tricks,
 And but hold close a while, 'twill take, by Mars.

Frances.

How now, you slave? my rampant tricks, you rogue!
 Nay, fear not me : my only fear is still,
 Thy filthy face betrays us ; for all men know,
 Thy nose stands compass like a bow,
 Which is three quarters drawn ; thy head
 Which is with greasy hair o'er-spread,
 And being uncurl'd, and black as cole,
 Doth shew some scullion in a hole
 Begot thee on a Gipsy, or
 Thy mother was some Collier's whore :
 My rampant tricks, you rogue ! thou't be descry'd
 Before our plot be ended.

William Small-banks.

What should descry him,
 Unless it be his nose ? and as for that,
 Thou may'st protest he was thy father's butler,
 And for thy love is likewise run away ;
 Nay, sweet lieutenant, now forbear to puff,
 And let the brissels of thy beard grow downward,
 Reverence my punk, and pandarize a little,
 There's many of thy rank that do profess it,
 Yet hold it no disparagement.

Beard.

I shall do,
 What fits an honest man.

William Small-banks.

Why, that's enough :
 'Foot, my father, and the goose my brother,
 Back you two.

Beard.

Back.

William Small-banks.

Retire, sweet Lieutenant,
 And come not on till I shall wave you on.

Oliver Small-banks.

Is not that he?

Thomas

Thomas Small-banks.

'Tis he.

Oliver Small-banks.

But where's the —

William Small-banks.

It shall be so, I'll cheat him, that's flat.

Oliver Small-banks.

You are well met, know ye me, good sir,
Belike you think I have no eyes, no ears,
No nose to smell, and wind out all your tricks,
Y' have stole sir Sommerfield's heir, nay we can find
Your wildest parts, your turnings and returns,
¹³ Your traces, squats, the mussers, forms and holes
You youngmen use, if once our sagest wits
Be set a hunting; are you now crept forth,
Have you hid your head within a suburb hole
All this while, and are you now crept forth?

William Small-banks.

'Tis a stark lye.

Oliver Small-banks.

How?

William Small-banks.

Who told you so did lye;
Foot! a gentleman cannot leave the city
And keep the suburbs to take a little physick,
But strait some slave will say he hides his head;
I hide my head within a suburb hole!
I could have holes at court to hide my head,
Were I but so dispos'd.

Oliver Small-banks.

Thou varlet knave,
Th'ast stoln away sir John Sommerfield's heir,
But never look for countenance from me,
Carry her whither thou wilt.

William Small-banks.

Father, father,
Heart, will you undo your posterity?
Will you, sir, undo your posterity?

¹³ Your traces, &c.] Terms of the chase. *Mussers* are biding holes, or lurking places; from the Fr. *muffer*, to hide, conceal, &c.

I can

I can but kill my brother, then hang myself,
And where is then your house? Make me not despair,
'Foot, now I have got a wench, worth by the year
Two thousand pound, and upwards, to cross my hopes:
Would e'er a clown in Christendom do't but you?

Thomas Small-banks.

Good father, let him leave this thundering,
And give him grace.

William Small-banks.

Why law, my brother knows,
Reason, and what an honest man should do.

Oliver Small-banks.

Well, where's your wife?

William Small-banks.

She's coming here behind.

Oliver Small-banks.

I'll give her somewhat, though I love not thee.

William Small-banks.

My father, right, I knew you could not hold
Out long with a woman; but give something
Worthy your gift, and her acceptance, father:
This chain were excellent by this good light,
She shall give you as good, if once her lands

Enter Frances and Beard.

Come to my fingering.

Oliver Small-banks.

Peace, knave! what's she your wife?

William Small-banks.

That shall be, fir.

Oliver Small-banks.

And what's he?

William Small-banks.

My man.

Oliver Small-banks.

A ruffian knave he is.

William Small-banks.

A ruffian, fir!

By heaven! as ¹⁴ tall a man as ere drew sword,

¹⁴ as tall a man] i. e. as brave a man. See Note 23 to *George a Green*,
vol. III. p. 46.

Vol. V.

E e

Not

Not being counted of the damned crew.
 He was her father's butler, his name is Beard;
 Off with your mask, now shall you find me true,
 And that I am a son unto a knight:
 This is my father.

Oliver Small-shanks.

I am indeed, fair maid;
 My stile is knight: come, let me kiss your lips.

William Small-shanks.

That kiss shall cost your chain.

Oliver Small-shanks.

It smacks i'faith,
 I must commend your choice.

Frances.

Sir, I have given
 A larger venture than true modesty
 Will well allow, or your more graver wit
 Commend.

William Small-shanks.

I dare be sworn she has.

Oliver Small-shanks.

Not so.
 The foolish knave has been accounted wild,
 And so have I; but I am now come home,
 And so will he.

Frances.

I must believe it now.

William Small-shanks.

Beg his chain, wench.

Beard.

Will you cheat your father?

William Small-shanks.

Ay, by this light will I.

Oliver Small-shanks.

Nay, sigh not,
 For you shall find him loving, and me thankful:
 And were it not a scandal to my honour,
 To be consenting to my son's attempt,
 You should unto my house; mean while take this,

As pledge, and token of my after-love:
How long since died your father?

William Small-shanks.

Some six weeks since;
We cannot stay to talk, for slaves pursue,
I have a house ~~shall~~ lodge us till the priest
May make us sure.

Oliver Small-shanks.

Well, firrah, love ~~this~~ woman,
And when you are man and wife, bring her to me,
She shall be welcome.

William Small-shanks.

I humbly thank you, sir.

Oliver Small-shanks.

I must be gone, I must a wooing too.

William Small-shanks.

Jove and Priapus speed you! you'll return?

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver, and Thomas Small-shanks.*]

Thomas Small-shanks.

Instantly.

William Small-shanks.

Why this came cleanly off,
Give me the chain, you little cockatrice;
Why this was luck! 'foot! four hundred crowns,
Got at a clap! hold still your own, you whore,
And we shall thrive.

Beard.

'Twas bravely fetcht about.

William Small-shanks.

Ay, when will your nose and beard perform as much?

Frances.

I am glad he is gone, he put me to the blush,
When he did ask me of rich Sommerfield's death.

William Small-shanks.

And took not I my Q? was't not good?
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
¹⁵ Without a counter-buff? look who comes here,

¹⁵ *Without a counter-buff?* I imagine an allusion is here intended to
the buff coats of the Serjeants belonging to the Counter.

E e 2

And

¹⁶ *And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we-a.*

Enter Butcher, and Constantia.

Butcher.

Still in this vein? I have done you service,
The lawyer's house will give you entertainment,
Bountiful and free.

William Small-shanks.

O my second self!

Come, let me buss thy beard, we are all made:
Why art so melancholy, dost want money?
Look, here's gold, and as we pass along
I'll tell thee how I got it; not a word,
But that she's Sommerfield's heir, my brother
Swallows it with more ease than a Dutchman
Does ¹⁷ flap-dragons: he comes, now to my lawyers.

Enter Thomas Small-shanks.

Kiss my wife, good brother; she is a wench
Was born to make us all.

Thomas Small-shanks.

I hope, no less,
You are welcome, sister, into these our parts,
As I may say.

Frances.

Thanks, gentle brother.

William Small-shanks.

Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lie,
Till I provide a priest.

Butcher.

O villany!

I think he will gull his whole generation;

¹⁶ *And three merry men, &c.*] These lines are the conclusion of many old songs. Several instances are produced by Mr. Steevens, Sir John Hawkins, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, in their Notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 3:

Again, in *Laugh and Lie downe*, 1605, Sign. E 4:—"he plaied such
"a song of the three merry men, that had the dittie beene in a strange
"language, I should have been puzzled in the musick."

¹⁷ *flap-dragons:*] See Note 75 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 359.
I must

MERRY TRICKS.

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I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,
I'll not forsake him, till his hopes be won.

[*Exeunt*,

Enter Throate, and two Citizens.

Throate.

Then y'are friends?

Both.

We are, so please your worship.

Throate.

'Tis well, I am glad, keep your money, for law
Is like a butler's box: while you two strive,
That picks up all your money, you are friends.

Both.

We are, so please you, both perfect friends.

Throate.

Why so,
Now to the next tap-house, there drink down this,
And by the operation of the third pot,
Quarrel again, and come to me for law:
Fare you well.

Both.

The gods conserve your wisdom.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Throate.

Why so: there are tricks of the long fifteens,
To give counsel, and to take fees on both sides;
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them;
Why this thrives well, this is a common trick;
When men have spent a deal of money in law,
Then lawyers make them friends: I have a trick
To go beyond all these; if Small-thanks come
And bring rich Sommerfield's heir,—I say no more;
But 'tis within this ¹⁸ sconce to go beyond them.

Enter Dash.

Dash.

Here are gentlemen in haste would speak with you.

Throats.

What are they?

¹⁸ [sconce] i. e. head. See Note 90 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.
p. 66.

Dash.

I cannot know them, sir,
They are so wrapt in cloaks.

Throate.

Have they a woman?

Dash.

Yes, sir; but she's mask'd, and in her riding-suit.

Throate.

Go, make haste, bring them up with reverence :
Oh, are they f'faith ? Has brought the wealthy heir :
These stools and cushions stand not handsomely.

*Enter William Small-shanks, Butcher, Thomas Small-shanks,
Frances, and Heard.*

William Small-shanks.

Bless thee, Throate.

Throate.

Master Small-shanks, welcome.

William Small-shanks.

Welcome, love; kiss this gentlewoman, Throate.

Throate.

Your worship shall command me.

William Small-shanks.

Art not weary?

Butcher.

Can you blame her, since she has rid so hard?

Throate.

You are welcome, gentlemen—*Dash.*

Dash.

Sir.

Throate.

A fire in the great chamber, quickly.

William Small-shanks.

Ay, that's well said, we are almost weary :
But, master Throate, if any come to inquire
For me, my brother, or this gentlewoman,
We are not here, nor have you heard of us.

Throate.

Not a word, sir; here you are as safe
As in your father's house.

Thomas Small-shanks.

And he shall thank you.

William Small-shanks.

Th' art not merry, love ; good master Throate,
Bid this gentlewoman welcome : she is one
Of whom you may receive some courtesy
In time.

Throate.

She is most hearty welcome ;
Wilt please you walk into another room,
Where is both bed and fire ?

William Small-shanks.

Ay, ay, that, that ;
Good brother lead her in : master Throate, and I
Will follow instantly ; now, master Throate,
[*Exeunt Thomas Small-shanks, Frances, and Beard.*
It rests within your power to pleasure me :
Know that this same is sir John Sommerfield's heir ;
Now if she chance to question what I am,
Say son unto a lord : I pray thee tell her
I have a world of land, and stand in hope
To be created baron ; for I protest
I was constrain'd to swear it forty times,
And yet she'll scarce believe me.

Throate.

Pauca sapienti :

Let me alone to set you out in length
And breadth.

William Small-shanks.

I pr'ythee do't effectually :
Shalt have a quarter share by this good light
In all she has ; I pr'ythee forget not
To tell her the Small-shanks have been dancers,
Tilters, and very ancient courtiers,
And in request at court since sir John Short-hose
With his long silk stockings was beheaded :
Wilt thou do this ?

Throate.

Refer it to my care.

E e 4

William

William Small-shanks.

Excellent ! I'll but shift my boots, and then
Go seek a priest ; this night I will be sure.
If we be sure, it cannot be undone ;
Can it, master Throate ?

Throate.

O, sir, not possible :
You have many precedents and book-cases for't,
Be you but sure, and then let me alone.
Vivat Rex, currat Lex, and I'll defend you.

William Small-shanks.

Nay, then, hang care, come let's in.

[*Exit William Small-shanks.*

Throate.

A, ha !
Have you stole her ? *fallere fallentem non est fraus.*
It shall go hard but I will strip you, boy :
You stole the wench, but I must her enjoy.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mistress Taffata, and Adriana, below.

Come, Adriana, tell me what thou think'st,
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom think'st thou (for me) the fittest husband ?
What say'st thou to young Boutcher ?

Adriana.

A pretty fellow ;
But that his back is weak.

Taffata.

What dost thou say
To Throate the lawyer ?

Adriana.

I like that well,
Were the rogue a lawyer ? but he is none,
He never was of any inn-of-court,
But inn-of-chancery, where he was known
But only for a swaggering whifler,
To keep out rogues and prentices ; I saw him,
When he was stock'd for stealing the cook's fees.

A lawyer

A lawyer I could like ; for 'tis a thing
Used by you citizens' wives ; your husbands dead,
To get French hoods you straight must lawyers wed.

Taffata.

What say'st thou then to nimble sir Oliver Small-thanks ?

Adriana.

Faith, he must hit the hair : a fellow fit
To make a pretty cuckold take an old man ;
'Tis now the newest fashion : better be
¹⁹ An old man's darling than a young man's warling ;
Take me the old brisk knight, the fool is rich,
And will be strong enough to father children,
Though not to get them.

Taffata.

'Tis true he is the man,
Yet will I ²⁰ bear some dozen more in hand,
And make them all my gulls.

Adriana.

Mistress, stand aside.

Enter Boutcher and Constantia.

Young Boutcher comes ; let me alone to touch him.

Boutcher.

This is the house.

¹⁹ *An old man's darling than a young man's warling*] This is proverbial. See Rays's *Proverbs*, p. 47. The Scots say, a young man's *wonderling*. See *Collection of Scots Proverbs*, 8vo. 1721, by James Kelly, who observes it is used as an argument to induce a young girl to marry an old man.

²⁰ *bear some dozen more in hand*] *To bear in hand* was a common phrase, signifying to keep in expectation or dependance. In Dr. Walter Pope's *Life of Bishop Seth Ward*, 1697, p. 104. is the following passage : " My Lord, I might bear you in hand ; a western phrase, signifying to delay or keep in expectation, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes, that I should cure you in some competent time, &c."

Fennor's *Compters Commonwealth*, p. 47. " — I have scene divers gentlemen come into prison (after they have laine a fortnight or three weekes at some of their houses, at an excessive rate) without either cloake, sword, or hat, which the Sergeants have got from them, onely bearing them in hand that they will get them baile."

Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, A. 1. S. 1.:

" — still bearing them in hand,

" Letting the cherry knock against their lips,

" And draw it by their mouths, and back again."

The phrase frequently occurs in Shakspeare.

Constantia.

Constantia.

And that's the chamber-maid.

Boutcher.

Where's the widow, gentle Adriana?

Adriana.

The widow, sir, is not to be spoken to.

Boutcher.

Not spoke to? I must speak with her.

Adriana.

Must you?

Come you with authority, or do you come

To sue her with a warrant, that you must speak with her?

Boutcher.

I would intreat it.

Adriana.

O you would intreat it?

May not I serve your turn? may not I unfold

Your secrets to my mistress? Love is your suit?

Boutcher.

It is, fair creature.

Adriana.

And why did you fall off

When you perceived my mistress was so coming?

D'you think she is still the same?

Boutcher.

I do.

Adriana.

Why so!

I took you for a novice: and I must think,

You know not yet the inwards of a woman;

Do you not know that women are like fish,

Which must be struck when they are prone to bite,

Or all your labour's lost? but, sir, walk here,

And I'll inform my mistress your desires.

[Exit,

Constantia.

Master,

Boutcher.

Boy.

Constantia.

Come not you for love?

Boutcher.

I do, boy.

Constantia.

Constantia.

And you would have the widow?

Butcher.

I would.

Constantia.

By Jove,

I never saw one go about his business
 More untowardly: why, sir, do not you know,
 That he which would be ²¹ inward with the mistress,
 Must make a way first through the waiting-maid?
 If you'll know the widow's affections,
 Feel first the waiting-gentlewoman; do it, master:
 Some half a dozen kisses were not lost
 Upon this gentlewoman; for you must know,
 These waiting-maids are to their mistresses
 Like porches unto doors; you pass the one,
 Before you can have entrance at the other.
 Or like your mustard to your piece of brawn,
 If you'll have one taste well, you must not scorn
 To be dipping in the other; I tell you, master,
 'Tis not a few men's tales, which they prefer
 Unto their mistresses in compass of a year;
 Be rul'd by me, untruss yourself to her,
 Out with all your love-sick thoughts to her;
 Kiss her, and give her an angel to buy pins,
 And this shall sooner win her mistress' love,
 Than all your protestations, sighs, and tears.

Enter Taffata and Adriana.

Here they come: to her boldly, master;
 Do, but dally not; that's the widow's phrase.

Butcher.

Most worthy fair, such is the power of love,
 That now I come t'accept your profer'd grace;
 And with submissive thoughts t'entreat a pardon
 For my so gross neglect.

Taffata.

There's no offence;
 My mind is changed.

²¹ inward] See Note 308 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III, p. 232.

Adriana.

Adriana.

I told you as much before.

Constantia,

With a hey pass, with a repass.

Boutcher.

Dearest of women,
 The constant virtue of your nobler mind,
 Speaks in your looks: nor can you entertain,
 Both love and hate at once.

Taffata.

'Tis all in vain.

Adriana.

You strive against the stream.

Constantia,

Fee the waiting-maid, master.

Boutcher.

Stand thou propitious; indear me to my love.

[*Boutcher gives Adriana his purse secretly.*]*Adriana,*

Dear mistress, turn to this gentleman; I protest,
 I have some feeling of his constant love,
 Cast him not away; try his love.

Taffata.

Why, fir,
 With what audacious front can you intreat
 To enjoy my love, which yet not two hours since
 You scornfully refus'd?

Constantia,

Well fare the waiting-maid.

Boutcher.

My fate compell'd me; but now farewell fond fear,
 My soul, my life, my lands, and reputation,
 I'll hazard all, and prize them all beneath thee.

Taffata.

Which I shall put to trial; lend me thy ear.

Adriana.

Can you love, boy?

Constantia.

Yes.

Adriana.

What? or whom?

Constantia.

My victuals.

Constantia.

Adriana.

A pretty knave i'faith! come home to-night,
Shalt have a posset and candi'd eringoes.
A bed if need be too, I love a life
To play with such baboons as thou.

Constantia.

Indeed!

But dost thou think the widow will have my master?

Adriana.

I'll tell thee then; wo't come?

Constantia.

I will.

Adriana.

Remember!

Taffata.

Will you perform so much?

Boutcher.

Or lose my blood.

Taffata.

Make him subscribe it; and then I vow,
By sacred Vesta's ever hallowed fire,
To take thee to my bed.

Boutcher.

Till then farewell.

Taffata.

He's worthy love whose virtues most excel.

Adriana.

Remember! what is't a match betwixt you mistress?

[*Exeunt Boutcher and Constantia.*

Taffata.

I have set the fool in hope; h'as undertook
To rid me of that fleshly captain Face;
Which swears in taverns, and all ordinaries,
I am his lawful wife: he shall allay
The fury of the captain, and I secure
Will laugh at the disgrace they both indure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Throate and Frances.

Throate.

Open your case, and I shall soon resolve you.

Frances.

Frances.

But will you do it truly?

Throate.

As I am honest.

Frances.

This gentleman whom I so much affect,
 I scarce yet do know; so blind is love
 In things which most concerns it. As y'are honest,
 Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes.

Throate.

He is my friend, and I will speak him truly;
 He is by birth son to a foolish Knight,
 His present state, I think, will be the prison,
 And farthest hope to be bail'd out again
 By sale of all your land.

Frances.

O me accurs'd!

Has he no credit, lands, and manors?

Throate.

That land he has lies in a fair church-yard;
 And for his manners they are so rude and vile,
 That scarce an honest man will keep him company.

Frances.

I am abused, cozened, and deceived;

Throate.

Why, that's his occupation: he will cheat
 In a cloak lin'd with velvet; he will prate
 Faster than five barbers and a taylor;
 Lye faster than ten city occupiers,
 Or cunning tradesmen: goes a trust
 In every tavern, where h'as spent a fagot;
 Swears love to every whore, squires bawds,
 And takes up houses for them as their husbands;
 He is a man I love, and have done much
 To bring him to preferment.

Frances.

Is there no trust, no honesty in men?

Throate.

Faith, some there is,
 And 'tis all in the hands of us lawyers
 And women: and those women which have it,

Keep

Keep their honesty so close, that not one
Amongst a hundred is perceived to have it.

Frances.

Good sir, may I not by law forsake him,
And wed another, though my word be past
To be his wife?

Throate.

O questionless you may!
You have many precedents and book-cases for't;
Nay, though you were married by a book-case
Of *Millesimo sexcentesimo*, &c.
You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Provided that some fault be in the husband,
As none of them are clear.

Frances.

I am resolv'd.
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.

Throate.

All that I have is yours; and were I worthy
To be your husband——

Frances.

I thank you, sir;
I will rather wed a most perfidious Red-shanks,
A noted Jew, or some mechanic slave,
Than let him joy my sheets.

Throate.

He comes, he comes.

Enter W. Small-shanks, Butcher, T. Small-shanks, Beard.

William Small-shanks.

Now, my Virago, 'tis done, all's cock-sure.
I have a Priest will mumble up a marriage,
Without bell, book, or candle; a nimble slave,
An honest Welshman, that was a taylor,
But now is made a curate.

Beard.

Nay, y'are fitted.

Butcher.

Now, master Throate.

Thomas Small-shanks.

Where's your spirit, sister?

William

William Smallbanks.

²² What, all amort? what's the matter? do you hear?

Boutcher.

What's the reason of this melancholy?

Throate.

By heaven I know not!

William Smallbanks.

Has the gudgeon bit?

Frances.

He has been nibbling.

William Smallbanks.

Hold him to it, wench,

And it will hit by heaven: why art so sad?

Foot, wench, we will be married to-night,

We'll sup at th' Mitre, and from thence

My brother and we three will to the Savoy,

Which done, I tell thee, girl, we'll hand o'er head,

Go to it pell mell for a maidenhead,

Come, you are lusty; you wenches are like bells,

You give no musick till you feel the clapper;

Come, Throate, a torch, we must be gone.

Frances.

Servant.

[Exit.

Beard.

Mistress.

Frances.

We are updone.

Beard.

Now Jove ²³ forsend!

Frances.

This fellow has no land; and, which is worse,
He has no credit.

²² What all amort?] All amort here, and in other places, signifies melancholy. So, in Greene's *History of Fryer Bacon*, 1630, Sign. A 2:

"Shall he thus all amort live malecontent?"

Wily Beguiled, p. 358. Hawkins's *Origin of the Drama*, vol. III.

"Why how now, Sophos? all amort? still languish in love?"

²³ forsend.] See Note 4 to *Tancred and Gismund*, vol. II. p. 162.

Beard.

Beard.

How! are we outstript?
 Blown up by wit of man? Let us be gone
 Home again, home again, our market now is done.

Frances.

That were too great a scandal.

Throate.

Most true,
 Better to wed another than to return
 With scandal and defame: wed me a man
 Whose wealth may reconcile your mother's love,
 And make the action lawful.

Beard.

But where's the man?
 I like your counsel could you show the man.

Throate.

Myself am he, might I but dare aspire
 Unto so high a fortune.

Beard.

Mistress, take the man;
 Shall we be baffled with fair promises,
 Or shall we trudge like beggars back again?
 No, take this wise and virtuous man,
 Who, should he lose his legs, his arms, his ears,
 His nose, and all his other members,
 Yet if his tongue be left 'twill get his living;
 Take me this man.

Throate.

Thanks, gentle master Beard.

Frances.

'Tis impossible, this night he means to wed me.

Throate.

If not by law, we will with power prevent it,
 So you but give consent.

Frances.

Let's hear the means.

Throate.

I'll muster up my friends, and thus I ²⁴ cast it:

²⁴ *cast it,*] i. e. contrive it. The word is still sometimes used in the same sense.

VOL. V.

F f

Whilst

Whilst they are busy, you and I will hence
Directly to a chapel, where a priest
Shall knit the nuptial knot ere they pursue us.
Beard.

O rare invention !

Throate.

I'll act my part ;
He owes me thirteen pound, I say no more,
But there be catch-poles : speak, is't a match ?

Frances.

I give my liking.

Throate.

Dash.

Dash.

Sir.

Throate.

Get your sword, *[Exeunt Frances, and Beard.]*
And me my buckler ; nay, you shall know
We are *Tam Marti quàm Mercurio*,
Bring my cloak, you shall thither, I'll for friends,
Worship and wealth the lawyer's state attends.
²⁵ Dash, we must bear some brain to Saint John's-street,
Go, run, fly : and afar off enquire,
If that the lady Sommerfield be there,
If there, know what news, and meet me strait
²⁶ At the Mitre-door in Fleet-street ; away :
"To get rich wives, men must not use delay."

²⁵ *Dash, we must bear a brain*] So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51. "When these wordes of command are rotten we will sow some other military feedes ; you beare a braine and memory."

Again, the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, says,
"Well I do bear a brain."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on this last passage.

²⁶ *At the Mitre-door in Fleet-street*] From this line it seems as if the Mitre Tavern had been removed from Cheapside to where it now stands.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

*Enter Sir Oliver Small-shanks, Justice Tutchin.**Justice Tutchin.***A** HUNTING, fir Oliver, and dry-foot too!*Oliver Small-shanks.*

We old men have our crotchets, our conundrums,
 Our figares, quirks, and quibbles,
 As well as youth: Justice Tutchin, I go
 To hunt no buck, but prick a lusty doe,
 I go in truth a wooing.

Justice Tutchin.

Then ride with me,
 I'll bring you to my sister Sommerfield.

Oliver Small-shanks.

Justice, not so, by her there hangs a tale.

Justice Tutchin.

That's true indeed.

Oliver Small-shanks.

She has a daughter.

Justice Tutchin.

And what of that?

Oliver Small-shanks.

I likewise have a son,
 A villainous boy, his father up and down;
 What should I say? these velvet-bearded boys
 Will still be doing, say what we old men can.

Justice Tutchin.

And what of this, fir Oliver? be plain.

Oliver Small-shanks.

A nimble spirited knave, the villain boy,
 Has one trick of his fire, has got the wench,
 Stol'n your rich sister's heir.

Justice Tutchin.

Sommerfield's heir?

Oliver Small-shanks.

'Has done the deed, has pierc'd the vessel's head,
 And knows by this the vintage.

F f 2

Justice

Justice Tutchin.

When should this be?

*Oliver Small-shanks.*As I am by my counsel well informed,
This very day.*Justice Tutchin.*Tut, it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maid last night.*Oliver Small-shanks.*Maids may be maids to-night, and not to-morrow.
Women are free, and sell their maidenheads,
As men sell cloth by yard and handful;
But if you chance to see your sister widow,
Comfort her tears, and say her daughter's match'd
With one that has a knocker to his father,
An honest noble knight.*Justice Tutchin.*Stand close, knight, close,
And mark this captain's humour, his name is Puff.
He dreams as he walks, and thinks no woman*Enter Captain Puff.*

Sees him but is in love with him.

Puff.'Twere brave,
If some great lady through a window spied me,
And straight should love me; say she should send
Five thousand pound unto my lodging,
And crave my company: with that money
I would make three several cloaks, and line them
With black, crimson, and tawny three pil'd velvet;
I would eat at Chare's ordinary, and dice
At Antony's: then would I keep my whore
In beaten velvet, and have two slaves to tend her.*Oliver Small-shanks.*

Ha, ha, ha.

*Puff.*What my case of Justices?
What are you eaves-dropping? or do you think

Your

Your tawny coats with greasy facings here
 Shall carry it ? Sir Oliver Small-shanks,
 Know my name is Puff, knight, thee have I fought
 To fright thee from thy wits.

Justice Tutchin.

Nay, good fir Puff,
 We have too many mad men already,

Puff.

How ? I tell thee, justice Tutchin, not all
 Thy bailiffs, serjeants, busy constables,
 Defendants, warrants, or thy mittimusse,
 Shall save his throat from cutting, if he presume
 To woo the widow ²⁶ eclipsed Taffata :
 She is my wife by oath. Therefore take heed,
 Let me not catch thee in the widow's house :
 If I do, I'll pick thy head upon my sword,
 And piss in thy very visnomy ; beware, beware.
 Come there no more ; a captain's word
 Flies not so fierce as doth his fatal sword.

[*Exit Puff.*]

Oliver Small-shanks.

How like you this ? shall we endure this thunder,
 Or go no further ?

Justice Tutchin.

We will on, fir Oliver,
 We will on, let me alone to touch him ;
 I wonder how my spirit did forbear
 To strike him on the face : had this been spoke
 Within my liberties, h'ad died for it.

Re-enter Captain Puff,

Sir Oliver Small-shanks.

I was about to draw.

Puff.

If you come there,
 Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls by which
 I get me heat at tennis.

Justice Tutchin.

Is he gone ?
 I would he durst a stood to this a while ;

[*Exit Puff.*]

²⁶ eclipsed] i. e. called.

F f 3

Well,

Well, I shall catch him in a narrow room,
 Where neither of us can flinch : if I do,
 I'll make him dance a ²⁷ trenchmore to my sword :
 Come, I'll along with you to the widow.
 We will not be out-braved, take my word,
 We'll not be wrong'd while I can draw a sword.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Throate, and other Gentlemen.

Throate.

Let the coach stay at Shoe-lane end : be ready,
 Let the boot stand open ; and when she's in,
 Hurry towards Saint Giles's in the Fields,
 As if the devil himself were waggoner.
 Now for an arm of oak, and heart of steel,
 To bear away the wench, to get a wife,
 A gentlewoman, a maid, nay, which is more,
 An honest maid, and, which is most of all,
 A rich and honest maid ; O Jove ! O Jove !
 For a man to wed such a wife as this
 Is to dwell in the suburbs of heaven.

First Gentleman.

Is she so exquisite ?

Throate.

Sir, she is rich,
 And a great heir.

²⁷ a trenchmore] *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (says Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 391.) " frequent mention is made by our old old dramatic writers : Thus, in the *Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. one of the Townsmen says :

" All the windows of the town dance a new *trenchmore*."

" In the *Table Talk* of Selden, title *King of England*, is the following humorous passage : ' The Court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony ; and at length to *trenchmore* and the cushion dance : Then all the company dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toite. And in the comedy of *The Rehearsal*, the earth, sun, and moon, are made to dance the hey to the tune of *trenchmore*. From all which it may be inferred, that the *trenchmore* was a lively movement."

The *trenchmore* is mentioned in *The Pilgrim*, A. 4. S. 3.

Second

Second Gentleman.

Tis the more dangerous.

Throat.

Dangerous ? Lord ! where be those gallant spirits ?
 The time has been when scarce an honest woman,
 Much less a wench, could pass an Inn-of court,
 But some of the fry would have been doing
 With her : I knew the day when Shreds, a taylor,
 Coming once late by an Inn-of-chancery,
 Was laid along, and muffled in his cloak,
 His wife took-in, stitch'd up, turn'd out again,
 And he perswaded all was but in jest.
 Tut, those brave boys are gone, these which are left
 Are wary lads, live poring on their books,
 And give their linen to their landresses,
 By tale ; they now can save their purses ;
 I knew when every gallant had his man,
 But now a twelvepenny weekly landress
 Will serve the turn to half a dozen of them.

Enter Dash.

Here comes my man ; what news ?

Dash.

As you would wish ;
 The lady Sommerfield is come to town.
 Her horses yet are walking, and her men say,
 Her only daughter is conveyed away,
 No man knows how : now to it, master,
 You and your servant Dash are made for ever,
 If you but stick to it now.

Throat.

Gentlemen,
 Now shew yourselves at full, and not a man
 But shares a fortune with me if I speed.

*Enter William Small-shanks, Butcher, Thomas Small-shanks,
 Frances, and Beard with a torch.*

First Gentleman.

Tut, fear not us, be sure you run away,
 And we'll perform the quarrel.

F f 4

Throat.

Throate.

Stand close, they come.

William Small-shanks.

Art sure he will be here?

Frances.

Most sure.

William Small-shanks.

Beard.

Beard.

Sir.

*William Small-shanks.*Bear up the torch, and keep your way apace
Directly to the Savoy.*Throate.*

Have you a licence?

Look to that, brother, before you marry,
For fear the parson lose his benefice.*William Small-shanks.*Tut, our curate craves no licence; he swears
His living came to him by a miracle.*Boutcher.*

How by miracle?

*William Small-shanks.*Why he paid nothing for't;
He swears that few be free from simony,
But only Welshmen, and those he says too
Are but mountain priests.*Boutcher.*But hang him, fool, he lyes:
What's his reason?*William Small-shanks.*His reason is this;
That all their livings are so rude and bare,
That not a man will venture his damnation
By giving money for them: he does protest,
There is but two pair of hose and shoes
In all his parish.*First Gentleman.*

Hold up your light, fir.

Beard.

Shall I be taught how to advance my torch?

William

William Small-shanks.

What's the matter, lieutenant?

Second Gentleman.

Your lieutenant's an afs.

Beard.

How an afs? ²⁸ die men like dogs?

William Small-shanks.

Hold, gentlemen.

Beard.

An afs! an afs!

Throate.

Hold, brother, hold! lieutenant.

Put up as you are men, your wife is gone,

William Small-shanks.

Gone?

Boutcher.

Gone.

William Small-shanks.

How, which way? this is some plot.

Thomas Small-shanks.

Down toward Fleet-bridge.

All.

Follow, follow, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

First Gentleman.

So' has the wench; let us pursue aloof,
And see the event; this will prove good mirth,
When things unshap'd shall have a perfect birth.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter William Small-shanks, Boutcher, Thomas Small-shanks,
and Beard, their swords drawn.*

William Small-shanks.

'Tis a thing unpossible they should be gone
Thus far, and we not see them.

Thomas Small-shanks.

Upon my life,
They went in by the Greyhound, and so struck
Into Bridewell.

²⁸ die men like dogs? This expression is used by Pistol in the *Second Part of Henry IV. A. 2. S. 4.*

"Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins,

"Have we not Hiren here?"

Boutcher.

Boutcher.

What should she make there?

Thomas Small-shanks,

Take water at the dock.

Beard.

Water at dock!

A fico for her dock, you'll not be rul'd,
 You'll still be obstinate, I'll pawn my fate,
 She took along Shoe-lane, and so went home.

William Small-shanks.

Home?

Beard.

Aye, home; how could she choose but go,
 Seeing so many naked tools at once
 Drawn in the street?

Thomas Small-shanks.

What scurvy luck was this?

William Small-shanks.

Come, we will find her, or we'll fire the suburbs:
 Put up your tools; let's first along Shoe-lane,
 Then straight up Holborn; if we find her not,
 We'll thence direct to Throat's; if she be lost,
 I am undone, and all your hopes are crost.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Sir Oliver Small-shanks, Justice Tutchin, Mistress
 Tattata, Adriana.*

Oliver Small-shanks.

Widow, I must be short.

Justice Tutchin.

Sir Oliver,

Will you shame yourself, ha? you must be short,
 Why, what a word was that to tell a widow?

Oliver Small-shanks.

I meant I must be brief.

Justice Tutchin.

Why say so then,
 Yet that's almost as ill; go to, speak on.

Oliver Small-shanks.

Widow, I must be brief; what old men do,
 They must do quickly.

Taffata.

Then, good fir, do it,
Widows are seldom slow to put men to it.

Oliver Small-shanks.

And old men know their Q's, my love you know
Has been protested long, and now I come
To make my latest tender; an old grown oak
Can keep you from the rain, and stands as fair
And portly as the best.

Taffata.

Yet search him well,
And we shall find no pith or hearty timber
To underlay a building.

Justice Tutchin.

I would that oak
Had been a-fire: forward, good fir Oliver,
Your oak is naught: stick not too much to that.

Oliver Small-shanks.

If you can like, you shall be ladyfied,
Live at the court, and soon be got with child;
What do you think we old men can do nothing?

Justice Tutchin.

This was somewhat like.

Sir Oliver Small-shanks.

You shall have jewels,
A baboon, parrot, and ²⁹ an Iceland dog,
And I myself to bear you company.
Your jointure is five hundred pound by year,
Besides your plate, your chains, and household stuff,
When envious fate shall change this mortal life.

Taffata.

But shall I not be overcloy'd with love?
Will you not be too busy? shall I keep

²⁹ an Iceland dog] Or as it was sometimes called an *Island*, or *Isling*.
So, in *The Queen of Corinth*, A. 4. S. 1.:

"Hang hair, like hemp, or like the *Isling* cur's."
Maffinger's Picture, A. 5. S. 1.:

"— would I might lie

"Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,

"So I might have my belly full of that

"Her *Island* cur refuses."

My chamber by the month, if I be pleas'd
 To take physick, to send for visitants,
 To have my maid read ³⁰ *Amadis de Gaul*,
 Or *Donzel del Pharo* to me? shall I have
 A coach of the last edition,
 The coach-man's fear a good way from the coach,
 That if some other ladies and myself
 Chance to talk bawdy, he may not over-hear us?

Oliver Small-shanks.

All this, and more.

Taffata.

Shall we have two chambers?
 And will you not presume unto my bed,
 Till I shall call you by my waiting-maid?

Oliver-Small-shanks.

Not I by heaven!

Taffata.

And when I send her,
 Will you not intice her to your lust,
 Nor tumble her before you come to me?

Adriana.

Nay, let him do his worst, make your match sure,
 And fear not me, I never yet did fear
 Any thing my master could do to me.

[*Knock.*

Taffata.

What noise is that? go, see, Adriana,
 And bring me word: I am so haunted
 With a swaggering captain, that swears God bless us,

Enter Adriana.

³¹ Like a very Tarmagant; a rascal knave,
 That says he will kill all men which seek to wed me.

Adriana.

³³ *Amadis de Gaul*, &c.] Heroes of Romance.

³¹ *Like a very Tarmagant*] *Tarmagant*, or *Termagant*, was, as Dr. Percy observes, a Saracen Deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. He is frequently mentioned and alluded to in our ancient dramas and poems. Bishop Hall's Satires begin thus:

"Not Ladic's wanton love, nor wandering knight,

"Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight;

"Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt

"Of mightie Mabound, and great *Termagant*."

See

Adriana.

O mistress! captain Puff, half drunk, is now
Coming up stairs.

Oliver Small-banks.

O God! have you no room
Beyond this chamber? h'as sworn to kill me,
And piss in my very visnomy.

Taffata.

What are you afraid, sir Oliver?

Oliver Small-banks.

Not afraid;
But of all men I love not to meddle with a drunkard:
Have you any room backwards?

Taffata.

None, sir.

Justice Tutchin.

Is there ne'er a trunk or cupboard for him?
Is there ne'er a hole backwards to hide him in?

Captain Puff without.

I must speak with her.

Oliver Small-banks.

O God! he comes!

Adriana.

Creep under my mistress's farthingale, knight.
That's the best and safest place in the chamber.

Justice Tutchin.

Aye, there, there, that he will never mistrust.

Adriana.

Enter knight, keep close, gather yourself
Round like a hedge-hog, stir not, whate'er you hear,
See, or smell, knight. God bless us! here he comes.

Enter Captain Puff.

Captain Puff.

Bless thee, widow and wite.

See also *King and no King*, A. 4. and *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, A. 5.
Again, Hamlet says; "I would have such a fellow whipt for o'er-
doing *Termagant*."

See Notes on this passage, edit. 1778: also Mr. Warton's *Observations*
on Spenser, vol. II. p. 226.

Taffata.

Taffata.

Sir, get you gone,
 Leave my house, or I will have you conjur'd
 With such a spell you never yet heard of.
 Have you no other place to vent your froth,
 But in my house? is this the fittest place
 Your captain-ship can find to puff in, ha?

Captain Puff.

How? am I not thy spouse? didst thou not say
 These arms should ³² clip thy naked body fast
 Betwixt two linen sheets, and be sole lord
 Of all thy pewter-work? thy word is past,
 And know, that man is powder, dust, and earth,
 That shall once dare to think thee for his wife.

Taffata.

How now, you slave? One call the constable.

Captain Puff.

No constable with all his halberdiers
 Dare once advance his head or peep up stairs,
 If I cry but Keep down: have I not liv'd,
 And march'd on sieged walls,

In thunder, lightning, rain, and snow,
 And eke in shot of powdered balls,
 Whose costly marks are yet to shew.

Taffata.

Captain Face, for my last husband's sake,
 With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,
 I am content to wink at these rude tricks;
 But hence! trouble me no more; if you do
 I shall lay you fast, where you shall see
 No sun or moon.

Captain Puff.

Nor yet the northern pole.
 A fico for the sun and moon, let me live in a hole,
 So these two stars may shine.

Taffata.

Sir, get you gone,
 You swaggering cheating ³³ Turn-bull-street rogue,

³² clip} embrace.³⁴ Turn-bull-street] See Note 47 to *The Muses Looking Glass*, vol. IX.
p. 244

Or I will hale you to the common gaol,
Where lice shall eat you.

Captain Puff.

Go to, I shall spurn
And slash your petticoat.

Taffata.

Run to the Counter,
Fetch me a ³⁴ red-bearded serjeant; I'll make
You, captain, think the devil of hell is come
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.

Captain Puff.

Damn thee and thy serjeants, thou mercer's punk.
Thus will I kick thee and thy farthingales.

Oliver Small-banks.

Hold, captain!

Captain Puff.

What, do you cast your whelps?
What, have I found you, sir? have not I plac'd
My sakers, culverings, demi-culverings,
My cannons, demi-cannons, basilisks,
Upon her breach, and do I not stand
Ready with my pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her?

Oliver Small-banks.

Good captain, hold.

Captain Puff.

Are not her bulwarks, parapets, trenches,
Scarfs, counter-scarfs, fortifications,
Curtains, shadows, mines, counter-mines,
Rampires, forts, ditches, works, water-works,
And is not her half-moon mine? and do you bring
A rescue, good man knight?

Taffata.

Call up my men.

Enter two or three with clubs.

Where be these knaves, have they no ears or hearts?
Bear hence this rascal; some other fetch a warrant,
I'll teach him to know himself.

³⁴ red bearded Serjeant] See Note 211 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.
p. 198.

Justice Tutchin.

Down with the slave.

Oliver Small-shanks.

'Tis not your beard shall carry it; down with the rogue.

Captain Puff.

Not Hercules 'gainst twenty.

Justice Tutchin.

Ah, firrah!

[*Exit. Puff.*

I know my hands no longer could forbear him;

Why did you not strike the knave, sir Oliver?

Oliver Small-shanks

Why so I did.

Justice Tutchin.

But then it was too late.

*Oliver Small-shanks.*What would you have me do, when I was down,
And he stood thundering with his weapon drawn,*Enter Adriana.*

Ready to cut my throat?

*Adriana.*The rogue is gone,
And here's one from the lady Sommerfield,
To intreat you come with all the speed you can
To Saint John's-street.*Justice Tutchin.*

Which I will do.

Taffata.

Gentlemen,

I am sorry you should be thus disturbed
Within my house, but now all fear is past,
You are most welcome: supper ended,
I'll give a gracious answer to your suit;
Mean while let nought dismay, or keep you mute.[*Exit.**Enter Throate, Frances, and Dash.**Throate.*Pay the coachman, Dash, pay him well,
And thank him for his speed. Now *Vivat Rex*,

The

The knot is knit, which not the law itself,
 With all his Hydra heads, and strongest nerves,
 Is able to disjoin: now let him hang,
 Fret out his guts, and swear the stars from heaven,
 He never shall enjoy you; you shall be rich.
 Your lady mother this day came to town
 In your pursuit: we will but shift some rags,
 And straight go take her blessing.

Frances.

That must not be;
 Furnish me with jewels, and then myself,
 Attended by your man, and honest Beard,
 Will thither first, and with my lady mother
 Crave a peace for you.

Throate.

I like that well;
 Her anger somewhat calm'd, I brisk and fine,
 Some half hour after will present myself
 As son-in-law unto her, which she must needs
 Accept with gracious looks.

Frances.

Aye, when she knows
 Before by me, from what an eminent plague
 Your wisdom has preserv'd me.

Throate.

Aye, that, that,
 That will strike it dead: but here comes Beard.

Enter Beard.

Beard.

What are you sure, tied fast by heart and hand?

Throate.

I now do call her wife, she now is mine,
 Seal'd and deliver'd by an honest priest
 At Saint Giles' in the Fields.

Beard.

God give you joy, sir.

Throate.

But where's mad Small-shanks?

VOL V.

G g

Beard.

Beard.

O hard at hand,
 And almost mad with loss of his fair bride ;
 Let not my lovely mistress be seen ;
 And see if you can draw him to compound
 For all his title to her ; I have serjeants
 Ready to do the feat, when time shall serve.

Throate.

Stand you aside, dear love ; nay, I will firk [Exit Frances]
 My silly novice, as he was never firk'd
 Since midwives bound his noddle : here they come.

*Enter William Small-shanks, Thomas Small-shanks, and
 Boutcher.*

William Small-shanks.

O, master Throate, unless you speak good news,
 My hopes are crost, and I undone for ever.

Throate.

I never thought you'd come to other end,
 Your courses have been always so prophane,
 Extravagant, and base.

William Small-shanks.

Nay, good sir, hear :
 Did not my love return ? came she not hither ?
 For Jove's love speak.

Throate.

Sir, will you get you gone,
 And seek your love elsewhere ? for know, my house
 Is not to entertain such customers
 As you and your comrades.

William Small-shanks.

Is the man mad,
 Or drunk ? Why, master Throate, know you to whom
 You talk so saucily ?

Throate.

Why unto you,
 And to your brother Small-shanks ; will you be gone ?

Boutcher.

Nay, good sir, hold us not in this suspense,
 Answer directly ; came not the virgin hither ?

Throate.

Throate.

Will you be gone directly? are you mad?
Come you to seek a virgin in Ram-Alley,
So near an Inn-of-court, and amongst cooks,
Ale-men, and landresses? why, are you fools?

William Small-shanks.

Sir, leave this firk of law, or by this light
I'll give your throat a slit; came she not hither?
Answer to that point.

Throate.

What, have you lost her?
Come, do not gull your friends?

William Small-shanks.

By heaven she's gone,
Unless she be return'd since we last left you.

Throate.

Nay, then, I cry you mercy, she came not hither,
As I am an honest man: is't possible,
A maid so lovely fair, so well demeaned,
Should be took from you? what you three,
So young, so brave, and valiant gentlemen?
Sure it cannot be!

Thomas Small-shanks.

Afore God 'tis true.

William Small-shanks.

To our perpetual shame 'tis now too true.

Throate.

Is she not left behind you in the tavern?
Are you sure you brought her out? were you not drunk,
And so forgot her?

William Small-shanks.

A pox on all such luck!
I will find her, or by this good light
I'll fire all the city: come let's go;
Whoever has her shall not long enjoy her,
I'll prove a contract; let's walk the round,
I'll have her if she keep above the ground,

Throate.

Ha, ha, ha, he makes me sport i' faith,
The gull is mad, stark-mad; Dash, draw the bond,

G g 2

[Exit.

And

And a release of all his interest
In this my loved wife.

Beard.

Aye, be sure of that,
For I have certain goblins in ³⁵ buff jerkins,

Re-enter William Small-shanks with the Serjeants.
Lie in ambuscado for him.

Officer.

I arrest you, fir.

William Small-shanks.

Rescue! rescue!

Throate.

O he is caught.

William Small-shanks.

I'll give you bail.
Hang off, honest catch-poles: master Throate, good, wife,
Learned, and honest master Throate, now, now,
Now or never help me.

Throate.

What's the matter?

William Small-shanks.

Here are two retainers, hangers-on, fir,
Which will consume more than ten liveries;
If by your means they be not strait shook off,
I am arrested.

Throate.

Arrested! what's the sum?

William Small-shanks.

But thirteen pounds, due to Beard the butler;
Do but bail me, and I will save you harmless.

Throate.

Why, here's the end of riot: I know the law;
If you be bail'd by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will undertake.

William Small-shanks.

Law there, rogues;
'Foot! I know he would not let me want
For thirteen pounds.

³⁵ buff jerkins] The dress of the Serjeants at that time.

Throate.

Throate.

Provided you seal a release
Of all your claim to mistress Sommerfield.

William Small-banks.

Serjeants do your kind, hale me to the hole,
Seal a release! serjeants come: to prison!
Seal a release for mistress Sommerfield!
First I will stink in jail, be eat with lice,
Indure an object worse than the devil himself,
And that's ten serjeants peeping through the grates
Upon my lousy linen: Come to jail:
'Foot, a release!

Thomas Small-banks.

There's no conscience in it.

Butcher.

'Tis a demand uncharitable.

Throate.

Nay, choose.

Enter Frances.

Frances.

I can hold no longer; impudent man——

William Small-banks.

My wife, 'foot! my wife; let me go serjeants.

Frances.

O thou perfidious man! dar'st thou presume
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?
What conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maid,
A silly harmless maid? what glory is't
That thou hast thus deceived a simple virgin,
And brought her from her friends? what honour was't
For thee to make the butler lose his office,
And run away with thee? Your tricks are known;
Didst thou not swear thou shouldst be baroniz'd?
And hadst both lands and fortunes? both which thou want'st.

William Small-banks.

'Foot, that's not my fault, I would have lands
If I could get 'em.

Frances.

I know your tricks,
And know I now am wife unto this man.

G g 3

Omnes.

Quines.

How?

Throate.

I thank her, sir; she has now vouchsaf'd
To cast herself on me.

Frances.

Therefore subscribe:

Take somewhat of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man;
If not, I do protest by earth and heaven,
Although I starve, thou never shalt enjoy me.

Beard.

Her vow is past, nor will she break her word;
Look to it, mitcher.

Frances.

I hope he will compound.

William Small-shanks.

'Foot, shall I give two thousand pounds a year
For nothing?

Thomas Small-shanks.

Brother, come; be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little than lose all,

Boutcher.

You see she's resolute; y'had best compound.

William Small-shanks.

I'll first be damn'd ere I will lose my right,
Unless he give me up my forfeit mortgage,
And bail me of this action.

Frances.

Sir, you may choose;
What's the mortgage worth?

William Small-shanks.

Let's have no whispering

Throate.

Some forty pounds a year.

Frances.

Do it, do it;
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him
At any rate.

Throate.

Throate.

Dash, go fetch his mortgage. [Exit Dash.]
 So that your friends be bound, you shall not claim
 Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
 In time to come, in this my loved wife:
 I will restore the mortgage, pay this debt,
 And set you free.

William Small-banks.

They shall not.

Boutcher.

We will.

Come draw the bonds, and we will soon subscribe them.

*Enter Dash.**Throate.*

They're ready drawn; here's his release;
 Serjeants, let him go.

Dash.

Here's the mortgage, fir.

William Small-banks.

Was ever man thus cheated of a wife!
 Is this my mortgage?

Throate.

The very same, fir.

William Small-banks.

Well, I will subscribe; God give you joy,
 Although I have but little cause to wish it,
 My heart will scarce consent unto my hand.
 'Tis done.

Throate.

You give this as your deeds.

Omnes.

We do.

Throate.

Certify them, Dash.

William Small-banks.

What! am I free?

Throate.

You are; serjeants, I discharge you.
 There's your fees.

G g 4

Beard.

Beard.

Not so; I must have money.

Throate.

I'll pass my word.

*Beard.*Foutre! words are wind;
I say I must have money.*Throate.*

How much, sir.

Beard.

Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to-morrow.

*Throate.*There's your sum; now, officers, be gone,
Each take his way; I must to Saint John's-street,
And see my lady-mother: she's now in town,
And we to her shall straight present our duties.*Thomas Small-shanks.*

O Jove, shall we lose the wench thus!

William Small-shanks.

Even thus.

Throate farewell; since 'tis thy luck to have her,
I still shall pray, you long may live together:
Now each to his affairs.*Throate.*

Good night to all.

*[Exeunt W. S. T. S. and Boute.]*Dear wife, step in; Beard and Dash come hither:
Here take this money: go borrow jewels
Of the next goldsmith: Beard, take thou these books,
Go both to the brokers in Fetter-lane,
Lay them in pawn for a velvet jerken
And a double ruff; tell him, he shall have
As much for loan to-night, as I do give
Usury for a whole circuit; which done,
You two shall man her to her mother's: go.*[Exeunt Beard and Dash.]*My fate looks big; methinks I see already,
Nineteen gold chains, seventeen great beards, and ten
Reverend bald heads, proclaim my way before me;
My coach shall now go prancing through Cheap-side,
And not be forc'd to hurry through the streets

For

For fear of serjeants ; nor shall I need to try,
Whether my well-gras'd tumbling foot-cloth nag
Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catch-pole ;
I now in pomp will ride, for 'tis most fit,
He should have state that riseth by his wit.

[Exit.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Sir Oliver, Justice Tutchin, Taffata, and Adriana.

Sir Oliver.

GOOD meat the belly fills, good wine the brain ;
Women please men, men pleasure them again :
Ka me, Ka thee, one thing must rub another.
English love Scots, Welshmen love each other.

Justice Tutchin.

You say very right, sir Oliver, very right ;
I have't in my noddle i'faith. That's all the fault
Old justices have, when they are at feasts,
³⁶ They will bib hard ; they will be fine sun-burnt,
Sufficient fox'd or columber'd, now and then ;
Now could I sit in my chair at home, and nod,
A drunkard to the stocks, ³⁷ by virtue of
The last statute rarely.

Taffata.

Sir, you are merry.

Justice Tutchin.

I am indeed.

Taffata.

Your supper, sir, was light,
But I hope you think you welcome,

³⁶ *They will bib hard, &c.]* These are cant phrases for being intoxicated.

³⁷ — by virtue of

The last statute rarely] The Statute here referred to is the 4th of James the First, 1606, which directs that any persons convicted of being drunk shall pay five shillings, or be set in the stocks during the space of six hours for the first offence ; and for the second be bound in a recognizance for his good behaviour.

Justice

Justice Tutchin.

I do,
 A light supper quoth you ; pray God it be,
 Pray God I carry it cleanly, I am sure it lies
 As heavy in my belly as moult lead ;
 Yet I'll go see my sister Sommetfield.

Sir Oliver.

So late, good justice ?

Justice Tutchin.

Aye, even so late.
 Night is the mother of wit, as you may see
 By poets, or rather constables,
 In their examinations at midnight ;
 We'll lie together without marrying,
 Save the curates and the parish a labour ;
 'Tis a thriving course.

Sir Oliver.

That may not be,
 For excommunications then will flee.

Justice Tutchin.

That's true, they fly indeed like wild geese
 In flocks, one in the breech of another,
 But the best is, a small matter stays them,
 And so farewell.

Sir Oliver.

Farewel, good justice Tutchin. [*Exit Justice Tutchin.*]
 Alas, good gentleman, his brains are crazed ;
 But let that pass ; speak, widow, is't a match ?
 Shall we clap it up ?

Adriana.

Nay, if't come to clapping,
 Good night i'faith ; mistress look before you,
 There's nothing more dangerous to maid or widow,
 'Then sudden clappings up, nothing has spoiled
 So many proper ladies, as clappings up :
 Your shuttle-cock, striding from tables to ground,
 Only to try the strength of the back,
 Your riding a hunting, aye, though they fell
 With their heels upward, and lay as if
 They were taking the height of some high star

Wuh.

With a cross staff, no nor your jumbings
In horslitters, ³⁸ coaches or carriages,
Have spoil'd so many women as clappings up.

Sir Oliver.

Why, then, we'll chop it up.

Taffata.

That's not allowed,
Unless you were son to a Welch curate :
But faith, fir Knight, I have a kind of itching
To be a lady ; that I can tell you wooes,
And can persuade with better rhetoric,
Than oaths, wit, wealth, valour, lands, or person ;
I have some debts at Court, and marrying you,
I hope the courtiers will not stick to pay me.

Sir Oliver.

Never fear thy payment. This I will say
For courtiers, they'll be sure to pay each other,
Howe'er they deal with citizens.

Taffata.

Then here's my hand,

³⁸ *coaches and carriages*] These names, which are generally considered as synonymous, appear from this passage to signify different kinds of vehicles, or different sizes of the same. About this time they were come into general use. Dr. Percy, in his Notes to the Northumberland Household Book, p. 448. says, from Anderson's Origin of Commerce, that coaches were introduced into England by Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580 ; but from the following passage in the Works of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630, p. 240. they appear to have been used some years earlier : " For in the yeere 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queene Elizabeth's coachman ; for indeede a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement : some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagin'd it to be one of the Pagan Temples, in which the Canibals adored the divell : but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade : So that now all the world may see, they are as common as whores, and may be hired as easie as Knights of the Post." Dr. Percy observes, they were first drawn with two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1619, began to draw with six horses, which (Wilson tells us, Life of King James, 1653, fol. p. 130.) " was wondered at then as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." About the same time he introduced Sedan Chairs.

I am

I am your wife, condition we be joined
Before to-morrow's sun.

Sir Oliver.

Nay, even to-night
So you be pleas'd; with little warning, widow,
We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,
Before the time that chancicleer
Shall call, and tell the day is near.
When wenches, lying on their backs,
Receive with joy their love-stol'n smacks;
When maids awak'd from their first sleep,
Deceiv'd with dreams, begin to weep,
And think, if dreams such pleasures know,
What sport the substance them would show;
When ladies 'gin white limbs to spread,
Her love but new stol'n to her bed,
His cotien shoes yet scarce put off,
And dares not laugh, speak, sneeze, or cough;
When precise dames begin to think,
Why their gross louting husbands stink;
What pleasure 'twere then to enjoy,
A nimble vicar, or a boy;
Before this time thou shalt behold
Me quaffing out our bride ale-bowl.

Adriana.

Then belike before the morning sun
You will be coupled.

Taffata.

Yes faith, *Adriana.*

Adriana.

Well, I will look you shall have a clean smock,
Provided that you pay the fee, sir Oliver;
Since my mistress, sir, will be a lady,
I'll lose no fees due to the waiting-maid.

Sir Oliver.

Why is there a fee belonging to it?

Adriana.

A knight, and never heard of smock-fees?
I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impost set upon them.

Enter

Enter William Small-shanks.

Sir Oliver.

Whom have we here? what my mad-headed son;
What makes he here so late? Say I am gone;
And I the whilst will step behind the hangings.

William Small-shanks.

God bless thee, parcel of man's flesh.

Taffata.

How, sir.

William Small-shanks.

Why parcel of man's flesh, art not a woman?
But, widow, where's the old stinkard my father;
They say, widow, you dance all together
After his pipe.

Taffata.

What then?

William Small-shanks.

Th'art a fool,
I'll assure thee, there's no music in it.

Taffata.

Can you play better?

William Small-shanks.

Better, widow?
Blood, dost think I have not learnt my ³⁹ prick-song?
What not the Court prick-song? One up, and another down:
Why I have't to a hair; by this light,
I hope thou lovest him not.

Taffata.

I'll marry him, sir.

William Small-shanks.

How, marry him! 'foot, art mad, widow,
Wo't marry an old crazed man,
With meagre looks, with visage wan,
With little legs, and crinckled thighs,
With chap-fall'n gums, and deep-sunk eyes?
Why a dog, seiz'd on ten days by death,
Stinks not so loathsome as his breath;
Nor can a city common jakes,
Which all mens' breeches undertakes;

³⁹ prick-song.] See Note 5 to *Microcosmus*, vol. IX. p. 132.

Yield fasting stomachs such a savour,
As doth his breath, and ugly favour.

Sir Oliver.

Rogue!

Adriana.

That's all one, sir; she means to be a lady.

William Small-shanks.

Does she so? and thou must be her waiting-woman.
Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To sit at a chamber-door, and look fleas
In my lady's dog, while she is shewing
Some slippery breech'd courtier rare faces
In a by-window: 'foot, widow,
Marry me, a young and compleat gallant.

Taffata.

How a compleat gallant? what? a fellow,
With a hat tuck'd up behind, and what we use
About our hips to keep our coats from dabbling:
He wears about his neck a farthingale,
A standing collar to keep his neat band clean,
The whilst his shirt doth stink, and is more foul
Than an inn-of-chancery table-cloth:
His breeches must be pleited as if he had
Some thirty pockets, when one poor half-penny purse
Will carry all his treasure; his knees all points,
As if his legs and hams were tied together;
A fellow that has no inside, but prates
By rote, as players and parrots use to do,
And, to define a compleat gallant right,
A mercer form'd him, a taylor makes him,
A player gives him spirit.

William Small-shanks.

Why so in my conscience to be a countess,
Thou wouldst marry a hedge-hog: I must confess,
'Tis state to have a cox-comb kiss your hands,
While yet the chamber-lie is scarce wip'd off;
To have an upright usher march before you
Bare-headed in a tuffatata jerkin,
Made of your old cast gown, shews passing well,
But when you feel your husband's pulses, that's hell;
Then you fly out, and bid straight smocks farewell.

Taffata.

Taffata.

I hope, sir, what'er our husbands be,
We may be honest.

William Small-Shanks.

May be, nay y'are :

Women and honesty are as near allied
As Parsons lives are to their doctrines ;
One and the same ; but, widow, now be rul'd ;
I hope the heavens will give thee better grace
Than to accept the father, and I yet live,
To be bestowed ; if you wed the stinkard,
You shall find the tale of Tantalus
To be no fable, widow.

Sir Oliver.

How I sweat !

I can hold no longer ; degenerate bastard,
I here disclaim thee, cashier thee ; nay more,
I disinheret thee both of my love
And living ; get thee a gray cloak and hat
And walk in Paul's among thy cashierd mates
As melancholy as the best.

Taffata.

Come not near me,
I forbid thee my house : my out-houses,
My garden, orchard, and my back-side,
Thou shalt not harbour near me. [*Exeunt Taffata and Adriana.*

Sir Oliver.

Nay to thy grief,
Know, varlet, I will be wed this morning,
Thou shalt not be there nor once be grac'd
With a ⁴¹ piece of rosemary, I'll cashier thee,
Do not reply, I will not stay to hear thee. [*Exit Sir Oliver.*

William Small-Shanks.

Now may I go put me on a clean shirt,
And hang myself : foot, who would have thought

⁴⁰ And walk in Paul's] St. Paul's Cathedral, which at this period was open all day, and the resort of all the idle, profligate, or necessitous people in town.

⁴¹ piece of rosemary] See Note to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

The fox had earth'd so near me ; what's to be done ?
 What miracle shall I now undertake
 To win ⁴² respective grace with God and men ?
 What if I turn'd courtier and liv'd honest ?
 Sure that would do : I dare not walk the streets,
 For I dwindle at a serjeant in buff
 Almost as much as a new player does
 At a plague bill certified forty.
 Well, I like this widow ; a lusty plump drab,
 Has substance both in breech and purse,
 And pity and sin it were she should be wed
 To a furr'd cloak and a night-cap. I'll have her :
 This widow I will have : her money
 Shall pay my debts and set me up again,
 'Tis here, 'tis almost forg'd, which if it take ;
 The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate.

[Exit.

Enter Beard, Dash, Frances, Serjeants, Drawers.

Beard.

Serjeants, beware, be sure, you not mistake,
 For if you do—

Dash.

She shall be quickly bail'd,
 She shall *corpus cum causa* be remov'd,
 Your action entered first below shall shrink,
 And you shall find, fir Serjeant, she has friends
 Will stick to her in the common place.

Serjeant.

Sir,
 Will you procure her bail ?

Beard.

She shall be bail'd ;
 Drawer, bring up some wine, use her well,
 Her husband is a gentleman of fort.

⁴² *respective*] i. e. *respectful*. So, in *The Second Part of Antonio and Mellida*, A. 3. S. 4 :

"I give the noble duke *respective* thanks."

Every Man out of his Humour, A. 5. S. 4 :

"I am bound to pledge it *respectively*, fir."

Cynthia's Revels, A. . S. :

"Methinks he did not this *respectively* enough."

Serjeant.

Serjeant.

A gentleman of fort! why what care?
A woman of her fashion shall find
More kindness at a lusty Serjeant's hand
Then ten of your gentlemen of fort.

Dash.

Sir, use her well; she's wife to master Throate.

Serjeant.

I'll use her, sir, as if she were my wife.
Would you have any more?

Beard.

Drink upon that,
Whilst we go fetch her bail: Dash, fellow Dash,
With all the speed thou hast run for our master;
Make haste, lest he be gone before thou comest
To lady Sommerfield's: I'll fetch another;
She shall have bail.

Dash.

And a firking writ
Of false imprisonment, she shall be sure
Of twelvecence damage, and five and twenty pound
For suits in law: I'll go fetch my master.

Beard.

And I another.

[*Exeunt Beard and Dash.*]

Serjeant.

Drawer, leave the room.
Here, mistress, a health.

Frances.

Let it come, sweet rogue. [The Drawer stands aside.]

Drawer.

Aye, say you so? then must I have an eye;
These Serjeants feed on very good reversions,
On capons, teals, and sometimes on a woodcock,
⁴¹ Hot from the shrieve's own table; the knaves feed well,
Which makes them horrid letchers.

Frances.

This health is pledged;

⁴¹ Hot from the Shrieve's table;] It was formerly customary for the
Counters in London to receive the remains of the Sheriffs' dinners, for the
use of the prisoners confined there. See Stow's Survey, vol. I. B. 3.
p. 51. Edit. 1721.

And, honest serjeant, how does master Gripe,
 The keeper of the Counter? I do protest
 I found him always favourable to me,
 He is an honest man; has often stood to me:
 And been my friend; and let me go a trust
 For victual when he has denied it knights; but come,
 Let's pay, and then be gone; th' arrest you know
 Was but a trick, to get from nimble Dash
 My husband's man.

Serjeant.

True: but I have an action
 At suit of mistress Smell-smock, your quondam bawd,
 The sum is eight good pound, for six weeks board,
 And five weeks loan for a red taffata gown,
 Bound with a silver lace.

Frances.

I do protest,
 By all the honesty 'twixt thee and me,
 I got her in that gown in six weeks space
 Four pound; and fourteen pence given by a clerk
 Of an Inn-of-chancery, that night I came
 Out of her house; and does the filthy jade
 Send to me for money? But, honest serjeant,
 Let me go, and say thou didst not see me,
 I'll do thee as great a pleasure shortly.

Serjeant.

Shall we embrace to-night?

Frances.

With all my heart.

Serjeant.

Sit on my knee, and kiss.

Enter Beard.

Beard.

What news, boy? why stand you centinel?

Drawer.

Do but conceal yourself, and we shall catch
 My serjeant napping.

Beard.

Shall maids be here deflowered?

Serjeant.

Serjeant.

Now kifs again.

Drawer.

Now, now.

Enter Captain; and, seeing the burly-burly, runs away.

Beard.

Deflower virgins ! rogue ? avant, ye slave !
Are maids fit subjects for a serjeant's mace ?
So now are we once more free : there's for the wine.

[Exit Serjeant.]

Now to our rendezvous : three pounds in gold
These ⁴⁴ slops contain ; we'll quaff in ⁴⁵ Venice glasses,
And swear some lawyers are but silly asses.

Exeunt Beard and Frances.

Enter Captain Face.

Captain.

Is the coast clear ? are these combustions ceas'd ?
And may we drink canary sack in peace ?
Shall we have no attendance here, you rogues ?
Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Faster than ⁴⁶ virginal jacks ? drawers !

Drawer.

Sir !

Captain.

On whom wait you, sir rogue ?

Drawer.

Faith, captain,
I attend a conventicle of players.

Captain.

How players, what is there e'er a cuckold among them ?

Drawer.

Jove defend else, it stands with policy,

⁴⁴ slops] are breeches. The term occurs in almost every writer of the times.

⁴⁵ Venice glasses,] In *Philosorbonista*, 1635. p. 46. it is said " Of glasses to quaffe in, the fashions and sizes be almost without number, some transported hither from Venice and other places, some made in the Citie by strangers. The manufactory of glafs at Venice was then very considerable." See Howell's *Letters*, 1754, p. 56.

⁴⁶ virginal jacks ?] See Note 47 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 359.

That one should be a notorious cuckold,
If it be but for the better keeping
The rest of his company together.

Captain.

When did you see fir Theophrastus Slop,
The city dog-master?

Drawer.

Not to-day, fir.

Captain.

What have you for my supper?

Drawer.

Nothing ready.

Unless you please to stay the dressing, captain.

Captain.

Zownds! stay the dressing! you damned rogue,
What, shall I wait upon your greasy cook,
And wait his leisure? go down stairs, rogue;
Now all her other customers be serv'd,
Ask if your mistress have a snip of mutton
Yet left for me.

Drawer.

Yes, fir.

Captain.

And good-man rogue,
See what good thing your kitchin-maid has left
For me to work upon, my barrow-guttlings grumble
And would have food: [*Exit Drawer*] Say now the vintner's
wife

Should bring me up a pheasant, partridge, quail;
A pleasant banquet, and extreemly love me,
Desire me to eat, kifs, and protest,
I should pay nothing for it; say she should drink
Herself three quarters drunk to win my love,
Then give me a chain worth some three score pounds;
Say t'were worth but forty; say but twenty;
For citizens do seldom in their wooing
Give above twenty pounds; say then 'tis twenty,
I'll go sell some fifteen pounds worth of the chain
To buy some cloaths, and shift my lowsy linen,
And wear the rest as a perpetual favour
About my arm in fashion of a bracelet:

Say

Say then her husband should grow jealous,
 I'd make him drunk, and then I'll cuckold him.
 But then a vintner's wife, some rogue will say,
 Which sits at bar for the receipt of custom,
 That smells of chippings, and of broken fish,
 Is Love to captain Face; which to prevent,
 I'll never come but when her best sticht hat,
 Her bugle gown, and best wrought smock, is on;
 Then does she neither smell of bread, of meat,
 Or drappings of the tap; it shall be so.

Enter Butcher, William Small-shanks, and Constantia.

Butcher.

Now leave us, boy; bless you, captain Face.

Captain.

47 I'll have no musick.

William Small-shanks.

'Foot, dost take us for fiddlers?

Captain.

Then turn straight; drawer, run down the stairs,
 And thank the gods he gave me that great patience
 Not to strike you.

Butcher.

Your patience, sir, is great,
 For you dare seldom strike. Sirrah, they say,
 You needs will wed the widow Taffata,
Nolens volens.

Captain Face.

Do not urge my patience,
 Awake not fury now rak'd up in embers,
 I give you leave to live.

47 I'll have no musick.] Formerly there were a set of itinerant Musicians who used to earn a scanty pittance by going about in winter evenings to taverns and inns, playing for the entertainment of the company they found there. Sir John Hawkins (*History of Musick*, vol. V. p. 66) mentions a person who was an excellent performer, and yet submitted to get his living by this practice so late as the year 1735. It is said, that some Musicians attended the greater inns so constantly, that they might in some sort be styled retainers to the houses.

H h 3

William

William Small-Shanks.

Men say y've tricks,
Y're an admirable ape, and you can do
More feats than three baboons ; we must have some.

Captain Face.

My patience yet is great ; I say be gone,
My tricks are dangerous.

Boutcher.

That's nothing,
I have brought you furniture ; come get up,
Upon this table, do your feats,
Or I will whip you to them ; do not I know
You are a lousy knave ?

Captain Face.

How ! lousy knave ;
Are we not English bred ?

Boutcher.

Y're a coward rogue,
That dares not look a kitling in the face,
If she but stare or mew.

Captain Face.

My patience yet is great :
Do you bandy tropes, by Dis I will be knight,
Wear a blue coat on great Saint George's-day,
And with my fellows drive you all from Paul's
For this attempt.

Boutcher.

Will you yet get up ?
I must lash you to it.

Captain Face.

By Pluto, gentlemen,
To do you pleasure, and to make you sport,
I'll do't.

William Small-Shanks.

Come, get up then quick.

Boutcher.

I'll dress you, fir.

Captain Face.

By Jove 'tis not for fear,

But for a love I bear unto these tricks,
That I perform it.

Boutcher.

Hold up your snout, fir,
Sit handsomely; by heaven, fir, you must do it;
Come, boy.

William Small-banks.

No; by this good light I'll play
Him that goes with the motions.

Drawer.

Where's the Captain's gentlemen?

William Small-banks.

Stand back, boy, and be a spectator. Gentlemen,
You shall see the strange nature of an out-landish beast,
That has but two legs, bearded like a man,
Nosed like a goose, and tongued like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Cataia,
A beast of much understanding, were it not given
Too much to the love of venery: do I not do it well?

Boutcher.

Admirably!

William Small-banks.

Remember, noble captain,
You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, fir,
What can you do for the great Turk?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
Hark, he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not;
What can you do for the town of Geneva, firrah?

[He holds up his hands instead of praying.]

Constantia.

Sure this baboon is a great Puritan.

Boutcher.

Is not this strange?

William Small-banks.

Not a whit by this light;
Banks his horse and he were taught both in a stable.

Drawer.

O rare!

⁴⁸ Banks his horse] See Note 29 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI.
P. 507.

Captain Face.

Zound! I'll first be damn'd: shall sport
 Be laught at? by Dis, by Pluto, and great Proserpine,
 My fatal blade once drawn, falls but with death,
 Yet if you'll let me go, I vow by Jove,
 No widow, maid, wife, punk, or cockatrice,
 Shall make me haunt your ghosts.

Boutcher.

'Twill not serve, sir,
 You must shew more.

Captain Face.

I'll first be hang'd and damn'd.

[Runs out]

William Small-shanks.

'Foot, can he jump so well?

Boutcher.

Is he so quick?

I hope the slave will haunt no more the widow.

William Small-shanks.

As for that take no care, for by this light
 She'll not have thee.

Boutcher.

Not have me?

William Small-shanks.

No, not have thee.

By this hand, flesh, and blood, she is resolv'd
 To make my father a most fearful cuckold,
 And he's resolv'd to save his soul by her.

Boutcher.

How, by her?

William Small-shanks.

Thus; all old men which marry
 Young wives shall questionless be sav'd,
 For while th'are young, they keep other men's wives,
 And when th'are old, they keep wives for other men,
 And so by satisfaction procure salvation.
 Why, thou dejected tail of a crab!
 Does not fair Constantia Sommerfield
 Doat on thy filthy face? and wilt thou wed
 A wanton widow? what canst thou see
 To doat on her?

Boutcher.

Only this; I love her.

William

MERRY TRICKS.

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William Small-shanks.

Do'st love her? then take a purgation,
For love, I'll assure thee, is a binder.

Of all things under heaven, there's no fitter parallels than a Drunkard and a Lover: for a drunkard loses his senses, so does your Lover; your Drunkard is quarrellsome, so is your Lover: your Drunkard will swear, lye, and speak great words, so will your Lover; your Drunkard is most desirous of his lutchery, and so is your Lover: Well, the night grows old, farewell.

I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While fair Constantia is resolv'd to wed thee,

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Thomas Small-shanks, and others.

Thomas Small-shanks.

'Foot, shall we let the wench go thus?
My masters, now shew yourselves gentlemen,
And take away the lawyer's wife;
'Foot, though I have no wit, yet I can
Love a wench, and choose a wife.

Gentlemen,

Why, sir, what should you do with a wife, that are held none of the wisest? you'll get none but fools.

Thomas Small-shanks.

How! fools? why may not I a fool get a wise child as well as a wise man get fools: all lies but in the agility of the woman: in troth, I think all fools are got when their mothers sleep; therefore I'll never lie with my wife but when she is broad-waking: stand to't, honest friends; knock down the lieutenant, and then hurry the wench to Fleet-street; there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter Beard and Frances.

Gentlemen.

Stand close, they come.

Beard.

By Jove the night grows dark, and Luna looks
As if this hour some fifty cuckolds were making;
Then let us tudge.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen.

Down with 'em, down with 'em, away with her, master
Small-shanks, to Fleet-street; go, the curate there stays for
you. [*Exeunt.*]

Beard.

And stays the curate?

What's here? knock'd down, and blood of men let out?
Must men in darkness bleed? then Erebus look big,
Ald Boreas blow the fire of all my rage
Into his nose. Night, thou art a whore,
Small-shanks a rogue: and is my wench took from me?
Sure I am gull'd; this was no cockatrice,
I never saw her before this day-light peep'd:
What dropp'st thou head? this surely is the heir,
And mad Will Small-shanks lay in ambuscado,
To get her now from me. Beard! Lieutenant Beard,
Thou art an ass; what a dull slave was I,
That all this while smelt not her honesty?
Pate, I do not pity thee: hadst thou brains,
Lieutenant Beard had got thus wealthy heir
From all these rogues: blood! to be thus o'er-reached,
In pate, and wench! Revenge! Revenge! come up,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard.
Small-shanks I will betray thee: I now will trudge
To Saint John-street to inform the lady Sommerfield
Where thou art: I will prevent the match.
Thou art to Fleet-street gone, revenge shall follow;
And my incensed wrath shall, like great thunder,
Disperse thy hopes, and thy brave wife asunder. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Sommerfield and Justice Tutchin.

Tutchin.

Say as I say, widow, the wench is gone,
But I know whither; stol'n she is; well:
I know by whom; say as I say, widow:
I have been drinking hard, why say so too,
Old men they can be fine with small ado,
The law is not offended, I had no punk;

Nor

Nor ⁴⁹ in an ale-house have I made me drunk ;
The statute is not broke, I have the skill,
To drink by law : then say as I say still.

Lady Sommerfield.

To what extremes doth this licentious time
Hurry unstay'd youth ? Nor gods nor laws,
Whose penal scourges are enough to save
Even damn'd fiends, can in this looser age
Confine unbounded youth. Who durst presume
To steal my youth's delight, my age's hope,
Her father's heir, and the last noble stem
Of all her ancestors ? fear they or Gods, or Laws ?

Justice Tutchin.

I say as you say, sister ; but for the laws,
There are so many, that men do stand in awe
Of none at all ; take heed they steal not you.
Who wooes a widow with a fair full moon
Shall surely speed ; beware of full moons, widow ;
Will Small thanks has your daughter, no word but mum,
My warrant you shall have when time shall come.

Lady Sommersfield.

Your warrant ?

Justice Tutchin.

Aye, my warrant, widow ;
My warrant can stretch far ; no more but so,
'Twill serve to catch a knave, or fetch a doe.

Enter Serving-man.

Serving-man.

Here's a gentleman much desirous to see you, madam.

Lady Sommerfield.

What is he for a man ?

Serving-man.

Nothing for a man, but much for a beast ;
I think him lunatick, for he demands

⁴⁹ Nor in an ale-house have I made me drunk

The statute is not broke] In the Statute of 4 James I. C. 5. S. 4. is a penalty on any person continuing drinking or tippling in Inns, Victualling-houses, or Ale-houses, &c.

What

What plate of his is stirring i'the house.
 He calls your men his butlers, cooks, and steward,
 Kisses your women, and makes exceeding much
 Of your coachman's wife.

Justice Tutchin.

Then he's a gentleman, for 'tis a true note of a gentleman to make much of other men's wives: bring him up; ah, firrah, makes he much of your coachman's wife? this geer will run a wheels then thoroly, a man may make much more of another man's wife than he can do of's owa.

Lady Sommerfield.

How much, brother?

Justice Tutchin.

A man may make with ease a punk, a child, a bastard, a cuckold, of another man's wife all at a clap. And that is much I think.

Enter Serving-man, and Throate.

Serving-man.

That's my lady.

Throate.

For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,
 I here create the clerk of the kitchen,
 No man shall beg it from thee.

Serving-man.

Sure the fellow's mad.

Lady Sommerfield.

What would you, fir? I guess your long profession
 By your scant suit: your habit seems to turn
 Your inside outward to me; y'are I think,
 Some turner of the law,

Throate.

Law is my living,
 And on that ancient mould I wear this outside;
 Suit upon suit wastes some, yet makes me thrive,
 First law, then gold, then love, and then we wive.

Justice Tutchin.

A man of form like me; but what's your business?

Lady Sommerfield.

Be brief, good fir: what makes this bold intrusion?

Throate.

Throate.

Intrude I do not, for I know the law,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coin, coin gets me friends,
Your son-in-law hath law at's fingers ends.

Lady Sommerfield.

My son-in-law!

Throate.

Madam, your son-in-law;
Mother, I come, (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your favour,
And win your approbation of my choice:
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so repown'd
For beauty, virtue, and a wealthy dower)
I have espous'd.

Lady Sommerfield.

How? you espouse my daughter?

Throate.

Noverint universi, the laws of heaven,
Of nature, church, and chance, have made her mine;
Therefore deliver her by these presents.

Justice Tutchin.

How's this? made her yours, sir? *per quam regulam?*
Nay we are letter'd, sir, as well as you,
Redde rationem, per quam regulam.

Throate.

Femini ludificantur viros:

By that same rule these lips have taken seizin:
Tut, I do all by statute law, and reason.

Lady Sommerfield.

Hence, you base knave! you petty-fogging groom!
Clad in old ends, and piec'd with brokery:
You wed my daughter!

Justice Tutchin.

You, sir Ambo-dexter,
A sumner's son, and learn'd in Norfolk wiles,
Some common bail, or Counter lawyer,
Marry my niece! your half sleeves shall not carry her.

Throate.

These storms will be dissolv'd in tears of joy;
Mother, I doubt it not: Justice to you,

That jerk at my half sleeves, and yet yourself
 Do never wear but buckram out of sight;
 A flannel waist-coat, or a canvas trufs,
 A shift of thrift, I use it: let's be friends,
 You know the law has tricks, ka me, ka thee,
Viderit utilitas, the motto: these half arms,
Corpus cum causa need no bumbasting,
 We wear small hair, yet have we tongue and wit,
 Lawyers close-breech'd have bodies politic.

Lady Sommerfield.

Speak, answer me, fir Jack: stole you my daughter?

Throate.

Short tale to make, I fingered have your daughter:
 I have tae'n livery and seisin of the wench.
 Deliver her then, you know the statute laws,
 She's mine without exception, bar, or clause;
 Come, come, restore.

Lady Sommerfield.

The fellow's mad, I think.

Throate.

I was not mad before I married;
 But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me,
 That know I not.

Justice Tutchin.

Fellows come in there.

Enter two or three Servants.

By this, fir, you confess you stole my niece,
 And I attach you here of felony:
 Lay hold on him: I'll make my mittimus,
 And send him to the gaol; have we no bar
 Nor clause to hamper you? away with him,
 Those claws shall claw you to a bar of shame,
 Where thou shalt shew thy ^{so} gold, I'll bar your claim,
 If I be justice Tutchin.

Throate.

Hands off! you slaves:
 Oh! favour my jerkin, though you tear my flesh.

^{so} *Coll,*] i. e. hand. See Note 17 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*,
 vol. XI. p. 163.

I set

I fet more store by that : my *Audita Querela* shall be heard, and with a *Certiorari* I'll fetch her from you with a pox.

Enter Beard.

Beard.

What's here to do ? is all the world in arms ?
More tumults, brawls, and insurrections,
Is blood the theme whereon our time must treat ?

Throate.

Here's Beard your butler : a rescue, Beard ; draw.

Beard.

Draw ? not so : my blade's as ominously drawn
Unto the death of nine or ten such grooms,
As is a knife upsheath'd, with th' hungry maw,
Threat'ning the ruin of a chine of beef :
But for the restless toil it took of late,
My blade shall sleep awhile.

Throate.

Help.

Beard.

Stop thy Throate,
And hear me speak, whose bloody characters
Will shew I have been scuffling : briefly thus :
Thy wife, your daughter, and your lovely niece,
Is hurry'd now to Fleet-street, the damn'd crew
With gloves and clubs have rapt her from these arms ;
Throate, thou art bobb'd, although thou boughtest the heir,
Yet hath the slave made a re-entry.

Justice Tutchin.

Sirrah, what are you ?

Throate.

My lady's butler, sir.

Beard.

Not I by heaven !

Throate.

By this good light he swore it,
And for your daughter's love he ran away.

Beard.

By Jove I gul'd thee, Throate.

Justice Tutchin.

More knavery yet?

Lay hands on him, pinion them both,

And guard them hence towards Fleet-street; come away.

Beard.

Must we be led like thieves, and pinion'd walk?

Spent I my blood for this? is this my hire?

Why then burn, rage, set Beard and Nose on fire.

Justice Tutchin.

On, on, I say.

Throate.

Justice, the law shall firk you.

A C T U S V. S C E N A I.

*Enter William Small-shanks.**William Small-shanks.*

On this one hour depends my hopes and fortunes:
 'Foot, I must have this widow: what should my dad
 Make with a wife that scarce can wipe his nose,
 Untrufs his points, or hold a chamber-pot
 Steady till he pisses: the doors are fast,
 'Tis now the midst of night; yet shall this chain
 Procure access, and conference with the widow.
 What though I cheat my father? all men have sins,
 Though in their several kinds, all ends in this,
 So they get gold, they care not whose it is,
 Begging the court; Use bears the city out;
 Lawyers their quirks; thus goes the world about:
 So that our villainies have but different shapes,
 Th'effects all one, and poor men are but apes,
 To imitate their betters; this is the difference,
 All great men's sins must still be humoured,
 And poor men's vices largely punished.
 The privilege that great men have in evil,
 Is this, they go unpunish'd to the devil:
 Therefore I'll in; this chain I know will move,
 Gold and rich stones win coyest ladies' love.

*K nocks.
Enter*

Enter Adriana.

Adriana.

What would you, sir, that you do knock so boldly?

William Small-banks.

I must come in to the widow.

Adriana.

How! come in?

The widow has no entrance for such mates.

William Small-banks.

Dost hear, sweet chamber-maid? by heaven I come
With letters from my father; I have brought her stones,
Jewels, and chains, which she must use to-morrow.

Adriana.

Y'are a needy knave, and will lye:
Your father has cashier'd you, nor will he trust you,
Be gone, lest I do wash you hence.

William Small-banks.

Dost hear?

By this good night, my father and I are friends,
Take but this chain for token, give her that,
And tell her I have other things for her,
Which by my father's will I am commanded
To give to her own hands.

Adriana.

Say you so?

In troth I think you'll prove an honest man,
Had you once got a beard; let me see the chain.

William Small-banks.

Dost think I lye? by this light, *Adriana,*
I love her with my soul; here's letters
And other jewels sent her from my father:
Is she a bed?

Adriana.

By my virginity,
She is uncas'd, and ready to slip in
Betwixt the sheets; but I will bear her this,
And tell her what you say.

William Small-banks.

But make some haste;
Why so 'twill take, heart, how a waiting-maid

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I i

[Exit.

Can

Can shake a fellow up that is cashier'd,
And has no money? 'Foot, should she keep the chain,
And not come down, I must turn citizen,
Be bankrout, and crave the King's protection.
But here she comes.

Enter Taffata and Adriana.

Taffata.

What would you, sir, with us,
That on the sudden, and so late you come?

William Small-shanks.

I have some secrets to acquaint you with,
Please you to let the chamber-maid shake off,
And stand as centinel.

Taffata.

It shall not need,
I hope I have not brought her up so ill,
But that she knows how to contain your secrets,
As well as I her mistress: therefore on.

William Small-shanks.

It is not fit forsooth that I should on,
Before she leave the room.

Adriana.

'Tis not indeed,
Therefore I'll wait in the with-drawing room
Until you call.

[Exit.

Taffata.

Now, sir, what's your will?

William Small-shanks.

Dear widow, pity the state of a young,
Poor, yet proper gentleman; by Venus pap,
Upon my knees I'd creep unto your lap,
For one small drop of favour: and though this face
Is not the finest face, yet t'as been prais'd
By ladies of good judgment in faces.

Taffata.

Are these your secrets?

William Small-shanks.

You shall have secrets
More pleasing: nay hear, sweet widow;

Some

Some wantons do delight to see men creep,
And on their knees to woo them.

Taffata.

I am none of those ;
Stand up, I more desire a man should stand,
Than cringe and creep, that means to win my love ;
I say stand up, and let me go, ye'ad best.

William Small-shanks.

For ever let me creep upon the ground,
Unless you hear my suit.

Taffata.

How now, fir sauce,
Would you be capring in your father's saddle ?
Away, you cashier'd younger brother, be gone !
Do not I know the fashions of you all ?
When a poor woman has laid open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy ;
But when wise maids dissemble, and keep close,
Then you poor snakes come creeping on your bellies,
And with all oiled looks prostrate yourselves
Before our beauties sun, where once but warm,
Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings,
And then forsake us ; I know your tricks, be gone !

William Small-shanks.

'Foot, I'll first be hang'd ; nay, if you go,
You shall leave your smock behind you, widow ;
Keep close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,
Nor speak, cough, sneeze, or stamp, for if you do,
By this good blade I'll cut your throat directly.
Peace ! stir not, by heaven I'll cut your throat
If you but stir ; speak not, stand still, go to,
I'll teach coy widows a new way to woo.
Come you shall kifs, why so ; I'll stab by heaven
If you but stir ; now, hear, first kifs again,
Why so ; stir not. Now come I to the point,
My hopes are past, nor can my present state
Afford a single half-penny : my father
Hates me deadly ; to beg, my birth forbids ;
To steal, the law, the hangman, and the rope,
With one consent deny : to go a trust,

I i 2

The

The city common-council has forbid it,
 Therefore my state is desperate; stir not;
 And I by much will rather choose to hang,
 Than in a ditch or prison-hole to starve;
 Resolve, wed me, and take me to your bed,
 Or by my soul I'll straight cut off your head;
 Then kill myself, for I had rather die,
 Than in a street live poor and lousily:
 Do not I know you cannot love my father?
 A widow that has known the *quid* of things,
 To doat upon an old and crazed man
 That stinks at both ends, worse than an elder pipe!
 Who, when his blood and spirit are at the height,
 Hath not a member to his palsy body,
 But is more limber than a King's-head pudding
 Took from the pot half sod: do I not know this?
 Have you not wealth enough to serve us both?
 And am not I pretty handsome fellow
 To do your drudgery; come, come, resolve,
 For by my blood, if you deny your bed,
 I'll cut your throat without equivocation;
 If you be pleased hold up your finger; if not,
 By heaven I'll gar my ^{ss} whyniard through your womb;
 Is't a match?

Taffata.

Hear me but speak.

William Small-shanks.

You'll prate too loud.

Taffata.

No.

William Small-shanks.

Nor speak one word against my honest suit?

Taffata.

No, by my worth.

William Small-shanks.

Kiss upon that, and speak.

Taffata.

I dare not wed: men say y^e are naught, you'll cheat,
 And you do keep a whore.

^{ss} whyniard] i. e. sword.

William

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501

William Small-banks.

That is a lye;
She keeps herself and me; yet I protest,
She's not dishonest.

Taffata.

How could she maintain you?

William Small-banks.

Why, by her comings-in; a little thing
Her friends have left her, which with putting to best use,
And often turning, yields her a poor living;
But what of that? she's now shook off; to thee
I'll only cleave, I'll be thy merchant,
And to this wealthy fair I'll bring my ware,
And here set up my standing: therefore resolve,
Nought but my sword is left; it't be a match,
Clap hands, contract, and straight to bed;
If not, pray, forgive, and straight goes off your head.

Taffata.

I take thy love.

William Small-banks.

Then straight let's both to bed.

Taffata.

I'll wed to-morrow.

William Small-banks.

You shall not sleep upon't,
An honest contract is as good as marriage.
A bird in hand—you know the proverb, widow.

Taffata.

To let me tell thee, I'll love thee while I live
For this attempt; give me that lusty lad,
That wins his widow with his well-drawn blade,
And not with oaths and words: a widow's wooing,
Not in bare words, but should consist in doing;
I take thee to my husband.

William Small-banks.

I thee to wife,
Now to thy bed, and there we'll end this strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Oliver, and Fiddlers.

Sir Oliver.

Warm blood, the young man's slave, the old man's God,
Makes

Makes me so stir thus soon ; it stirs i'faith,
 And with a kind of itching pricks me on
 To bid my bride *bon jour* ; O this desire
 Is even another filch'd Promethean fire,
 By which we old men live ; performance then,
 Aye, that's poor old men's bane, that in old men
 Comes limping off more lame God knows than he,
 Which in a close, a hot, and dangerous fight,
 Has been dismembered ; and craves by letters patents :
 Yet scarce a woman that considers this,
 Women have tricks, firks, and farthingales,
 A generation are they full of subtlety,
 And all most honest where they want the means
 To be otherwise. Therefore I'll have an eye,
 My widow goes not oft to visit kins-folk :
 By birth she is a Ninny ; and that I know
 Is not in London held the smallest kindred ;
 I must have wits and brains ; come on my friends,
 Out with your tools, and to't, a strain of mirth,
 And a pleasant song, to wake the widow.

Enter William Small-shanks above in his shirt.

William Small-shanks.

Musicians, minstrils ! 'foot rogues,
 For God's love leave your filthy squeaking noise,
 And get you gone ; the widow and myself,
⁵⁹ Will scramble out the shaking of the sheets
 Without musick : we have no need of fiddlers
 To our dancing ; 'foot, have you no manners ?
 Cannot a man take his natural rest
 For your scraping ? I shall wash your gut-strings,
 If you but stay a while : yet honest rascals,
 If you'll let us have t'other crash,
 The widow and I'll keep time ; there's for your pains.

Sir Oliver.

How's this ? will the widow and you keep time ?
 What trick ? what quiddit ? what fegare is this ?

⁵² Will scramble out the shaking of the sheets] *The shaking of the sheets was a dance. A double entendre is designed here, and the same is often to be found in old plays. See How to chuse a good Wife from a bad, 1602. The City Madam, A. 2. S. 1. A Woman kill'd with Kindness, A. 1. S. 1.*

My

My cashier'd son speak from the widow's chamber,
 And in his shirt? ha! sure she is not there!
 'Tis so; she has took him in for pity,
 And now removes her chamber; I will home,
 On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
 Eat cloves, eringoes, and drink some aqua vitæ
 To sweeten breath, and keep my weam from wambling.
 Then, like the month of March, come blust'ring in,
 Marry the widow, shake up this springal,
 And then lie as quiet as a sucking lamb.
 Close by the widow will I rest all night.
 As for my breath, I have crotchets and devises,
 "Ladies' rank breaths are often help'd with spices."

Enter Adriana, and another ⁵³ *strewing herbs.*

Adriana.

Come, strew apace; Lord shall I never live
 To walk to church on flowers? O 'tis fine,
 To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,
⁵⁴ As if her new choppines would scorn to bruise

A filly

⁵³ *strewing herbs*] It appears to have formerly been a custom to strew herbs and flowers from the house where persons betrothed resided to the church where they were married. See Armin's *Two Maids of Mortlake*, A. 1. S. 1.

⁵⁴ *As if her new choppines*] A *choppine*, or *chioppine*, was a high shoe worn by the Italians. Tom Coriate calls them *chapineys*, and gives the following account of them: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the Signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome: which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they weare under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also I have seene fairely gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pittie this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the citie. There are many of these *chapineys* of a great beighth, even halfe a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller then the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chapineys*. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or

A silly flower : and now I pr'ythee tell me,
What flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman ?

First Woman.

A mary-gold, I think.

Adriana.

Why a mary-gold ?

First Woman.

Because a little heart makes it to spread,
And open wide his leaves.

Adriana.

Th'art quite wide,
A mary-gold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night ; I hope thou knowest,
All wenches do the contrary : but, firrah,
How does thy uncle the old doctor ?
Dost think he'll be a bishop ?

First Woman.

O questionless !
For h'as got him a young wife, and carried her
To Court already : but now I pr'ythee say,
Why will the widow wed so old a knight ?

Adriana.

Why ? for his riches.

First Woman.

For riches only ;
Why, riches cannot give her her delight.

Adriana.

Riches I hope can soon procure her one,
Shall give her her delight ; that's the devil,
That's it i'faith makes us waiting-gentlewomen
Live maids so long.

First Woman.

Think you so ?

Adriana.

Yes in faith,
Married women quite have spoiled the market,

" women when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They
" are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might
" quickly take a fall." *Crudities*, 1611, p. 262. See also Mr. Steevens's
Note on *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2.

By

By having secret friends besides their husbands ;
 For if these married wives would be content
 To have but one a piece, I think in troth,
 There would be doings enough for us all,
 And, till we get an act of parliament
 For that, our states are desperate.

Enter Boutcher and Constantia.

Come strew apace.

Constantia.

So ho, ho, master.

Boutcher.

Boy.

Constantia

Introth I thought y'ad been more fast asleep,
 Than a midwife, or a puritan taylor
 At a Sunday evening's lecture: but, fir,
 Why do you rise so soon?

Boutcher.

To see the widow.

Constantia.

The weaker you ; you are forbid a widow,
 And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
 Me thinks a young clear skin'd country gentlewoman,
 That never saw baboons, lions, or courtiers,
 Might prove a handsome wife ; or what do you say
 To a citizen's daughter, that never was in love
 With a player, that never learnt to dance,
 That never dwelt near any inn-of-court,
 Might not she in time prove an honest wife?
 Faith take a maid, and leave the widow, master,
 Of all meats I love not a gaping oyster.

Boutcher.

God speed your works, fair maids.

Adriana.

You much mistake,
 'Tis no work.

Boutcher.

What then?

Adriana.

A preparation
 To a work, fir.

Boutcher.

Butcher.

What work, sweet ladies?

Adriana.

Why to a marriage; that's a work I think.

Butcher.

How? a preparation to a marriage?
Of whom, kind maids, of whom?

Adriana.

And why kind maids?

I hope you have had no kindness at our hand
To make you say so: but, sir, understand,
That sir Oliver Small-shanks the noble knight,
And mistress Taffata, the rich widow,
Must this day be coupled, conjoined,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or, as the puritan says, put together,
And so, sir, to the shifting of our clean smocks,
We leave you. [*Exeunt Adriana, and the other woman.*
Butcher.

Married, and to-day?

Diffension, jealousy, hate, beggary,
With all the dire events which breed dislike
In nuptial beds, attend her bridal steps.
Can vows and oaths with such protesting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their souls were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Have I for her condemn'd my fixed fate,
Neglected my fair hopes, and scorn'd the love
Of beauteous, virtuous, and honour'd Constantia?

Constantia.

Now works it with my wish: my hopes are full.

Butcher.

And I engag'd my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffoon face, to have men scorn,
And point at my disgrace? first will I leave to live:
There take my purse, live thou to better fate,

[*Butcher bangs himself.*

Better thus die than live unfortunate.

Constantia.

Aye me accurs'd! help, help, murder, murder;

Curst

Curst be the day and hour that gave me breath!
Murther, murther: if any gentleman
Can hear my plaints, come forth, and assist me.

William Small-shanks.

⁵⁴ *What out-cries call me from my naked bed?
Who calls Jeronimo? speak, here I am.*

Constantia.

Good sir, leave your struggling and aching,
And help to save the life of a distressed man;
O help, if you be gentlemen.

William Small-shanks.

What's here?

*A man hang'd up, and all the murtherers gone,
And at my door, to lay the guilt on me?
This place was made to pleasure citizens wives,
And not to hang up honest gentlemen.*

Enter Taffata.

Taffata.

Where be these lazy knaves? some raise the house.
What meant the cry of murther? where's my love?

William Small-shanks.

*Come, Isabella, help me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my tears are spent.
These cloaths I oft have seen, aye me, my friend!
Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.*

Constantia.

It shall not need, he stirs; give him breath.

William Small-shanks.

*Is there yet life, Horatio, my dear boy
Horatio! Horatio, what hast thou misdone,
To lose thy life, when life was new begun?*

Butcher.

Heart, a man had as good be hang'd out-right,
As to endure this clapping: shame to thy sex,
Perfidious perjur'd woman, where's thy shame?
How can thy modesty forbear to blush,
And knowest I know thee an adulteress?
Have not thy vows made thee my lawful wife

⁵⁴ *What outcries, &c.] The lines printed in Italicks are taken from
The Spanish Tragedy, vol. III. p. 152.*

Before the face of heaven where is thy shame?
 But why speak I of shame to thee, whose face
 Is steel'd with custom'd sin, whose thoughts want grace?
 The custom of thy sin so lulls thy sense:
 Women ne'er blush, though ne'er so foul th' offence:
 To break thy vow to me, and straight to wed
 A doating stinkard!

William Small Shanks.

But hold your tongue,
 Or by this light I'll truss you up again;
 'Heart rail on my wife! am I stinkard,
 Or do I doat? speak such another word,
 And up you truss again: am I a stinkard?

Boutcher.

The knight your father is.

William Small Shanks.

Why, who denies it?
 He supplants thee, and I supplanted him:
 Come, come, you shall be friends, come forgive her:
 For by this light there is no remedy,
 Unless you will betake you to my leavings.

Constantia.

Rather than so, I'll help you to a wife:
 Rich, well born, and by some accounted fair,
 And for the worth of her virginity,
 I dare presume to pawn my honesty:
 What lay you to Constantia Sommerfield?

William Small Shanks.

Dost know where she is, boy?

Constantia.

I do, nay more,
 If he but swear to embrace her constant love,
 I'll fetch her to this place.

William Small Shanks.

He shall do it, boy.

Enter Sir Oliver, and fidlers.

He shall do it, go fetch her boy, 'foot, my father,
 [Exit Constantia.
 Stand to't now, old wench, stand to't now.

Sir

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Sir Oliver.

Now fresh and youthful as the month of May,
I'll bid my bride good-morrow; musicians, on,
Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthood spurs,
This year you shall have my protection,
And yet not buy your livery coats yourselves;
Good-morrow, bride, fresh, fresh, as the month of May,
I come to kiss thee on thy wedding day.

William Small-banks.

Saving your tale, sir, I'll shew you how,
April showers bring May flowers,
So merrily sings the cuckoo:
The truth is, I have laid my knife aboard.
The widow, sir, is wedded.

Sir Oliver.

Ha!

William Small-banks.

Bedded.

Sir Oliver.

Ha!

William Small-banks.

Why, my good father, what should you do with a wife?
Would you be crested? will you needs thrust your head
In one of Vulcan's helmets? will you perforce
Wear a city cap, and a court feather?

Sir Oliver.

Villain, slave, thou hast wrong'd my wife.

William Small-banks.

Not so;

Speak, my good wench, have I not done thee right?

Taffata.

I find no fault; and I protest, sir Oliver,
I'd not have lost the last two hours sleep,
I had by him for all the wealth you have.

Sir Oliver.

Villain, slave, I'll hang thee by the statute,
Thou hast two wives.

William Small-banks.

Be not so furious, sir,
I have but this, the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honest lawyer.

Sir Oliver.

Thou villain, slave, thou hast abus'd thy father.

Boutcher.

"Your son i'faith, your very son i'faith,
 "The villain boy has one trick of his fire,
 "Has firkt away the wench, has pierc'd the hog'shead,
 "And knows by this the vintage."

Sir Oliver.

I am undone.

Boutcher.

You could not love the widow, but her wealth.

Sir Oliver.

The devil take my soul but I did love her.

Taffata.

That oath doth shew you are a Northern knight,
 And of all men alive, I'll never trust
 A Northern man in love.

Sir Oliver.

And why? and why, slut?

Taffata.

Because the first word he speaks is, the devil
 Take his soul; and who will give him trust
 That once has given his soul unto the devil?

William Small-shanks.

She says most true, father, the soul once gone,
 The best part of man is gone.

Taffata.

And, i'faith,
 If the best part of a man is gone,
 The rest of the body is not worth a rush,
 Though it be ne'er so handsome.

*Enter Lady Sommerfield, Throate, and Beard bound, and
 Justice Tutchin.*

Lady Sommerfield.

Bring them away.

William Small-shanks.

How now?
 My lawyer pinion'd! I begin to stink
 Already.

Lady

Lady Sommerfield.

Cheater, my daughter.

William Small-banks.

She's mad.

Tbroate.

My wife, fir, my wife.

William Small-banks.

They're mad, stark mad,
I am sorry, fir, you have lost those happy wits,
By which you liv'd so well. The air grows cold,
Therefore I'll take my leave.

Lady Sommerfield.

So stay him, officers,
Sir, 'tis not your tricks of wit can carry it.
Officers attach him, and this gentleman,
For stealing away my heir.

William Small-banks.

You do me wrong;
'Heart, I never saw your heir.

Tbroate.

That's a lye,
You stole her, and by chance I married her.

William Small-banks.

God give you joy, fir.

Tbroate.

Ask the butler else.

Therefore, widow, release me, for by no law,
Statute, or book-case, of *Vicesimo*
Edwardi secundi, nor by the statute
Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,
Nor by any book case of *decimo*
Of the late queen, am I accessory,
Part, or party confederate abetter,
Helper, seconder, persuader, forwarder,
Principal, or maintainer, of this late theft:
But by law, I forward, and she willing,
Clapt up the match, and by a good statute
Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
She is my leeful, lawful, and my true
Married wife, *teste* Lieutenant Beard.

William

RAM-ALLEY: OR,

William Small-shanks.

Who lives, would think that you could prate so fast,
Your hands being bound behind you? 'foot, he talks
With as much ease as if he were in's shirt.

Sir Oliver.

I am witness thou had'st the heir.

Justice Tutchin.

So am I.

Throate.

And so is my man Dash.

Butcher.

Hear me but speak:

Sit you as judges, undo the Lawyer's hands,
That he may freely act, and I'll be bound
That William Small-shanks shall put your Throate to silence,
And overthrow him at his own weapon.

Justice Tutchin.

Agreed, take each his place, and hear the case
Argued betwixt them two.

Omnes.

Agreed, agreed.

Justice Tutchin.

Now, Throate, or never, stretch yourself.

Throate.

Fear not.

William Small-shanks.

Here stand I for my client, this Gentleman.

Throate.

I for the widow.

William Small-shanks.

Begin.

Throate.

Right worshipful,
I say that William Small-shanks, mad-man,
Is by a Statute made in Octavo
Of Richard Cordelion, guilty to the Law
Of felony, for stealing this Ladies heir;
That he stole her, the proof is most pregnant,
He brought her to my house, confest himself,
He made great means to steal her, I like her,

(And

And finding him a novice) truth to tell,
Married her myself, and as I said,
By a Statute Richardi Quarti,
She is my lawful wife.

William Small-shanks.

For my client,
I say the wench brought unto your house,
Was not the daughter to rich Sommerfield.

Sir Oliver.

What proof of that?

William Small-shanks.

This gentleman.

Throate.

Tut, tut,

He is a party in the cause; but, sir,
If't were not the daughter to this good widow,
Who was it? answer that.

William Small-shanks.

An arrant whore
Which you have married, and she is run
Away with all your jewels, this is true:
And this Lieutenant Beard can testify;
'Twas the wench I kept in Hofier-lang.

Beard.

What was it she?

William Small-shanks.

The very same.

Justice Tutchin.

Speak, firrah Beard; if all he says be true.

Beard.

She said she was a punk, a rampant whore,
Which in her time had been the cause of parting
Some fourteen bawds; he kept her in the suburbs.
Yet I do think this wench was not the same.

Butcher.

The case is clear with me.

Omnes.

O strange!

Throate.

Sir, fir,
V o l. V.

K k

This

This is not true; how liv'd you in the suburbs,
And scapt so many searches?

William Small-shanks.

I answer,
'That most Constables in our out-parishes
Are bawds themselves; by which we scapt the searches.

Sir Oliver.

This is most strange!

Lady Sommerfield.

What's become of this woman?

Beard.

That know not I. As I was squiring her
Along the street, Master Small-shanks set upon me,
Beat me down, and took away the maid,
Which I suppose was daughter to the widow.

William Small-shanks.

He lyes; let me be hang'd if he lye not.

Sir Oliver.

What confusion is this?

Enter Constable.

Constable.

Bring them forward.

Enter Thomas Small-shanks and Frances.

God preserve your worship. And it like you, madam,
We were commanded by our deputy,
That if we took a woman in the watch,
To bring her straight to you: and hearing there
You were come hither, hither we brought them:

Sir Oliver.

'The one is my son. I do acknowledge him,
What woman's that?

Thomas Small-shanks.

The widow's daughter, sir.

William Small-shanks.

Blood! is he gull'd too.

Thomas Small-shanks.

My brother stole her first,
'Throate coozen'd him, and I had coozen'd Throate,

Had

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Had not the constable took us in the watch ;
She is the widow's daughter, had I had luck.

Throat.

And my espoused wife.

Lady Sommerfield.

Unmask her face.

My daughter ? I defy her.

William Small-banks.

Your worship's wife.

Throat.

I am gull'd, and abus'd ; and by a statute
Of *Tricesimo* of the late Queen,
I will star-chamber you all for couzenage,
And be by law divorc'd.

William Small-banks.

Sir, 'twill not hold :

She's your leeful, lawful, and true wedded wife,
Tesse Lieutenant Beard.

Beard.

Was't you that brake my head ?

William Small-banks.

But, why shouldst think much to die a cuckold,
Being born a knave ? As good lawyers as you
Scorn not horns.

Throat.

I am gull'd, aye me accurs'd !

Why should the harmless men be vex'd with horns,
When women most deserve them ?

William Small-banks.

I'll shew you, fir :

The husband is the wife's head, and I pray
Where should the horns stand but upon the head :
Why wert not thou begot (thou foolish knave)
By a poor sumner on a serjeant's widow ?
Wert not thou a Puritan, and put in truit
To gather relief for the distressed Geneva ?
And didst not thou leave thy poor brethren,
And run away with all the money ? Speak,
Was not that thy first rising ? Go,
Y'are well coupled, by Jove ye are ; she is

K k 2

But

But a younger sister newly come to town ;
 She's current mettle, not a penny the worse
 For a little use, whole within the ring,
 By my soul.

Beard.

Will he take her, think'st thou ?

Boutcher.

Yes, 'faith, upon her promise of amendment,

Justice Tutchin.

The Lawyer is gull'd.

Throate.

Am I thus over-reach'd, to have a wife,
 And not of the best neither ?

Frances.

Good, sir, be content,
 A lawyer should make all things right and straight,
 All lyes but in the handling. I may prove
 A wife that shall deserve your best of love.

Sir Oliver.

Take her, Throate, you have a better jewel now
 Than ever ; kiss her, kiss her, man ; all friends.

Lady Sommerfield.

Yet in this happy close, I still have lost
 My only daughter.

William Small-shanks.

Where's thy Page, Boutcher ?

Enter Constantia.

Constantia.

Here I present the Page : and that all doubts
 May here be cleared, here in my proper shape,
 That all your joys may be compleat, and full,
 I must make one ; with pardon, gentle mother,
 Since all our friends so happily are met,
 Here will I choose a husband : this be the man,
 Whom since I left your house in shape of Page,
 I still have followed.

William Small-shanks,

'Foot, would I had known so much,
 I would have been bold to have lain with your Page.

Constantia.

Say am I welcome?
Constantia.

As is my life and soul.
Butcher.

Heaven give you joy,
Lady Sommerfield.
Since all so well succeeds, take my consent.

William Small-banks.
Then are we all pair'd, I, and my lass;
You, and your wife; the Lawyer, and his wench;
And, father, fall you aboard of the widow:
But then my brother —

Thomas Small-banks.
Faith, I am a fool.

William Small-banks.
That's all one; if God had not made
Some elder brothers fools, how should witty
Younger brothers be maintain'd?
Strike up, musick; let's have an old song:
Since all my tricks have found so good success,
We'll sing, dance, dice, and drink down heaviness.

E P I L O G U S.

THUS two hours have brought, to end
 What many tedious hours have penn'd:
 He dares not glory nor distrust:
 But he (as other writers must)
 Submit the censures of his pains
 To those whose wit, and nimble brains,
 Are able best to judge: and as for some,
 Who, fill'd with malice, hitther come
 To belch their poison on his labour,
 Of them he doth intreat no favour;
 But bids them hang, or soon amend,
 For worth shall still itself defend;
 And for ourselves we do desire,
 You'll breathe on us that growing fire,
 By which in time we may obtain
 Like favours which some others gain;
 For be assur'd our loves shall tend
 To equal theirs, if not transcend.

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) "Ram-Alley: or, Merrie Tricks: A Comedy. Divers times heretofore acted by the Children of the King's Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. At London. Printed by G. Eld, for Robert Wilfon, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne, at the new gate of Graye's-Inne, 1611, 4to."

(2.) "Ram-Alley: or Merry Trickes: A Comedy. Divers times heretofore acted by the Children of the King's Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. London. Printed by John Norton, for Robert Wilfon, 1636, 4to."

THE END OF VOL. V.

